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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

THE NOVELS IN SEVEN VOLUMES
THE PLAYS AND POEMS IN FIVE VOLUMES
THE LEGAL WRITINGS IN ONE VOLUME
THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS IN THREE VOLUMES
COMPLETE IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

With an Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement
of the Author, by
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, LL.D.

VOLUME ELEVEN
PLAYS AND POEMS, IV

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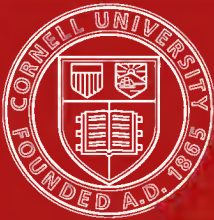
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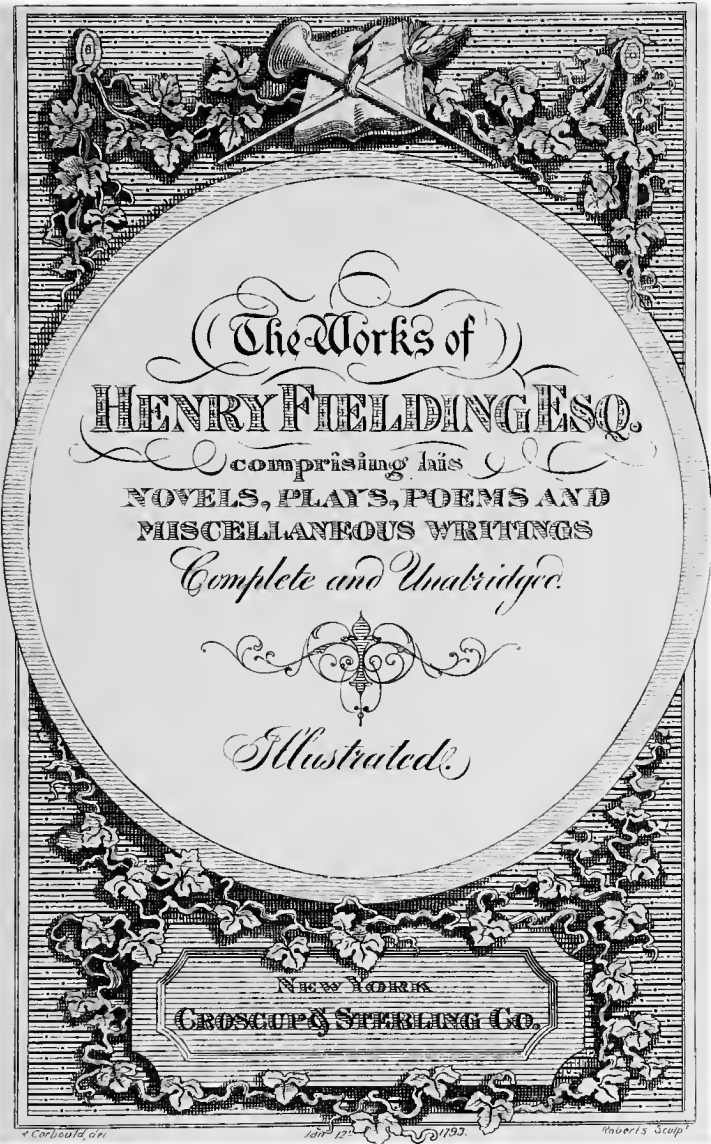
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(The Works of)
HENRY FIELDING ESQ.
comprising his
**NOVELS, PLAYS, POEMS AND
MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS**
Complete and Unabridged.



Illustrated.

NEW YORK
CROSCUP & STERLING CO.

The Complete Works of
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

With an Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement of the Author,
by

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, LL.D.

PLAYS AND POEMS

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. FOUR

Illustrated with
Reproductions of Rare Contemporary Drawings
and Original Designs by
E. E. Carlson and E. J. Read



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PLAYS, VOL. IV.

FIELDING'S HOUSE AT EAST STOUR, DORSETSHIRE . . . *Frontispiece*
From an original drawing by E. E. Carlson.

When Henry Fielding was about three years old, his parents removed from Sharpham Park, Somerset, to a small house at East Stour (now called Stower), in Dorsetshire, where the novelist spent his boyhood. Here his three sisters and brother were born, and here he obtained his first schooling under a private tutor. In *Tom Jones* he subsequently refers to the "pleasant Banks of sweetly-winding Stour," which stream flowed through the village. His mother died when he was eleven, but it is believed, left him the East Stour farm, which he inherited when he came of age, and to which he removed after his marriage, about 1735. It is said that East Stour was the scene of lavish entertainment on his part, for a few months, or as long as his purse lasted.

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Such was the success of Fielding's play, *Pasquin*, produced in 1736, that a contemporary caricature, preserved in the British Museum, depicts the "Queen of Common-Sense" as pouring out a plentiful supply of gold to the author; while on the other hand, she stands ready to punish his unsuccessful rivals.

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DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND

A COMEDY,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET, 1733

“———*facile quis*

Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem———.”—HORACE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER

MY LORD,—However unworthy these scenes may be of your Lordship's protection, the design with which some of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your Lordship, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my Lord, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into disrepute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have

nothing to do with them; and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dullness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be you, my Lord, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom your Lordship has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can securely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others: for the only title I have to enroll myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to infuse despair into a very adventurous author.

I soon discovered, too, that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is every where the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough, sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my shelf, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury Lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention

of the actors' benefits would have put it off till the next season, had I not brought it on where now it appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

INTRODUCTION

MANAGER, AUTHOR

MANAGER. No prologue, sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

AUTHOR. I am the audience's very humble servant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

MANAGER. Why, sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

AUTHOR. Yes, sir, and I have now three in my pocket, written by friends, of which I choose none should be spoke.

MANAGER. How so?

AUTHOR. Because they have been all spoke already twenty times over.

MANAGER. Let me see them, pray?

AUTHOR. They are written in such damned cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage; and lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

MANAGER. Well, and a very good scheme.

AUTHOR. May be so; but it hath been the subject of almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast: the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines show you what it is.

MANAGER. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

AUTHOR. Why, the third has some wit in it; and would have done very well but for a mistake.

MANAGER. Ay, what mistake?

AUTHOR. Why, the author never read my play: and taking it for a regular Comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on Farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel Comedy you bring on the stage.

MANAGER. But don't you think a play, with so odd a title as yours, requires to be a little explained? May they not be too much surprised at some things?

AUTHOR. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the character of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them at an inn in the country, where I believe no one will be surprised that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it alone; for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a PLAYER.

PLAYER. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not advisable to put them out of humour: for there are two or three of the loudest catcalls in the gallery that ever were heard.

AUTHOR. Be not frightened at that: those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

MANAGER. Order them to play away the overture immediately. Come, sir, what do you do with yourself?

AUTHOR. I shall dispose of myself in some part of the house, where I shall see and not be seen. And I can assure you, sir, if the audience are but half as well entertained with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

DON QUIXOTE	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
SANCHO	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
SIR THOMAS LOVELAND	<i>Mr. Machen.</i>
SQUIRE BADOER	<i>Mr. Macklin.</i>
FAIRLOVE	<i>Mr. Warwell.</i>
MAYOR	<i>Mr. Turbutt.</i>
VOTER	<i>Mr. Machen.</i>
GUZZLE	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
JOHN	<i>Mr. Hewson.</i>
MR. BRIEF, a lawyer	<i>Mr. Topham.</i>
DR. DRENCH, a Physician	<i>Mr. Hallam.</i>
MR. SNEAK	<i>Mr. Hicks.</i>

WOMEN

DOROTHEA	<i>Miss Atherton.</i>
JEZEBEL	<i>Mrs. Hide.</i>
MRS. GUZZLE	<i>Mrs. Martin.</i>
MRS. SNEAK	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
MISS SNEAK	<i>Miss Jones.</i>

Stage-Coachman and Mob

SCENE.—AN INN IN A COUNTRY BOROUGH

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE. Never tell me, sir, of Don Quixote, or Don Beelzebub: here's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant. He is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill, I'll have a warrant for him.

SANCHO. My master fears no warrant, friend: had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

GUZZLE. Tell me not of Spain, sir, I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me, I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place, which he shall find it as difficult to get out of, as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

SANCHO. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is; many are shut into one place and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out, and gaols to keep them in. He that's hanged for stealing a horse to-day, has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

GUZZLE. Sirrah, your horse, nor your ass neither, shall have any more oats at my expense; never were masters and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean ramscaillon as his——what d'ye call him——his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts

as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again, may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by my own country rogues than foreign ones. [Exit.

AIR I.

SANCHO. Rogues there are of each nation,
 Except among the divines;
 And vinegar, since the creation,
 Hath still been made of all wines.
 Against one lawyer Lurch
 A county scarce can guard;
 One parson does for a church,
 One doctor for a churchyard.

SCENE II.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho!

SANCHO. An't please your honour—

DON QUIXOTE. Come hither, Sancho, I smell an adventure.

SANCHO. And so do I, an't please your worship; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

DON QUIXOTE. What landlord! what house! Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

SANCHO. No, marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

DON QUIXOTE. What dost thou mean, oaf?

SANCHO. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

DON QUIXOTE. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

SANCHO. Ay, sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him if he breaks the laws.

DON QUIXOTE. Then indeed knight-errantry were of no use; but I tell thee, caitiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol with him: but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

SANCHO. Ah, poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

DON QUIXOTE. There is now arrived in this castle one of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in an engagement.

SANCHO. Oh lud! oh lud! this is the country squire at the head of his pack of dogs.

DON QUIXOTE. What dost thou mutter, varlet?

SANCHO. Why, sir, this giant that your worship talks of is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more not less than his kennel of fox-hounds.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of the island of Gogmogog, whose belly hath been the tomb of above a thousand strong men.

SANCHO. Of above a thousand hogsheads of strong beer, I believe.

DON QUIXOTE. This must be the enchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But, thou idiot! dost thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress?

SANCHO. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds are as inseparable as your Spanish and his Toledo. He eats

with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true arrant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

DON QUIXOTE. 'Tis pity then that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to their minds, not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman on his own coach-box, I regret the loss which some one has had of a coachman: the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant, might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR II. *Tweed side.*

Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn,
 With riches delighted can be!
 Had I a great princess been born,
 My Billy had dear been to me.
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 In love there is nothing but charms;
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Billy alone to these arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost;
 Well purchased may be the poor maid.
 Let gold's empty show cheat the great;
 We more real pleasures will prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage will love.

SCENE III.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those sounds with which I have been ravished?

GUZZLE. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small bill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

DON QUIXOTE. Nothing, my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle walls be utterly demolished.

GUZZLE. So! he has seen the sirloin of beef at the fire, I find. [*Aside.*]—But, if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small matter here; I am in great necessity, I assure you.

DON QUIXOTE. To what mean actions does necessity force men! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money!

GUZZLE. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, but——

DON QUIXOTE. My lord, I see you are; I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

GUZZLE. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it will be quite charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

DON QUIXOTE. My lord, I am more confused than you; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, every thing I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso her fixt and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord. Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

SANCHO. If your worship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand:

where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

DON QUIXOTE. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

SANCHO. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancha again!

DON QUIXOTE. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants he hath plundered, should not have reserved enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle; but, if you know any one who will disburse that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

GUZZLE. Do you make a jest of me, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Be not incensed; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

GUZZLE. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly; I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman, and my brewer, I was sorry I could not pay them, they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together; in short, sir, I must and I will have my money.

SANCHO. You must get the philosopher's stone, before you can make any money of us.

GUZZLE. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house, till I am paid, that I'm resolved. [*Exit.*]

SANCHO. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters; if it must be a blanketing, why, let it be a blanketing. I have not ate any thing these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee my ambassador.

SANCHO. Why, truly, sir, that's a post I should like hugely well; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

DON QUIXOTE. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

SANCHO. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other; for though my Lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a woundy trick of being chanted, and I fancy your bassadours fare but ill at your chanted courts.

DON QUIXOTE. Reptile! reply not, on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey; then come to me and receive farther instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening.—But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III. *Why will Florella, &c.*

[Dorothea sings within.]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,
 'What language can deplore?
 For how should language have exprest
 A pain ne'er felt before?
 In other virgin wounded hearts,
 Love's cruel sport we see;
 But the most cruel of his darts,
 He has reserved for me.

DON QUIXOTE. Unhappy princess!

DOR. Thy curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;
 Thy curse a bliss would prove.
 Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
 I could enjoy my love.
 Enchanted thus, romances tell
 Their moans poor virgins make;
 But where is found the powerful spell
 Can this enchantment break?

DON QUIXOTE. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, though most unhappy princess: look forth and be-

hold whom fate hath sent to your relief; the most renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserved.—Oh, cursed enchanter, dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes? Open the castle gates! open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caitiffs, that one single knight is too many for you all.

[He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.]

SCENE IV.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, and MOB.

GUZZLE. Heyday! What, in the devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my house?

DON QUIXOTE. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princess whom thou so unjustly dost retain, or think not that all the enchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

GUZZLE. Don't tell me of princesses and lords; I'm no lord, I am an honest man; and I can tell you, you may be a gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

DON QUIXOTE. Deliver the princess, caitiff.

GUZZLE. Pay me my bill, sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll see whether a man is to have his victuals ate up, and drink drank out, and windows broke, and his walls shattered, and his guests disturbed for nothing.

DON QUIXOTE. Ungracious knight! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment which thou art obliged to give men of my heroic profession.

GUZZLE. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

DON QUIXOTE. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou

wouldst have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain, is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robbed her of.

GUZZLE. Hear this, neighbours; I am accused of stealing plates and jewels, when every body knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house, but two bobs that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

DON QUIXOTE. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, caitiffs? Now, thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight.

[*He drives them off, and Exit.*]

SCENE V.—A Chamber.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha! In spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

JEZEBEL. Do you think, madam, this is the very same Don——what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories?

DOROTHEA. The same; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel! I wish my adventure may end as happily as those of my namesake Dorothea's did; I am sure they are very near as romantic; but have not I reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires is slow indeed.

JEZEBEL. And let me tell you, madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR IV.

DOROTHEA. Oh, hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
 Wing hither the youth I admire;
 The wretch is too lazy and stupid
 Who leaves me but time to desire.

Let prudes who leave lovers in anguish
 Themselves in their fonder fits stay;
 But leave not the virgin to languish,
 Who meets her true lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl: don't you think this husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me?

JEZEBEL. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himself.

SCENE VI.

SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

SANCHO. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princess; or are you both chanted princesses?

JEZEBEL. What is it to you what we are, saucebox?

DOROTHEA. Peace, dear Jezebel—This must be the illustrious Sancho himself.—I am the Princess Indoccalambria.

SANCHO. My master, the knight of the Woeful Figure, (and a woeful figure he makes, sure enough,) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyship will lie pure and cold, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment: if the glazier had hired him, he could not have done better.

DOROTHEA. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruised any more, for I am sufficiently assured this adventure is reserved for some other knight.

SANCHO. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what another gets a halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty, if you will believe her own glass; and few, if you will believe her neighbours.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

SANCHO. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, madam, unless it were to see my Lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

DOROTHEA. Name it, and be assured of any thing in my power, honest Sancho.

SANCHO. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master, that I might not be sent home after my Lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer, that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again, if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef, before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

DOROTHEA. Bravely said, noble squire.

AIR V. *The King's Old Courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:

Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.

Oh the roast beef, &c.

SANCHO. Oh the roast beef, &c.

DOROTHEA. I have been told, noble squire, that you once imposed a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

JEZEBEL. Who, I?

SANCHO. Adod your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has any body else that I can hear of; and who my Lady Dulcinea should be I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas, the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a mad-man; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have followed his errantries so long.

DOROTHEA. Fie, do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

SANCHO. Nay, madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I sha'n't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to 'un; and yet he has talked what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill, and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plums that make a pudding; physic makes you first sick, and then well; wine first makes you well, and then sick.

JEZEBEL. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

DOROTHEA. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the Lady Dulcinea is in the castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

SANCHO. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that; he that can swallow a goose, will hardly keck at a gander; the bear may well dance when the ass plays on the fiddle. [Exit Sancho.]

SCENE VII.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were described: we shall have rare diversion.

JEZEBEL. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

DOROTHEA. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so! I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame any innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence; and to confess a truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI. *From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.*

Happy the animals who stray
 In freedom through the grove;
 No laws in love they e'er obey,
 But those prescribed by love:
 While we, confined to parents' rules,
 Unfortunate, are told,
 None follows love's sweet laws but fools;
 The wise are slaves to gold. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

MAYOR, and a VOTER.

MAYOR. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town—Don Quixote, as he calls himself?

VOTER. Think, why, that he's a madman. What should I think?

MAYOR. 'Ecod! it runs in my head that he has come to stand for parliament-man.

VOTER. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me he's a Spaniard?

MAYOR. What's that to us? let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house, that's his fault.

VOTER. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promised Sir Thomas Loveland and Mr. Bouncer.

MAYOR. Pugh! all promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

VOTER. No, no, neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse: but rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought Sir Thomas intend'd to steal us in this manner, he should have no vote of mine, I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

MAYOR. Then suppose we were to go in a body and solicit Sir Don Quixote to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam it does not signify.

VOTER. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

MAYOR. What's that, pr'ythee?

VOTER. They say he has brought no money with him.

MAYOR. Ay, that indeed: but though he hath no money

with him here, I am assured by his servant that he hath a very large estate: and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him; for you know, at last, we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

VOTER. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

MAYOR. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.

GUZZLE, MAYOR, RETAIL.

GUZZLE. Mr. Mayor, a good morrow to you, sir; are you for a whet this morning?

MAYOR. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller?

GUZZLE. He's laid down to sleep, I believe; pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him I can't tell.

MAYOR. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of as much as any man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into consideration whether we should not ask this Sir Don to represent us.

GUZZLE. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

MAYOR. You are too cautious, Master Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the Court interest.

GUZZLE. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the Court side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

MAYOR. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

GUZZLE. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of free-quarter.

RETAIL. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him; for then, you know, if he spends never so much, we shall not be obliged to choose him.

MAYOR. Brother alderman, I have reprov'd you already for that way of reasoning; it savours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be obliged to vote against his party; therefore, when we invite a gentleman to stand, we invite him to spend his money for the honour of his party; and, when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

GUZZLE. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

MAYOR. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country interest to all my brethren; but before that I recommended the town interest, that is, the interest of this corporation; and, first of all, I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning, that he that serves me best will serve the town best; and he that serves the town best will serve the country best.

GUZZLE. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

MAYOR. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink success to the corporation: these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Inn.*

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. Thou hast, by this time, fully perceived, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

SANCHO. Ay, and of squire errantry too, an't please your worship.

DON QUIXOTE. But virtue is its own reward.

SANCHO. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps; but to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak——

DON QUIXOTE. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

SANCHO. Then, if your worship would be so good as to set me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

DON QUIXOTE. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble wretch?

SANCHO. Any thing to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for if I durst speak it——

DON QUIXOTE. Speak fearlessly—I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

SANCHO. Why then I find, sir, that we are looked on here to be neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, I am not concerned at the evil

opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favourites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often called an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villain's cause, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood, while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? But why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of: and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the good opinion of men; nay, and that which is professed to be paid to virtue is seldom more to any thing than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good-natured man? Why, one who, seeing the want of his friend, cries, he pities him! Is this real? No: if it was he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

SANCHO. Oh! good your worship, proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

SCENE II.

GUZZLE, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

DON QUIXOTE. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratu-

late me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the meanwhile, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and Heaven prosper thy embassy!

SANCHO. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. [*Aside.*]

SCENE III.

MAYOR, DON QUIXOTE.

MAYOR. I am your honour's most humble servant.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

MAYOR. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you come hither.

DON QUIXOTE. Be seated, sir; you are a worthy man, and, to your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

MAYOR. I can't answer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any in all England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long-Purse, if you oppose him briskly, I dare answer for your success.

DON QUIXOTE. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Though he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

MAYOR. This is a special stick of wood, I find.—A benefit ticket, adod. [*Aside.*]

DON QUIXOTE. I see the reason of your apprehension; you have heard of my ill success in my last adventure—that was not my fault! [*Sighing.*]

MAYOR. I see he has been thrown out at some place

already.—I don't in the least, sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

MAYOR. Be not so passionate, sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town?

DON QUIXOTE. Be assured it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

MAYOR. I assure you, sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us, we shall make very little difficulty in the affair; but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, sir; a little circulation of money among us would——

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, you make me concerned that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest assured of this, there is not one whom you shall recommend that shall not within this twelvemonth be governor of an island.

MAYOR. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises.

[*Aside.*

DON QUIXOTE. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

MAYOR. Yes, sir, he is now at Loveland Castle, a seat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

DON QUIXOTE. Humph! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in Spain.—How are they armed?

MAYOR. Armed, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Ay; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

MAYOR. Ha, ha! your honour is pleased to be merry: why truly, sir, they were pretty well armed when they went

out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

DON QUIXOTE. Base-born cowards! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine! But be easy, sir; within these two days not one of them shall be alive.

MAYOR. Marry, Heaven forbid! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the county.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! honest! and in the train of the knight of the Long-Purse! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a despoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives——

MAYOR. Who, Sir Thomas Loveland, sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natured, civil a gentleman, as a man may say——

DON QUIXOTE. Why then do you petition me against him?

MAYOR. Nay, sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it: but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most would not have the least chance.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! caitiff! dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think my money should make me their knight? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle but dangers, difficulties, toils and enchantments? Hence from my sight! or by the peerless Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour.—Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of la Mancha? Gods! to what will mankind degenerate! where not only the vile necessities of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money.

SCENE IV.—*Another Chamber.*

SQUIRE BADGER, SCUT, *his* Huntsman, and GUZZLE.

SQUIRE BADGER. That's it, honeys! Oh! that's it.—What, have you no company in the house, landlord? Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

GUZZLE. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit the officer is just gone out of the house; your worship would have liked him hugely; he is rare good company.

SQUIRE BADGER. Well, but hang it, hast thou nobody?

GUZZLE. I have not one guest in the house, sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

SQUIRE BADGER. Squire! Who, pr'ythee?

GUZZLE. Squire——It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember it. Squire Pancho Sancho——he calls himself.

SQUIRE BADGER. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey?

GUZZLE. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master both.

SQUIRE BADGER. What, has the squire a master?

GUZZLE. I don't know which is master nor which is man, not I: sometimes I think one is master, and then again I think it is t'other.—I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most, and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but, if you turn your back, slap he has it up.—As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows than eating: would I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in the yard, to guard the castle, as he calls it; but I am afraid his design is to rob the house,

if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chanters, and magicians, and Dulcineas: he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

SQUIRE BADGER. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my service to him; tell him I should be glad of his company; go.

GUZZLE. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drubbed just now.

SQUIRE BADGER. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is some of the best physic for him. Come, Scut, sit down, and sing that song once more.

AIR VII. *Mother, quoth Hodge, &c.*

SCUT. The doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.

But here's the juice

Of sovereign use,

'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be:

In body, or spirit,

Wherever you bear it;

Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning directors if tricked of your pelf,

Your losses a dose of good claret can heal;

Or if you have been a director yourself,

'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel:

Stocks fall or rise,

Tell truth or lies,

Your fame and your fortune here remedy find;

If Silvia be cruel,

Take this water-gruel,

'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE V.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, and SQUIRE BADGER.

DON QUIXOTE. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

SQUIRE BADGER. Your servant, sir, your servant—A devilish odd figure this. [*Aside.*]

DON QUIXOTE. To meet a person of your distinction is a happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

SQUIRE BADGER. Or of the Black Cap. sir, if you please.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle; and I wish the achievements of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by the cursed power of enchantment, foiled, may be reserved for you.

SQUIRE BADGER. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March hare. [*Aside.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Would you guess, Sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls the most beautiful princess in the universe?

SQUIRE BADGER. The devil he does.

DON QUIXOTE. Enchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that enchanter Merlin; I humbly suppose, the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, ay, sir, I'll deliver her, I warrant you: but come, sir,—pray, sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

DON QUIXOTE. I am known, sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, sir, here's to you. Land-

lord, draw your chair. How long, Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, have you been in these parts?

DON QUIXOTE. It is not, Sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourned longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

SQUIRE BADGER. Oh! numberless!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

DON QUIXOTE. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

SQUIRE BADGER. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a hunting song.—Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country seat. Come, Scut, sing away.

AIR VIII. *There was a Jovial Beggar, &c.*

SCUT. The dusky night rides down the sky
 And ushers in the morn:
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn:
 And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms, and begs his stay;
 My dear it rains, and hails, and snows,
 You will not hunt to-day.
 But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood
 Secure to find we seek;
 For why, I carried, sound and good,
 A cartload there last week.
 And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
 Their steeds all spur and switch;
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in the ditch:
 But a hunting we will go.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night:
 Then a crinking we will go.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ha, ha, ha! Sir knight of the Woeful Figure; this is the life, sir, of most of our knights in England.

DON QUIXOTE. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a knight-errant to rid the world of other sort of animals than foxes.

SQUIRE BADGER. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha, caitiff! dost thou dare say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

SQUIRE BADGER. Throw by your spit, sir: throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your lanthorn jaws into your throat, you rascal!

[Squire Badger *offers to strike* Don Quixote.]

GUZZLE. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! Dear squire, let him alone.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! have I discovered thee, imposter? Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

SCENE VI.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, SQUIRE BADGER.

SANCHO. Oh, sir, I have been seeking your honour; I have such news to tell you!

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

SANCHO. My lady Dulcinea, sir——

DON QUIXOTE. Has been abused, has been injured, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

SANCHO. But, sir——

DON QUIXOTE. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word till that caitiff hath felt thy fist.

SANCHO. Nay, sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff or two goes.—I hate your squire-errants that carry arms about them.

SQUIRE BADGER. I'll box you first one hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you——If I don't lamb thee! [*They both strip.*

SANCHO. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carried out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeons; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, though not so honourable; a wise man would be a soldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

SCENE VII.

MRS. GUZZLE, SQUIRE BADGER, SANCHO.

MRS. GUZZLE. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your master out of my house, for a couple of pickpockets as you are.—Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

SQUIRE BADGER. Stand away, landlord, stand away!—If I don't lick him!

SANCHO. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

MRS. GUZZLE. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you: I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain you; I'll curry you, sirrah.

SCENE VIII.

FAIRLOVE, SQUIRE BADGER.

FAIRLOVE. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

SQUIRE BADGER. I hope you are no knight-errant, sir.

FAIRLOVE. Sir!

SQUIRE BADGER. I say, sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, sir?

FAIRLOVE. You are merry, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, sir, and you would have been merry too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn, that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

FAIRLOVE. Perhaps he is your rival, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't; who knows but this may be that son of a whore, Fairlove, whom I have been told on?

FAIRLOVE. Ha!

SQUIRE BADGER. As sure as a gun—this is he—Ods-bodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste, I can tell you that.

FAIRLOVE. Do you travel towards London, sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

SQUIRE BADGER. No, sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

FAIRLOVE. Perhaps you are going to Sir Thomas Loveland's.

SQUIRE BADGER. Do you know Sir Thomas then, sir?

FAIRLOVE. Very intimately well, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Give me you hand, sir.—You are an honest cock, I warrant you.—Why, sir, I am going to fall in love with Sir Thomas's daughter.

FAIRLOVE. You can't avoid that, sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

SQUIRE BADGER. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit: Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife as her having more sense than himself.

AIR IX. *Lillibulero.*

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass
More trouble than joy to her husband may bring.

FAIR. The fault's in the miser, and not in the mass;
He knows not to use so precious a thing.

BADG. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;

A price for that treasure some husbands have paid.

FAIR. But wit will conceal it;
And if you don't feel it,

A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

SCENE IX.

FAIRLOVE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN.

JOHN. Sir, sir!

FAIRLOVE. Well, what now?

JOHN. [*Whispers.*]

FAIRLOVE. How! here?

JOHN. I saw her, sir, upon my honour.

FAIRLOVE. I am the happiest of mankind. [*Aside.*]
Brother traveller, farewell.

SQUIRE BADGER. What, sha'n't we drink together?

FAIRLOVE. Another time, sir; I am in a little haste at present—[*Aside.*] Harkye, John, I leave you with my rival: I need say no more.—Dear Dorothea, ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.

JOHN, SQUIRE BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

SQUIRE BADGER. Harkye, mister; what is your master's name, pray?

JOHN. Master, sir?

SQUIRE BADGER. I say, your master's name.

JOHN. What do you see in me that should make you ask me my master's name? I suppose you would take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your master's name is. Do I look so little like a gentleman to stand in need of a master?

SQUIRE BADGER. Oh, sir, I ask your pardon; your dress, sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

JOHN. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

SQUIRE BADGER. May be, sir; then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

JOHN. A travelling acquaintance.

SQUIRE BADGER. May I crave his name, sir?

JOHN. Oh, sir, his name, his name, sir, is Sir Gregory Nebuchaddonazzar. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a going into Cornwall

to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress, with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, sir, universally esteemed in the *beau monde*.

SQUIRE BADGER. *Beau monde!* Pray, what's that?

JOHN. *Beau monde*, sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure; when you say, he is a man of the *beau monde*, you mean just such another person as I am.

SQUIRE BADGER. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

JOHN. Oh, sir! we of the *beau monde* are never offended at ignorance.

DON QUIXOTE. [*Within.*] Avaunt, caitiffs!—Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

SQUIRE BADGER. Heyday! what's the matter now?

COACHMAN. [*Within.*] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad?

DON QUIXOTE. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to be opened at your peril.

JOHN. One might think, by this noise, that we were at the outside of the Opera House at a *ridotto*.

SCENE XI.

MRS. GUZZLE, JOHN, SQUIRE BADGER.

MRS. GUZZLE. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer the stage coach to come into the yard. Dear good gentlemen, come and speak to him.—Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

JOHN. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress—Come, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. After you, sir; I am not quite unbred.

JOHN. Oh, dear sir.

SCENE XII.—A Yard.

DON QUIXOTE, *armed cap-à-pie, his lance in his hand;*
 SANCHO, GUZZLE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN,
 MRS. GUZZLE.

COACHMAN. [*Within.*] If you don't open the gates this instant, I'll go to another inn.

MR. BRIEF. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

GUZZLE. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard.—Will you let me open the gates or no, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Open them, and I will show thee that I want no walls to secure me.—Open them, I say.—You shall see the force of one single knight.

MRS. GUZZLE. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

JOHN. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life. [*Aside.*]

SQUIRE BADGER. If I have any thing to say to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts that moment.

GUZZLE. There, the gates are open.

DON QUIXOTE. Now, thou peerless princess, Dulcinea.

COACHMAN. Gee, gee, boys, hup! [*Exit.* Sancho, &c.]

SCENE XIII.

MRS. GUZZLE, MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, MR. SNEAK, MRS. SNEAK, MISS SNEAK; *Maid with candles.*

MRS. SNEAK. Don't be frightened, my dear, there is no danger now.

MR. SNEAK. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advised, we had been in a fine condition.

MR. BRIEF. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caused all this rout?

MRS. GUZZLE. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightened out of my wits: he is the devil, I think.—I can't get him out of my house.

MR. BRIEF. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of the peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring justice?

DR. DRENCH. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, the physic is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself, after supper.

MRS. SNEAK. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

MR. SNEAK. Yes, my dear. [Exit.

MR. BRIEF. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.—Ladies, how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm.

MRS. SNEAK. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor. Come, child.

MRS. GUZZLE. This way, ladies. [Exeunt Women.

SCENE XIV.

MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN.

SQUIRE BADGER. Huzza! Hark! hark!—Agad, he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

DON QUIXOTE. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with

great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return, but that you both repair immediately to Toboso, and render yourselves at her feet.

DR. DRENCH. Poor man! poor man! he must be put to bed. I shall apply some proper remedies. His frenzy is very high; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

MR. BRIEF. His frenzy! his roguery. The fellow's a rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments.—Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchanter: but be not alarmed at it; for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for Toboso.

DR. DRENCH. Galen calls this frenzy the phrenabracum.

MR. BRIEF. My Lord Coke brings these people into the number of common cheats.

DR. DRENCH. I shall order him bleeding, glistening, vomiting, purging, blistering, and cupping.

MR. BRIEF. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him.—In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds I don't question but to action him out on't—Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [*Exeunt.*

SQUIRE BADGER. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these people were you called princes?

DON QUIXOTE. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

SQUIRE BADGER. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

DON QUIXOTE. Monstrous enchantment! what odd shapes this Merlin transforms the greatest people into! But knight-errantry will be too hard for him at last. [*Exit.*

JOHN. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

SQUIRE BADGER. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

JOHN. With all my heart, sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champagne in his house. *[Exeunt.]*

SANCHO. Hey! is the coast cleared? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin! And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island; and then, perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government.—Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors, fall to plundering as fast as I can; and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. *Black Joke.*

The more we see of human kind,
 The more deceits and tricks we find,
 In every land as well as Spain:
 For would he ever hope to thrive,
 Upon the mountains he must live;
 For nought but rogues in vales remain.
 The miser and the man will trick,
 The mistress and the maid will nick.
 For rich and poor
 Are rogue and whore;
 There's not one honest man in a score,
 Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

FAIRLOVE. Depend on it, you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustained from this heroic knight and his squire.

MRS. GUZZLE. You look like a very honourable gentleman, sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

DOROTHEA. But, pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the Lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

MRS. GUZZLE. About a month ago, madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they stayed for above a fortnight acting their shows: but I don't know how it happened, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; so at last they all run away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to show for their whole reckoning.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling princess!

MRS. GUZZLE. The devil travel with her to the world's end, so she travel not hither. Send me any thing but stage-players and knight-errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyship think it, madam? beside other articles, she ran in tick twenty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.

JEZEBEL, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

DOROTHEA. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

SANCHO. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso.

FAIRLOVE. Is the knight apprised, Mr. Sancho, of the approach of his mistress?

SANCHO. Yes, sir; it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it, he gave me such a hug, that I thought I should never have fetched breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the Lady Dulcinea herself.

DOROTHEA. But why booted and spurred, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

SANCHO. Yes, madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my Lady Dulcinea; so what does me I, but rides into the kitchen, where I whipt and spurred about a sirloin of roast beef for a full half hour. Then slap I returned to my master, whom I found leaning upon his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts; as soon as he sees me, Sancho, says he, with a voice like a great gun, wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet? Wilt thou never set out for Toboso? Heaven bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses, says I; I am just returned from thence; I am sure if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance. Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by chantment, but this I know, that about five miles off I met my Lady Dulcinea. How! says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. Ay, says I, sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman who walks the streets ought to know whether they are paved or no.

JEZEBEL. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

SANCHO. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much, he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he's one of your high-bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

JEZEBEL. Should he offer to touch me, I should faint.

SANCHO. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place where you may see my master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

MRS. GUZZLE. I'll go see this show, I am resolved; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

SCENE III.

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

DOROTHEA. Shall we follow to the window and see the sport?

FAIRLOVE. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at this time?

DOROTHEA. Had I found you at my first arrival I should scarce have invented this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

FAIRLOVE. Why should we not fly away this instant: who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

DOROTHEA. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures I shall not be missed till then; besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will, as it will be in your power, to make me happy: but when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

FAIRLOVE. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI. *Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty?*

Would fortune, the truth to discover
Of him you suspect as a rover,

Bid me be to some princess a lover,
 No princess would Billy pursue.

DOR. Would Heaven but grant me the trial,
 A monarch should meet my denial;
 And while other lovers I'd fly all,
 I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

FAIR. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying,
 Is a feast that could never be cloying;
 With thee, while I'm kissing and toying,
 Kind fortune can give me no more.

DOR. With thee I'm so blest beyond measure,
 I laugh at all offers of treasure;
 I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
 Thou art all my joy and my store.

BOTH. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.

Servants with lights before SIR THOMAS LOVELAND *and*
 GUZZLE.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming trade here.

GUZZLE. Pretty well, considering the hardness of the times, an't please your honour.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Better times are a coming; a new election is not far off.

GUZZLE. Ay, sir, if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Once a year! why thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But pr'ythee, whom hast thou in thy house? any honest fellows? Ha!

GUZZLE. Here's Lawyer Brief, sir, and Dr. Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; then there's one Squire Badger of Somersetshire.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

GUZZLE. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Exit.*]

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney, the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to see. I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and if he be described right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

SCENE V.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, SQUIRE BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.

GUZZLE. Here's the squire, an't please your honour.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Mr. Badger, I am your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

SQUIRE BADGER. I suppose, sir, you may be Sir Thomas Loveland?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. At your service, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Ha, ha! you are merry, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, sir, and you would have been merry if you had been in such company as I have been in. My lord. 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! Sir Thomas my Lord Slang is one of the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories.

JOHN. I protest, sir, you are so extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

SQUIRE BADGER. I wish, my lord, you would tell Sir

Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what d'ye call her. Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a——

JOHN. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, sir, if I was not partly engaged in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before, as I do now, I believe I should scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says, here, a man may have your great sort of ladies, only for wearing a broidered coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I believe, sir, my daughter won't force ye against your inclination.

SQUIRE BADGER. Force me! no; I believe not, icod! I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your daughter neither.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*] You misunderstand me, sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of, from either me or my daughter.

SQUIRE BADGER. Nay, sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what say you to a cherishing cup; and you shall hear some of my lord's stories?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. As far as one bottle, squire; but you must not exceed.

SQUIRE BADGER. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: my lord and I here, are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. [*Exeunt.*]

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. A very hopeful spark this. But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI.—*The Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. How far do you think the advanced guards are yet from the castle?

SANCHO. Sir!

DON QUIXOTE. But, perhaps, she may choose to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those cursed, useless, heavy troops, her horse-guards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

SANCHO. Truly, sir, they were so many, I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round baker's dozen, at least.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the test? Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm——

SANCHO. Oh, spare me, spare me!——And if ever I offend your worship any more, if ever I crack a jest on my Lady Dulcinea——

DON QUIXOTE. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

SANCHO. They make such a glittering, sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world, at a distance, like a flock of sheep.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! again!

SANCHO. Nay, sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

DON QUIXOTE. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me, is not the knight of the Black Eagle there!

SANCHO. Ay, marry is he, sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, sir, cheek by jole, sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my Lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twould have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like——

DON QUIXOTE. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight of crows.

SANCHO. To all the world, like a new half-crown piece amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

SCENE VII.

Drawer *with a light*, MR. BRIEF, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DRAWER. This way, sir, take care how you tread.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee!

MR. BRIEF. Let me alone, pr'ythee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what, do you mean to rob me, hey?

DON QUIXOTE. Is it possible the mighty Fulgoran should not know me?

MR. BRIEF. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, sirrah, you may be tried on the black act for going about disguised in this manner; and, but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment would lie on that act——

DON QUIXOTE. Behold, sir, my Lady Dulcinea herself.

MR. BRIEF. Light on, boy, the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

SCENE VIII.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, JEZEBEL.

DON QUIXOTE. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what looks shall I behold you? With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to your unworthy knight?

JEZEBEL. Rise, sir.

DON QUIXOTE. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; though to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness: for, O most adorable princess! this castle is enchanted, giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

JEZEBEL. Could I but be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but, alas! there are so many instances of perjured men.

AIR XII. *Cold and raw, &c.*

A virgin once was walking along,
 In the sweet month of July,
 Blooming, beautiful and young,
 She met with a swain unruly;
 Within his arms the nymph he caught
 And swore he'd love her truly;
 The maid remembered, the man forgot,
 What past in the month of July.

DON QUIXOTE. Eternal curses light on all such perjured wretches!

JEZEBEL. But though you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

DON QUIXOTE. Rather may the universal frame of nature

be dissolved; perish first, all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

JEZEBEL. Could I always remain young as I am now; but, alack-a-day, I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men, you all love young flesh. You all sing,

AIR XIII. *Gimnianis' minuet.*

Sweet's the little maid,
That has not learnt her trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught;
Though she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchased are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, most divine princess! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale: Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.

SCENE IX.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOROTHEA. Pity, illustrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety but from your victorious arm. This instant I am pursued by a mighty giant.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

JEZEBEL. You can't oblige me more.

SANCHO. Nor me less. Oh! the devil take all giant adventures; now shall I have my bones broke; I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest, with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front, and receive the first onset of the enemy, that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

SANCHO. Ah, sir, I have been a squire-erranting to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, sir, every man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.

JOHN, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

JOHN. Oh, sir, undone, ruined! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discovered, and here he comes with an hundred and fifty people, to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

FAIRLOVE. We know it, we know it.

DON QUIXOTE. And were he to bring as many thousand — I'll show him one single knight may be too many for them all.

FAIRLOVE. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side, before I'll lose her.

DON QUIXOTE. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. [*Within.*] Where is my daughter, villains? where is my daughter?

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, thou cursed giant Tergilcombo, too well I know thy voice. Have at thee, caitiff!

DOROTHEA. Dear Jezebel, I am frightened out of my wits; my father, or Mr. Fairlove, will be destroyed. I am resolved I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

JEZEBEL. Do so; and in the meantime I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frightened myself.

SCENE XI.

SANCHO. [*Solus.*] There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knocked on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again. I begin to think this house or castle is charmed; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like—what is it like? Ecod, 'tis like nothing but my master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day, you deserve it, I'll say that for you; and if you are well drubbed, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess, and be hanged to her! Besides, I verily believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity; and while all the rest are knocking one another on the head, I'll into the pantry, and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, DOROTHEA.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclinations have occasioned!

DOROTHEA. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery; if Fairlove be destroyed, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a manner, that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

DOROTHEA. Thus on my knees, sir, I entreat you, by all the tenderness you ever professed to me! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment on him but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding, from his heart? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themselves? to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself? Oh, hear me, sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Away, you're no child of mine!

DOROTHEA. Would you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be some comfort in his absence.—I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings! Were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.

GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, CONSTABLE,
DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

GUZZLE. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

MRS. GUZZLE. Our house is ruined for ever; there is not one whole window in it; the stage-coachman swears he'll never

bring a company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragoon.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this.—As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Harkye, fellow, what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

DON QUIXOTE. It is your time now, and you may use it. I perceive this adventure is not reserved for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Do you banter me, you rascal?

DON QUIXOTE. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will so.

DON QUIXOTE. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo?——Yet, think not, because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

MRS. GUZZLE. Do you hear, husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship than if he were talking to a fiddler.

GUZZLE. I wish your worship would send him to gaol; he seems to look most cursedly mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

FAIRLOVE. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and though my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assured if you do you shall answer for it.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Ay, ay, sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.

SQUIRE BADGER, SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, DOROTHEA,
FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, MRS. GUZZLE.

SQUIRE BADGER. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn, that you won't let a man sleep? I was as fast on the table, as if I had been in a feather bed.—'Sbud, what's the matter? Where's my Lord Slang?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

SQUIRE BADGER. Oons, sir, do you say that I am drunk? I say, sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, ain't I—sober now?

DOROTHEA. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

SQUIRE BADGER. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench; I'll have a kiss; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife, that is to be.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Hold, dear sir, this is my daughter.

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

DOROTHEA. For Heaven's sake, somebody defend me from him.

FAIRLOVE. Let me go, dogs!—Villain! thou hadst better eat thy fingers than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addresses.

SQUIRE BADGER. Well, sir, and ain't I making addresses to her, sir, hey?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Let me beseech you, sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

SQUIRE BADGER. Pr'ythee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy if thou didst know who I was, thou wouldst not talk to me so; if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock.

Come, madam, since I have promised to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making love when a man's but once got well into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound 'prentice to it.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, one word with you, if you please: I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of person?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. What?

DON QUIXOTE. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't stand in need of a governor?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Hey!

DON QUIXOTE. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him, I can prefer three thousand to one.

DON QUIXOTE. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake, or your own? If for hers, 'tis sure something whimsical, to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the entire absence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thousand.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. What have we here? A philosophical pimp! I can't help saying but the fellow has some truth on his side.

DOROTHEA. You are my eternal aversion.

SQUIRE BADGER. Lookye, madam, I can take a joke or so; but if you are in earnest——

DOROTHEA. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

SQUIRE BADGER. Do you? Then you may kiss—— 'Sbud,

I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here sir, what's your name, and I'll have satisfaction.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. My daughter, sir——

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir, your daughter, sir, is a son of a whore, sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my Lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too! I'll have satisfaction. [*Exit.*]

DON QUIXOTE. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband!

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shown you on this wretch's account?

FAIRLOVE *and* DOROTHEA. Ha!

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue, you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; hers, I believe, you have already.

FAIRLOVE. O transport! O blest moment!

DOROTHEA. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

FAIRLOVE. Thus the merchant, who with pleasure
 Long adventured on the main,
 Hugging fast his darling treasure,
 Gaily smiles
 On past toils,
 Well repaid for all his pain.

DOR. Thus the nymph, whom death affrighting,
 With her lover's death alarms,
 Wakes with transports all delighting;

Madly blest,
When carest
In his warm entwining arms.

MRS. GUZZLE. Lard bless 'em! Who could have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak?

DON QUIXOTE. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind.—I find some adventures are reserved for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha?

DON QUIXOTE. Truly, sir, I have had so much ado with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great achievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

DON QUIXOTE. A search of adventure, sir; no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous stock of monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.

DON QUIXOTE, SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH.

MR. BRIEF. I'll have satisfaction; I won't be used after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or justice, or jury, or crown office, or actions of damages, or on the case; or trespasses, or assaults and batteries.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. What's the matter, Mr. Counsellor?

MR. BRIEF. Oh, Sir Thomas! I am abused, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismembered, killed, massacred,

and murdered, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I sha'n't be able to appear at Westminster Hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

DR. DRENCH. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blistered, vomited, purged, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of frenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

MR. BRIEF. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am. —I should be finely off if he could be proved *non compos mentis*; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness, *ex post facto*.

DR. DRENCH. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, sir.

MR. BRIEF. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that.

DR. DRENCH. Very plain symptoms of madness, I think.

MR. BRIEF. Very fine, indeed; very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's beating of another is a proof of madness. So that if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead *non compos mentis*, and he's acquitted of course: so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

SCENE *the last*.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, COOK, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DR. DRENCH, Servants *hauling in* SANCHE.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Heyday! what's the matter now?

COOK. Bring him along, bring him along! Ah, master, no wonder you have complained so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out in the yard this rogue has been stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he could not eat he has

crammed into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

DON QUIXOTE. Thou scoundrel to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

SANCHO. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief: and you have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox! are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

DON QUIXOTE. Slave! caitiff!

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Dear knight, be not angry with the trusty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire.

SANCHO. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish he would make me his squire.

DON QUIXOTE. I'm pacified.

FAIRLOVE. Landlord, be easy; whatever you may have suffered by Mr. Sancho, or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, I accept your offer; and unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

SANCHO. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news i' faith! Give me your wedding adventure, the devil take all the rest!

DR. DRENCH. Sure, Sir Thomas, you will not take a mad-man home with you to your house?

DON QUIXOTE. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For alas! could it be proved, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degree deserve? Who would doubt the noisy boisterous

squire, who was here just now, to be mad? Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch? You, doctor, are mad too, though not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he would not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself.

FAIRLOVE. Perhaps, Sir Thomas, that is no such difficult point.

AIR XV. *Country Bumpkin.*

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
 Some for places,
 Some embraces;
 Some are mad to keep up gain,
 And others mad to spend it.
 Courtiers we may madmen rate,
 Poor believers
 In deceivers;
 Some are mad to hurt the state,
 And others mad to mend it.

DOROTHEA. Lawyers are for Bedlam fit,
 Or they never
 Could endeavour
 Half the rogueries to commit
 Which we're so mad to let 'em.
 Poets madmen are no doubt,
 With projectors,
 And directors;

FAIRLOVE. Women all are mad throughout
 And we more mad to get 'em.

Since your madness is so plain,
 Each spectator
 Of good-nature,
With applause will entertain
His brother of La Mancha:
With applause will entertain
Don Quixote and Squire Sancho.

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THE
UNIVERSAL GALLANT:
OR, THE
DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.
By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

Infelix, habitum temporis hujus habe. Ovid.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-
Office in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

MDCCLXXXV

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

MY LORD,—The unhappy fate which these scenes have met with may to some make my presumption in offering them to your protection appear extravagant; but distress puts on a different face in your Grace's eye, with whom I know it will plead in their favour, that though they do not merit so great a patron, they at least want him.

To join the torrent of success, to smile with fortune, and applaud with the world, are within the limits of an inferior name, and narrower capacity. It has been the glory of a Duke of Marlborough to support the falling, to protect the distressed, to raise a sinking cause, and (I will venture on the expression) to direct Fortune, instead of being directed by her.

But these are laurels, my Lord, which will to latest ages flourish in the historian, and the epic poet. Comedy looks no farther than private life, where we see you acting with the same spirit of humanity that fired your noble ancestor in public. Poverty has imposed chains on mankind equal with tyranny; and your Grace has shown as great an eagerness to deliver men from the former, as your illustrious grandfather did to rescue them from the latter.

Those who are happier than myself in your intimacy will celebrate your other virtues; the fame of your humanity, my Lord, reaches at a distance, and it is a virtue which never reigns alone; nay, which seldom enters into a breast that is not rich in all other.

I am sure I give a convincing proof in how high a degree I am persuaded you possess this virtue, when I hope your

pardon for this presumption. But I will trespass no farther on it, than to assure you that I am with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

BUCKINGHAM STREET, *February 12.*

ADVERTISEMENT

THE cruel usage this poor play hath met with, may justly surprise the Author, who in his whole life never did an injury to any one person living. What could incense a number of people to attack it with such an inveterate prejudice, is not easy to determine; for prejudice must be allowed, be the play good or bad, when it is condemned unheard.

I have heard that there are some young gentlemen about this town who make a jest of damning plays—but did they seriously consider the cruelty they are guilty of by such a practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every man who produces a play on the stage must propose to himself some acquisition either of pleasure, reputation, or profit, in its success: for though perhaps he may receive some pleasure from the first indulgence of the itch of scribbling, yet the labour and trouble he must undergo before his play comes on the stage, must set the prospect of some future reward before him, or I believe he would decline the undertaking. If pleasure or reputation be the reward he proposes, it is sure an inexcusable barbarity in any uninjured or unprovoked person to defeat the happiness of another: but if his views be of the last kind, if he be so unfortunate to depend on the success of his labours for his bread, he must be an inhuman creature, indeed, who would out of sport and wantonness prevent a man from getting a livelihood in an honest and inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family.

Authors, whose works have been rejected at the theatres, are of all persons, they say, the most inveterate; but of all persons, I am the last they should attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the success of others, but never assisted at the condemnation of any one.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN

BOLD is th' attempt in this nice-judging age,
To try at fame, by pleasing on the stage.
So eager to condemn as you are grown,
Writing seems war declared against the town.
Which ever way the Poet seeks applause,
The Critic's ready still to damn his cause.
If for new characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten road,
In monsters then unnatural he deals;
And if they are known and common, then he steals.
If wit he aims at, you the traps can show;
If serious, he is dull; if humourous, low.
Some would maintain one laugh throughout a play,
Some would be grave, and bear fine things away.
How is it possible at once to please
Tastes so directly opposite as these?
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us—some seek not entertainment here.
'Tis not the Poet's wit affords the jest,
But who can catcall, hiss, or whistle best!
Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs, consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us.
If any base ill-nature we disclose,
If private characters these scenes expose,
Then we expect—for then we merit foes.
But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice,

Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us, at least, our share of smiles receive,
Nor, while you censure us, keep all your boons
For soft ITALIAN airs, and FRENCH buffoons.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

MR. MONDISH	<i>Mr. Quin.</i>
MR. GAYLOVE	<i>Mr. W. Mills.</i>
CAPTAIN SPARK	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
SIR SIMON RAFFLER	<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
COLONEL RAFFLER	<i>Mr. Harper.</i>

WOMEN

LADY RAFFLER	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
MRS. RAFFLER	<i>Mrs. Heron.</i>
CLARINDA	<i>Miss Holliday.</i>

SCENE.—LONDON

THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT;

OR,

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MR. MONDISH'S *Apartment.*

MR. MONDISH, *with a letter in his hand, speaking to a*
SERVANT.

MR. MONDISH. Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Raffler.

SERVANT. Must I bring an answer, sir?

MR. MONDISH. Yes, sir, if you receive any—— [*Exit*
Servant.] And now let me read thee again, thou picture of
womankind. [*Reads.*]

“SIR,—I suppose you will be surprised that a woman, who hath been guilty of so imprudent a passion, should so suddenly and calmly reclaim it—but I am at length happily convinced, that you are the falsest of mankind. Be assured, it is not in your power to persuade me any longer to the contrary—wherefore I desire that henceforth all familiarity may cease between us.—And as you know me sensible how good a friend you are to Mrs. Raffler, you may easily believe the fewest visits in the world, at this house, will be welcome to me. Farewell for ever.”

This coldness is not the resentment of an incensed mistress, but the slight of an indifferent one.—I am supplanted by

some other in her favour.—Rare woman, faith! the sex grow so purely inconstant, that a gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a woman to himself as a husband.

Enter another SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, Colonel Raffler has sent to know whether you are at home.

MR. MONDISH. Yes, yes,—his visit is opportune enough. I may likely learn from him who this successful rival is, by knowing who has visited his wife most lately; nay, or by finding who is his chief favourite,—for he is one of those wise men, to whose friendship you must have his wife's recommendation; and so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don't like her.

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

Dear Colonel, good-morrow.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh, you're a fine gentleman; a very fine gentleman, indeed! when we had sent after you all over the town, not to leave your bottle for a party at quadrille with the ladies—you have a rare reputation among 'em, I assure you; there is an irreconcilable quarrel with my wife. I have strict orders never to mention your name to her.

MR. MONDISH. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, Colonel; your wife's orders to you, who have the most obedient wife in Christendom.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Yes, I thank Heaven, I am master of my own house.

MR. MONDISH. Then I hope you will lay your commands on her to forgive me.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Well, well, I don't know but I may since you ask it.—I am glad I have brought you to that.—I believe I have made up a hundred quarrels between you, and could never bring you to it before.

MR. MONDISH. And yet I had reason on my side; had you been with us yourself, you would not have left us for cards.

COLONEL RAFFLER. No, I hate 'em of all things in the world—that's half my quarrel to you, for I was forced to supply your place.

MR. MONDISH. I pity you heartily.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ay, and with my wife.

MR. MONDISH. True, a wife often makes one's pleasure distasteful! what is in itself disagreeable she must make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are master of your own house, Colonel, don't banish cards out of it, since you dislike 'em so much.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my wife so plaguily out of humour, and that I can't bear—besides, Mr. Mondish, let me tell you a matrimonial secret—Let a man be never so much the master of his house, if his wife be continually in an ill humour, he leads but an uneasy life in 't.

MR. MONDISH. But methinks so good a lady as yours should now and then give in to the sentiments of her husband.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh, no one readier; but then, you know, she can't help her temper: and if she complies against her will, you know it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her complaisance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the vapours, a man must be the greatest of brutes to persist—Besides, my wife is the most unfortunate person in the world: for though she loves me of all things, and knows that seeing her in the vapours makes me miserable, yet I never denied her any one thing in the world but, slap, it immediately threw her into 'em—If it was not for those cursed vapours we should be the happiest couple living.

MR. MONDISH. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Truly, I believe you may; at least we have such a picture of the contrary before our eyes.

MR. MONDISH. Who, Sir Simon and his lady?

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ay, Sir Simon; call him any thing but my brother, he's not a-kin to me, I am sure: for next to mine, he has the best wife in the world; and yet he never suffers her to have an easy hour from his cursed jealousy.

I intend to part families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer——He affronted a gentleman t'other day, for taking up his lady's glove; and it was no longer ago than yesterday that my wife and she were gone only to an auction (where, by the bye, they did not go to throw away their money neither, for they bought nothing), when this cursed brother of mine finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forced 'em away home——My house is an arrant garrison in time of war, no one enters or goes out, without being searched; and if a laced coat passes by the window, his eye is never off him, till he is out of the street.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir Simon Raffler, sir.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh, the devil! I'll be gone.

MR. MONDISH. No, Colonel, that's unkind.

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER.

Sir Simon, your most obedient servant.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Mr. Mondish, good-morrow! Oh, brother, are you here?

COLONEL RAFFLER. How do you, brother? I hope your lady's well this morning?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Must you always ask impertinent questions? A husband is a proper person indeed to inquire of about his wife——If you ask your own, when you see her next, she will inform you, for I suppose they are gadding together.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Sir Simon, you may behave to your own lady as you please; but I desire you not to reflect on mine.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And you may let your wife behave as she pleases; but I desire she may be no pattern to mine. I think one enough in a family.

COLONEL RAFFLER. One! I don't know what you mean. I don't understand you.

MR. MONDISH. Oh, dear gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this misunderstanding in my house. You are both too hot, indeed.

COLONEL RAFFLER. I am appeased——But let me tell you, brother——

MR. MONDISH. Dear Colonel, no more.—Well, Sir Simon, what news have you in town?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nothing but cuckoldom, sir——cuckoldom every where. Women run away from their husbands——Actions brought in Westminster Hall. I expect, shortly, to see it made an article in the newspapers, and “Cuckolds since our last list” as regularly inserted as bankrupts are now.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh lud, oh lud! poor man! poor man! You make me sick, brother, indeed you do.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And you’ll make me mad, brother, indeed you will.

MR. MONDISH. Come, come, gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you——Colonel, you know the excessive jealousy of Sir Simon’s temper, and I wonder a man of your excellent sense will think it worth your while to argue with him.

[*Aside to Colonel Raffer.*

COLONEL RAFFLER. Mondish is certainly a fellow of the best sense in the world.

[*Aside.*

MR. MONDISH. Sir Simon, you know the colonel’s easy temper so well, that I am surprised one of your good understanding will reason with a man who will defend his wife’s running about this town every day.

[*Aside to Sir Simon.*

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. This man has a most excellent understanding.

[*Aside.*

MR. MONDISH. Come, come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends, and let us have no more animosities.

COLONEL RAFFLER. With all my heart.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And mine.—And now, gentlemen, we are amongst ourselves, I believe I have my honour, I am sure of it, I don’t suspect I have it not, but I think it ought to be valued.

MR. MONDISH. Doubtless, doubtless, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am not one of those jealous people that are afraid of every wind that blows. A woman may sit by a man once at a play, without any design, and once a year may go to court, or an assembly, nay, and may speak to one of her husband's he-friends there: if he be a relation, indeed, I should like it better. But why all those courtesies to every fellow she knows? Why always running to that church where the youngest parson is?

MR. MONDISH. Why fond of operas, masquerades?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I almost swoon at the name.

COLONEL RAFFLER. I shall, I'm sure, if I stay any longer—so your servant. [Exit.]

MR. MONDISH. Then that cursed rendezvous of the sexes, which are called auctions.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I thank Heaven there are none to-day; I have searched all the advertisements.

MR. MONDISH. But there are shops, shops, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I wish they were shut up with all my heart! especially those brothels the milliners' shops, in which cuckoldom is the chief trade that is carried on.

MR. MONDISH. Heyday! is the colonel gone?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleasure in his company. Mr. Mondish, you are a man of honour, and my friend, and as you are intimate in the family, must, I dare swear, have observed with concern the multitude of idle young fellows that swarm at our house. There is one particularly, who almost lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behaved before this like a thorough fine gentleman, and a man of gallantry.

MR. MONDISH. Who is he, pray?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, a fellow who is never out of lace and embroidery—a tall, strapping, well-looking, ill-looking, rascal! whom I would as soon admit into my family as a wolf into a sheep-fold.

MR. MONDISH. What is his name?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Gaylove, I think they call him—my blood runs cold when I think of him.

MR. MONDISH. Sir Simon, you need be under no apprehension: for my Lady Raffler is a woman of that prudence and discretion—

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, sir; but very prudent and discreet women have made very odd monsters of their husbands. I had rather trust to my own prudence than hers, I thank you.

MR. MONDISH. Was I married to that woman, I should be the most contented man alive; for, on my honour! I think she surpasses the rest of womankind as much in virtue as beauty.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Ha! what!

MR. MONDISH. Nay more, in my opinion—for, to tell you a truth (which I know you will excuse me for), I do not think her so handsome as the rest of the world think her.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nor I, neither—I am glad to hear you don't—I began to be in a heat—but, dear Mondish, though my wife be, as you say, a virtuous woman, and I know she is, I'm sure of it; and was never jealous of her in my life: yet I take virtue to be that sort of gold in a wife, which the less it is tried, the brighter it shines; besides, you know there is a trouble in resisting temptation, and I am willing to spare my wife all the trouble I can.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir Captain Spark to wait on you.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Who is he, pray?

MR. MONDISH. A relation of mine, a courtier, and so fine a gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine women in town.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Dear Cousin Mondish, your very humble servant, I only call to ask you how you do—for I can't stay ten minutes with you—I have just left some ladies, whom I have promised to meet in the park—Harkye

[*Whispers Mondish.*]

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I hope my wife is not one of 'em —A very impudent-looking fellow, this courtier, and has, I warrant, as many cuckolds in the city, as that has debtors at court.

CAPTAIN SPARK. The devil take me if it is not the very woman! but pray take her, I dangled after her long enough too. You must know the last time I saw her was at an assembly.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. That is another name for a bawdy-house. [*Aside.*]

CAPTAIN SPARK. And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vowed she'd never speak to me again; and indeed she kept her word, till yesterday I met her at an auction—there was another lady with her—at first she put on an air of indifference. O ho! thinks I, are you at that sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, sir, I goes up to the other lady, who happened to be her sister, and an intimate acquaintance of mine—But I ask pardon, this is a dull entertainment to you, sir. [*To Sir Simon.*]

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Far from it, sir; but I beg I may not be thought impertinent, if I ask whether this lady was short or tall?

CAPTAIN SPARK. A short woman, sir.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Then I am safe. [*Aside.*]—But perhaps some people think her tall.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, sir; I know several who think her so.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am on the rack. [*Aside.*]—Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons; but was she a brown or a fair woman?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Oh, sir, no harm—She was a brown woman, Sir.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Rather inclining to fair.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am undone! if I was to ask her name, I should hear my own—I will go tear her eyes out —Mr. Mondish, your servant! your servant!

MR. MONDISH. Be not in such a hurry, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am in a great hurry, sir, your humble servant. [Exit.]

CAPTAIN SPARK. Pr'ythee, dear coz, what queer fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he suspected me with some relation of his.

MR. MONDISH. Faith, probable enough—for he would suspect a more unlikely man than you.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Ha, ha! George, I believe I am suspected in town—I believe there are women—I say no more, but I believe there are women, I say no more.

MR. MONDISH. And upon my soul, I believe thou canst say no more on thy own knowledge. [Aside.]

CAPTAIN SPARK. Here, here, you must not ask to see the name. *[Pulls out several letters.]* May I be curst if this be not from a woman of the first distinction—Nay, if he is here, I must put it up again.

Enter MR. GAYLOVE.

MR. GAYLOVE. Good-morrow, George! Ha! Monsieur L'Spark!

CAPTAIN SPARK. My dear Gaylove, how long hast thou been in town?

MR. GAYLOVE. About a fortnight, sir.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Mondish, this is the best friend I have in the world; if it had not been for him, I had died of the spleen in country quarters—I made his house my own.

MR. GAYLOVE. Upon my honour he did, and so entirely, that if he had not been ordered away, I believe I should shortly have given it him.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Thou art a pleasant fellow! but pr'ythee how do all the girls? How do Miss Flirt, and Miss Flareit, Miss Caper, Miss Lisp, and my dear Jenny Thump-floor?

MR. GAYLOVE. All at your service, sir; but methinks you should have asked after your dear Clarinda.

CAPTAIN SPARK. O! ay, Clarinda! how does she do? Upon my soul I was fond of that wench; but she grew so fond again, that the world began to take notice of us, and yet if

ever anything passed between us, at least any thing that ought not, may I be——But what signifies swearing——Come, I know you are a suspicious rogue.

MR. GAYLOVE. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For as I am confident she would not grant any thing dishonourable, so I am confident thou wouldst not take it.

MR. MONDISH. And if you will be evidence for the lady, I will for the gentleman.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Your servant, your servant, my dear friends; you have made me a compliment at a cheap rate; I shall not risk your consciences; yet in my sense of the word dishonourable, you might swear it; for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between man and woman.

MR. MONDISH. Excellent doctrine indeed!

MR. GAYLOVE. I am not of your opinion: for I think it very dishonourable in a fine gentleman to solicit favours from a lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she would grant 'em.

CAPTAIN SPARK. O! a sad dog! ha, ha, ha!

MR. MONDISH. Unless it be not in his power to accept 'em, Gaylove. The bravest fellow may be beaten, you know, without loss of honour.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Well, well; you may suspect what you please—You poor devils that never had anything above a sempstress, make such a rout about the reputation of a woman a little above the ordinary rank; you make as much noise in town about a man's having a woman of quality, as they would in the country if one had run away with a justice of peace's eldest daughter—Now, to me women of quality are like other women.

MR. GAYLOVE. Thou knowest no difference, I dare swear.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, my Lady Fop-hunter's coach is at the door.

CAPTAIN SPARK. She has sent it for me; I am to call on her at Lady Sightly's—damn her! I wish she had forgot the appointment—Gaylove, will you go with me?

MR. GAYLOVE. No, excuse me.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Well, gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me too—so, I'm your very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

MR. MONDISH. I wish thou hadst been here sooner, I have had some rare diversion this morning: here have been Sir Simon and the colonel, and have quarrelled about their wives. But what is better still, the noble captain just now departed hath sent Sir Simon away fully persuaded that he has an affair with his wife.

MR. GAYLOVE. Then we shall have it in the afternoon at Mrs. Raffler's tea-table.

MR. MONDISH. I think you live there, Gaylove.

MR. GAYLOVE. I have pretty much lately; for to let you into a secret, George, I have a mistress there.

MR. MONDISH. What! has the captain infected you, that you are so open-hearted? or is this a particular mark of your confidence in me?

MR. GAYLOVE. Neither. It is impossible it should be a secret long, and I am not ashamed of having an honourable passion for a woman, from which I hope to reap better fruits than the captain usually proposes from his amours.

MR. MONDISH. I rather fear thou wilt find worse. These sort of gentlemen are the only persons who engage with women without danger. The reputation of an amour is what they propose, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their vanity at the price of all that is dear to a woman, the world is good-natured enough to make one person ridiculously happy, at the expense of making another seriously miserable.

MR. GAYLOVE. Hang 'em! I believe they screen more reputations than they hurt—I fancy women, by an affected intimacy with these fellows, have diverted the world from discovering a good substantial amour in another place.

MR. MONDISH. Do you think so? then I would advise you to introduce my kinsman here to Mrs. Raffler.

MR. GAYLOVE. Are there reputations there, then, that want cloaks?

MR. MONDISH. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. GAYLOVE. Nay, pr'ythee tell me seriously, for the deuce take me, if these two years' retirement hath not made me such a stranger to the town——

MR. MONDISH. Then, seriously, I think there is no cloak wanted; for a fond, credulous husband is the best cloak in the world. And if a man will put his horns in his pocket, none will ever pick his pocket of 'em——If he will be so good as to be very easy under being cuckold, the good-natured world will suffer his wife to be easy under making him one.

MR. GAYLOVE. A word to the wise, George——But, faith! thou hast informed me of what I did not suspect before.

MR. MONDISH. The wise do not want a word to inform them of what they knew before.

MR. GAYLOVE. What dost thou mean?

MR. MONDISH. Then in a word, my close friend, this mighty secret, which you have discovered to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing——the world knows it.

MR. GAYLOVE. Let 'em know it. I am so far from being ashamed of my passion, that I'm vain of my choice.

MR. MONDISH. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a fellow of thy sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the captain as no extraordinary character——Vain of your choice! Ha, ha, ha! now am I vain of my good nature——for I could so reduce that vanity of yours!

MR. GAYLOVE. I suppose thou art prepared with some cool lecture of modern economy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the road of right wisdom: I tell thee, George, let the world say what they will, there is more true happiness in the folly of love than in all the wisdom of philosophy.

MR. MONDISH. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. GAYLOVE. It is the fashion of the world to laugh at a man who owns his passion, and thou art a true follower of the world.

MR. MONDISH. Thou art a follower of the world, I am sure. You must be modest, indeed, to be ashamed of your

passion, since you have such multitudes to keep you in countenance.

MR. GAYLOVE. So much the better. Rivals keep a man's passion up; it gives continual new pleasure in the arms of a mistress to think half the coxcombs in the town are sighing for what you are in possession of.

MR. MONDISH. Ay, faith, and the gallant has a pleasure sometimes to think a husband is in possession of what he is weary of.

MR. GAYLOVE. How the happy man triumphs in his heart, when he sees his woman walking through a crowd of fellows in the mall, or a drawing-room, some sighing, some ogling; all envying him: and retiring immediately to toast her at the next tavern.

MR. MONDISH. When he wishes himself, as heartily as they do themselves, with her, which perhaps some of them are in their turn. And I would not have you too sure that may not be your case.

MR. GAYLOVE. Pugh! you have heard Spark talk of her, I suppose; or heard her talked of for Spark—I should be no more jealous of her with him, than with one of her own sex. Now, in my opinion, a squirrel is a more dangerous rival than a beau; for he is more liable to share her heart, and——

MR. MONDISH. Why, this is a good credulous marriageable opinion, and would sit well on a husband.

MR. GAYLOVE. Well! and I see no terrors in that name.

MR. MONDISH. Nor I neither. I think it a good harmless name. Besides, the colonel is a rare instance of the contrary. If a man can be happy in marriage, I dare swear he is: his wife is young, handsome, witty, and constant——in his opinion.

MR. GAYLOVE. And that is the same as if she were so in reality; for, if a man be happy in his own opinion, I see little reason why he should trouble himself about the world's.

MR. MONDISH. Or suppose she were inconstant, if she is fond of you while you are with her, why should you like her the less? I don't see why he is not as selfish who would love

by himself, as he who would drink by himself. Sure he is a nice and a dull sot, who quarrels with his wine, because another drinks out of the same cask. Nay, perhaps, it were better to have two or three companions in both, and would prevent the glass coming round too fast.

MR. GAYLOVE. Thou art in a strange whimsical humour to-day. I fancy something has disturbed you.

MR. MONDISH. No, faith! though something has happened which might have disturbed another—I have been discarded this morning. Here's my discharge, do you know the hand?

[Giving the letter.

MR. GAYLOVE. Hum——“I suppose you will be surprised——woman——imprudent——a passion——convinced——falsest of mankind——”

MR. MONDISH. His countenance does not alter—He does not know her hand, sure. [Aside.

MR. GAYLOVE. [Reading.] “Friend you are to—Mrs. Raffer—the devil.”

MR. MONDISH. What think you now?

MR. GAYLOVE. Think! that thou art a happy man.

MR. MONDISH. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my happiness.

MR. GAYLOVE. Not I, upon my honour.

MR. MONDISH. Thou art an obliging, good-natured fellow; and now I will wait on you where you please to dinner.

MR. GAYLOVE. I have a short visit to make, but will meet you any where at three.

MR. MONDISH. At the Key and Garter, if you please.

MR. GAYLOVE. I will be there, adieu. [Exit.

MR. MONDISH. This cool reception of my letter ill agrees with the warm professions he made before. Nor did he show a sufficient surprise——she certainly had acquainted him with it: it is natural to suppose, her fear, that I might discover it to him, might set her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this behaviour in Gaylove is not agreeable to his nature, which I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—I will see her in the afternoon myself—damn her! I

was weary of the affair, and she has found out the only way to renew my eagerness—the whole pleasure of life is pursuit :

Our game though we are eager to embrace,
The pleasure's always over with the chase.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir Simon's House.*

Enter LADY RAFFLER, and MRS. RAFFLER.

LADY RAFFLER. Never tell me, sister, it is notorious that a woman of my virtue, and discretion, and prudence, should be eternally tormented with the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband.

MRS. RAFFLER. I own it, but I only propose to you the best method to quiet them. You cannot alter his nature, and if you would condescend to flatter it a little, you would make your life much easier.

LADY RAFFLER. I flatter it! I assure you, I sha'n't. If my virtue be not clear enough of itself, I shall use no art to make it so.—Must I give a husband an account of all my words and actions? must I satisfy his groundless fears? I am no such poor-spirited wretch; and I solemnly declare, if I knew any one thing that would make him more jealous than another I would do it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Then you would do wrong, my dear, and only revenge your husband's jealousy on yourself.

LADY RAFFLER. Sister, sister, don't preach up any of your maxims to me. If the colonel was of Sir Simon's temper, you would lead a worse life than I do.

MRS. RAFFLER. Indeed, you are mistaken; if my husband was as jealous and as cunning as the devil, I would engage to make an arrant ass of him.

LADY RAFFLER. You would make another sort of a beast of him.

MRS. RAFFLER. I don't tell you that. But if I should he had better be so than suspect it; his horns would hurt him less on his forehead than in his eyes.

LADY RAFFLER. I wonder you can talk such stuff to me, I can't bear to hear it; the very name of whore makes me swoon; if any set of words could ever raise the devil, that single one would do more than all.

MRS. RAFFLER. Dear sister, don't be so outrageously virtuous.

LADY RAFFLER. It would be well for you if the colonel had a little of Sir Simon's temper. I can't help telling you there are some actions of your life which I am far from approving.

MRS. RAFFLER. Come, don't be censorious. I never refused giving my husband an account of any of my actions, when he desired it; and that is more than you can say.

LADY RAFFLER. My actions give an account of themselves; I am not afraid of the world's looking into 'em.

MRS. RAFFLER. Take my word for it, child, pure nature won't do, the world will easily see your faults, but your virtues must be shown artfully, or they will not be discovered. Art goes beyond nature; and a woman who has only virtue in her face will pass much better through the world than she who has it only in her heart.

LADY RAFFLER. I don't know what you mean, madam. I am sure my conduct has been always careful of appearances; but as for the suspicions of my husband, I despise; and neither can nor will give myself any trouble about 'em.

MRS. RAFFLER. Soh! here he comes, and I suppose we shall have the usual dialogue.

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Your servant, ladies! why, you are at home early to-day. What, could you find no diversions in town? is there no opera-rehearsal, no auctions, no mall?

LADY RAFFLER. No, none; besides, my sister had a mind to be at home.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. You need not have said that, my dear, I should not have suspected you.

LADY RAFFLER. I think I seldom give you reason of suspecting my fondness for my own house.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, nor of anything else. I am not jealous of you, my dear.

LADY RAFFLER. It would give me no uneasiness if you was.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am not jealous even of Captain Spark——

LADY RAFFLER. Captain Spark! who is he?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Though he is a very pretty gentleman, and is very agreeable company.

LADY RAFFLER. I long to see him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my dear?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Why should I invite him, when you can meet him at an auction as well?—Besides, it seems he is not proper company for me, or you would not have shuffled him away yesterday when I came. You need not have taken such care to hide him, I should not have been jealous of him, my dear.

MRS. RAFFLER. This must be some strange chimera of his own: no such person was with us. [*Aside.*

LADY RAFFLER. No, my dear, I know you would not, though he is a very pretty fellow.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. The devil take all such pretty fellows! with all my heart and soul. [*Aside.*

LADY RAFFLER. Don't you know, sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining creature in the world?

MRS. RAFFLER. Think whom so?

LADY RAFFLER. Oh, the captain,—captain,—what's his name?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Captain Spark, madam. I'll assist you.

LADY RAFFLER. Ay, Captain Spark.

MRS. RAFFLER. I know no Captain Spark, nor was any such person with us yesterday.

LADY RAFFLER. Don't believe her, my dear.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, my dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this right, my dear?

LADY RAFFLER. What right?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Why, being particular with an idle, rake-helly young fellow.

LADY RAFFLER. Sir Simon, I shall not have my company prescribed to me by any one. I will keep what company I please, I shall answer to the world for my actions.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, madam, I am to answer to the world for your actions too—I am most concerned to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater part of the shame if you don't.

LADY RAFFLER. Sir, this is a usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear. Trouble not me with your base, groundless suspicions: I believe the whole world is sensible how unworthy you are of a woman of my virtue; but, henceforth, whenever any of these chimeras are raised in your head, I shall leave you to lay them at your leisure. *[Exit.]*

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable? this is the comfortable state that a man is wished joy of by his friends; and yet no man wishes a man joy of being condemned, or of getting the plague. But when a man is married, "Give you joy, sir," cries one fool; "I wish you joy," says another, and thus the wretch is ushered into the galleys with the same triumph as he could be exalted with to the empire of the Great Mogul.

MRS. RAFFLER. You yourself make it so, brother; if you had less jealousy in your temper, or Lady Raffier more complaisance, you might be very happy—You torment yourself with groundless fears, and she depends on her own innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the case just now: for whatever put this Captain Spark into your head, I will take my oath she spoke to no such man at the auction.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. You are a trusty confidante, I find—but I had it from his own mouth.

MRS. RAFFLER. What had you from his own mouth?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What! why, that my wife was a tall woman.

MRS. RAFFLER. Ha, ha, ha! a very good reason to be jealous, indeed.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, madam, and that she was a fair woman.

MRS. RAFFLER. Well, and—Ha, ha, ha!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Lookye, sister, if he had told me this at first, I should not have regarded it; but I pumt it out of him. He is a very close fellow, and proper to be trusted with a secret, I can tell you; for he told me just the contrary; but truth will out, sister; besides, did you not hear my wife confess it?

MRS. RAFFLER. That was only in revenge, to plague you.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. A very charitable good sort of lady, truly.

MRS. RAFFLER. I wish she was of my temper, brother, and would give you satisfaction in every thing—For my part, I own, if I was your wife, your jealousy would give me no pain, and I should take a pleasure in quieting it: I should never be uneasy at your inquiring into any of my actions—I should rather take it for a proof of your love, and be the fonder of you for it.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, madam, but I do not desire my wife should be like you, neither.

MRS. RAFFLER. Why so, brother? what do you dislike in me?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Truly, madam, that rendezvous of fellows you continually keep at your house, and which, if your husband was of my mind—

MRS. RAFFLER. He would be jealous of, I suppose?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Particularly that tall fellow, who breakfasts here, dines here, sups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very shortly.

MRS. RAFFLER. Hold, brother, I desire you would not grow scurrilous: no wonder my sister can't bear with this cursed temper of yours.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What can a married woman mean by an intimacy with any other but her husband?

MRS. RAFFLER. What's that to you, brother? who made

you the inquisitor of my actions? Do you think to call me to an account, as you do your wife? Oh! if I was married to such a jealous—If I did not give him enough of his jealousy in one week, if I did not make him heartily weary on't—

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh rare! this is the woman that would take a pleasure in satisfying her husband's doubts.

MRS. RAFFLER. Lookye, Sir Simon, your temper is so intolerable, that you are the by-word of every one; the whole town compassionates my sister's case, and if I was she, if a virtuous woman could not content you, you should have your content another way—If you would have an account of every thing I did, I would do something worth giving you an account of.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I believe it, I easily believe it. It is very plain who is my wife's counsellor—But I shall take care to get some better advice; for I will not be a cuckold if I can help it, madam.

Enter CLARINDA.

CLARINDA. There's my poor Lady Raffer within in the most terrible way—She has taken a whole bottle of harts-horn to keep up her spirits. It has thrown me into the vapours to see her in such a condition, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her.

MRS. RAFFLER. Can you have lived a fortnight in the house, and want to know it? Sir Simon has abused her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked man.

CLARINDA. I am sure she is one of the best women in the world.

MRS. RAFFLER. Any one but a brute might be happy with such a wife.

CLARINDA. He that can't, I am sure can be happy with no woman.

MRS. RAFFLER. Oh that I had but a jealous husband for one month!

CLARINDA. Heaven forbid I should ever have one.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. So the enemy is reinforced, and bravery can hold out no longer.

CLARINDA. Dear uncle, you shall go and comfort her and ask her pardon.

MRS. RAFFLER. She is too good if she forgives such base suspicions.

CLARINDA. I am sure she never gave you any reason for them. I don't believe she would do any thing to bring her conduct into question for the world.

MRS. RAFFLER. She is too cautious. If I was in her case, I'd make the house too hot for him.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. So it is already. Who's there? bring my chariot this instant, or if that be not ready, get me a chair, get me any thing that will convey me away.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, Mr. Gaylove desires to know if you are at home.

MRS. RAFFLER. Yes, I shall be glad to see him.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Heaven be praised, my wife is not in a condition to see company. [*Exit.*]

MRS. RAFFLER. Here's a picture of matrimony for you, dear Clarinda: what say you now to a coach and six, with such a husband?

CLARINDA. That I had rather walk on foot all the days of my life.

MRS. RAFFLER. What difference is there between Mr. Gaylove's temper, and your uncle's! how happy would a woman be with him!

CLARINDA. I am not sure of that—Men often appear before marriage different creatures from what they are after it—Besides, there is something in him so—something so—In short, something in him I don't like, and of all women in the world I shall never envy Mrs. Gaylove.

MRS. RAFFLER. That's a lie, I am sure. [*Aside.*] Nay, the man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

CLARINDA. I don't think so.

MRS. RAFFLER. He has a great deal of wit.

CLARINDA. Then he has wisdom enough to keep it to himself.

MRS. RAFFLER. And the best-natured creature in the world.

CLARINDA. It is very good-natured in you to think him so.

MRS. RAFFLER. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed and so it would. For I have been only telling you the opinion of the world. In my own, he has none of these qualities: and I wonder how the world came ever to give them to him.

CLARINDA. So do I, if he does not deserve them; for the world seldom errs on that side the question.

MRS. RAFFLER. And yet it does in him. For to me he is the most disagreeable creature on earth.

CLARINDA. Well, I cannot be of your opinion—there is somewhat in his countenance, when he smiles, so extremely good-humoured; I love dearly to see him smile, and you know he's always a smiling—and his eyes laugh so comically, and have so much sweetness in them. Then he is the most entertaining creature upon earth, and I have heard some very good-natured actions of his too. The world, I dare swear, does not think one whit better of him than he deserves.

MRS. RAFFLER. Oh, say you so, madam?

Enter MR. GAYLOVE and MR. MONDISH.

Oh! here he is—Are you there too?

MR. GAYLOVE. Ladies, your servant—To find Mrs. Raffer at home, and without company at this high visiting season, is so surprising—

MRS. RAFFLER. Lard, I suppose you think us like those country ladies you have lately conversed with, who never owe a visit at the week's end to any of their husbands' tenants' wives—Do you think we have nothing else to do in this sweet town, but to ride about the streets to see if the knockers of the people's doors are fast?—Indeed you have here and there a country-gentlewoman (her husband being sent up to

parliament for the sake of his country, and the destruction of his family) who drives regularly round the town to see the streets, and her acquaintance and relations, that she may know when she may be sure of meeting some one to curtsy to at the drawing-room. And once a week very charitably gives her horses rest at the expense of her wax candles; when she sits in her own dining-room, chair-woman of a committee of fools, to criticise on fashions, and register the weather.

MR. GAYLOVE. But, I think, it is a pity so good a custom is left off; if it were only for the better propagation of scandal.

MRS. RAFFLER. What signifies scandal, when no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to?

MR. GAYLOVE. Yes, there is some pleasure in spreading it, when it is not true. For though no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to, they may be ashamed of being supposed to do what they have no mind to.

MRS. RAFFLER. I know very few people who are ashamed of any thing.

MR. MONDISH. I believe, madam, none of your acquaintance have any reason for that passion.

MRS. RAFFLER. Are you sure of that?

MR. MONDISH. None who have at present that honour at least—For I have that good opinion of you, that such a discovery would soon banish them from it.

MRS. RAFFLER. That, I believe, you have seen a very late instance of.

CLARINDA. Well, since you are so solicitous about the song, if you will go with me to the spinnet, you shall hear it. My playing, madam, I am sure, is not worth your hearing. But since this creature will not let me be at quiet—

MRS. RAFFLER. Lard, child, I believe you do not want so much entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you, and your music.

CLARINDA. Madam, I ask your pardon. Come, Mr. Gaylove. [*Exeunt.*

MR. MONDISH. I received a letter from you this morning, madam, but of a nature so different from some I have had from you, that I could wish your hand had been counterfeited.

MRS. RAFFLER. To save you the trouble of a long speech, I sent you a letter, and the last I ever intend to send you; since I find it has not the effect I desired, which was to prevent my ever seeing your face again.

MR. MONDISH. So cruel a banishment, so sudden, and so unexpected, ought surely to have some reasons given for it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Ask your own heart, that can suggest 'em to you.

MR. MONDISH. My heart is conscious of no other than what is too often a reason to your sex for exercising all manner of tyranny over us: too much fondness—

MRS. RAFFLER. Fondness! impudence! to pretend fondness to a woman, after a week's neglect—Did I not meet you at an assembly, where you made me a bow as distant as if we had been scarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our acquaintance?

MR. MONDISH. Was not that hundred-eyed monster of jealousy, Sir Simon, with you? Do you object my care of your reputation to want of fondness?

MRS. RAFFLER. The old excuse for indifference. I wonder men have not contrived to make it scandalous for their wives to be seen with 'em, that they might have an excuse to them too. 'Tis likely indeed that you should have more care of my reputation than I myself. It was not the jealousy of my husband, but my rival you was aware of; and yet you was not so tender of her reputation but that I discovered her.

MR. MONDISH. Excellent justice! for since I am to be punished for your falsehood, it is but just I should be convicted of it. My sweet! what would I give to believe what you are endeavouring to persuade me!—Come, I will assist you with all my force of credulity; for was your opinion of my falsehood real, I would give you such convincing proofs to the contrary—But your love to another is no more a secret to me than it is that I owe to that your slights, your letter, and your cruel, unjust accusation.

MRS. RAFFLER. Insupportable insolence! A husband may plead a title to be jealous; our love is his due—but a wretch who owes his happiness to our free gift—

MR. MONDISH. Faith, I think otherwise. Love to a husband is a tradesman's debt, the law gives him the security of your person for it; but love to a gallant is a debt of honour, which every gentlewoman is obliged to pay—It would be a treasure indeed finely bestowed on such a husband as yours.

MRS. RAFFLER. I am henceforth resolved to give it to no other. I am so much obliged to his good opinion, I should hate myself if I did not try to deserve it—and by thinking me honest, he shall keep me so.

MR. MONDISH. He must know less than I who is so imposed on. But you shall not keep my rival a secret from me, be assured you shall not—I'll haunt you with that constant assiduity, you shall not speak to a man without my knowledge—You shall find that the jealousy of twenty husbands is not equal to that of one abused gallant.

MRS. RAFFLER. Villain! was it not you that ruined me, that deceived me, that robbed me of my virtue?

MR. MONDISH. How have I robbed you? How deceived you? Have I not paid you the price of your virtue, eternal constancy? Have I not met your passion still with fresh desires? Has not each stolen meeting been a scene of joy, which eager bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to disoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in fondness? Has some fresh lover burnt with warmer passion? Has some beau dressed himself into your heart, or some wit talked himself into it? Be generous, and confess what has ruined me in that dear bosom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmless husband.

MRS. RAFFLER. Good manners should oblige you to mention him with more civility to me.

MR. MONDISH. And after what has passed between us, I think you should mention him to me with less. Besides, I think you have sometimes been of my opinion.

MRS. RAFFLER. Women, you know, are subject to change, and I may think better of him, as well as worse of you.

MR. MONDISH. This is trifling with my passion, the cruellest insult you can put upon it.—But I will find out my rival, and will be revenged.

MRS. RAFFLER. Revenged!—Ha! ha!

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

MR. MONDISH. Death and torments!

COLONEL RAFFLER. Heyday! What, are they acting a tragedy?

MRS. RAFFLER. And how will you be revenged, sweet sir, if you should find him out—or why should you desire it? The man acts like a man, and does by you as you have done by another.

MR. MONDISH. This usage would justify any thing. My own honour secures me, madam.

MRS. RAFFLER. I hope you would not tell my husband—but he would not believe it if you did.

MR. MONDISH. Harkye, madam, the town will—

COLONEL RAFFLER. Hold, hold, I must interpose—If you will quarrel, let it be at a distance—What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe; that you are in the wrong.

MRS. RAFFLER. Ay, ay, you will take his part, to be sure.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Mr. Mondish is a friend of mine, and it is strange that you are eternally quarrelling with all my friends.

MRS. RAFFLER. I desire then, sir, you would keep your friends to yourself, for I shall not endure their impertinence; so I'll leave you together—But I must tell your friend one thing before I go, that I desire I may never see his face again—

[*Exit.*

COLONEL RAFFLER. All this a man must bear that is married.

MR. MONDISH. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, it is true—and yet have a good wife—I have the best wife in the world, but women have humours.

MR. MONDISH. Pox take their humours! let their husbands bear 'em. Must we pay the price of another's folly?—In short, Colonel, I am the most unfit person in the world for

that gentle office you have assigned me, of entertaining your lady in your absence. Besides, I'll tell you a secret——It is impossible to be very intimate and well with a woman, without making love to her.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Well; and why don't you make love to her? Ha, ha! make love to her, indeed! she'd love you I believe, she'd give you enough of making love.

MR. MONDISH. Why, do you think no one has made love to her, then?

COLONEL RAFFLER. I think nothing; I am sure no one ever has, for I am sure if they had she would have told me. Perhaps that's a secret you don't know, that she never kept one secret from me in her life. I am certain, if it were possible for her to make me a cuckold, she would tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have such a security that one is not one——dear Mondish do——make love to my wife, I beseech you.

MR. MONDISH. Excuse me, dear Colonel——but I'll do as well, I'll recommend one to you that shall.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ay, who is he?

MR. MONDISH. What think you of Mr. Gaylove? Besides, I believe it will please your lady better.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ha, ha, ha! I could die of laughing; ha, ha, ha! this is the man now that knows the world, and mankind, and womankind. You have happened to name the very man whom she detests of all men breathing. She told me so this very morning.

MR. MONDISH. Then I am satisfied. Damnation and hell! Now can I scarce forbear telling this fellow he is a cuckold to his face——'sdeath I have hit of a way. [*Aside.*] Harkye, Colonel, you have put a very pleasant conceit into my head. I think I have heard you say that you have great pleasure in seeing the disdain your lady shows to all mankind——Now I have the same pleasure——suppose therefore it was possible to work up Gaylove to make his addresses to her, and you and I could convey ourselves where we might see her treat him as he deserves.

COLONEL RAFFLER. I like it vastly: how I shall hug my-

self all the while. I know exactly how she will behave to him. I shall certainly die with pleasure; let me tell you, my dear sir, let me tell you, there is a great deal of pride in having a virtuous wife.

MR. MONDISH. If brilliants were not scarce they would not be valuable: and virtue in a wife perhaps may be valued for the same reason.

COLONEL RAFFLER. But do you think he can be brought to it?

MR. MONDISH. I warrant him, he has vanity enough to be easily persuaded that a woman may be fond of him, and gallyantry enough not to let her fondness be thrown away.

COLONEL RAFFLER. I am charmed with the contrivance. But he must never know that I knew any thing of the matter. I sha'n't know how to behave to him if he should.

MR. MONDISH. You may learn from half your acquaintance. How many husbands do we see caressing men, whose intrigues with their wives they must be blinder than darkness itself not to see! It is a civil communicative age we live in, Colonel. And it is no more a breach of friendship to make use of your wife than of your chariot.

COLONEL RAFFLER. It is a devilish cuckolding age, that's the truth on't, and, Heaven be praised, I am out of fashion.

MR. MONDISH. Ay, there's the glory——wealth, power, every thing is known by comparison——were all women virtuous, you would not taste half of your blessing. The joy, the pride, the triumph, is to see

The ills a neighbour in a wife endures,
And have a wife as good and chaste as yours.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

MR. MONDISH, MR. GAYLOVE.

MR. GAYLOVE. And art thou really in earnest? and art thou perfectly sure she has this passion for me?

MR. MONDISH. Thou art blind thyself, or thou must have discovered it; all her looks, words, actions, betray it.

MR. GAYLOVE. Thou art a nice observer, George, and perhaps in this case, your own passion may heighten your suspicion. I know thy temper is inclined to jealousy.

MR. MONDISH. Far from it; I never doubt the affections of a woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are blessings to us, if we do not ourselves make 'em otherwise. I have just love enough to assist 'em in giving me pleasure, but not to put it in their power to give me pain; and I could with as much ease see thee in the arms of Mrs. Raffer, as of any woman in town.

MR. GAYLOVE. Wouldst thou? she's young, handsome, and witty, and faith! I could almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable engagement; but a man's having settled his whole estate should not prevent his being charitable, George.

MR. MONDISH. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his estate.

MR. GAYLOVE. Very true; therefore, if I was sure the lady was in necessity, I don't know how far my good nature might carry me, for the devil take me if I am not one of the best-natured creatures in the world.

MR. MONDISH. I think I am acting a very good-natured part too; a man is obliged in honour to provide for a cast mistress, but I do more, I provide for a mistress who has cast me off.

MR. GAYLOVE. I begin to suspect thou hast some design of making me an instrument in your reconciliation; I don't see how my addresses can be of any use to you; but if they can, they are at your service.

MR. MONDISH. I thank you with all my heart; they serve me at least, so far, as to discover whether you are my innocent rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere: besides, if you are really the person, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing Captain Spark with her, you may pique her back again to me.

MR. GAYLOVE. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. MONDISH. Pry'thee, what dost thou laugh at?

MR. GAYLOVE. To see so cool a lover as thou art, who cares for a woman no longer than she is kind, take such pains to get her again, after she has jilted you.

MR. MONDISH. Pshaw! that—I—well—

MR. GAYLOVE. Ha, ha ha!

MR. MONDISH. You are merry, sir,——But I would not have you think that I have any love for her——She has hurt my pride; 'tis that, and not my love that I want to cure——Damn her! if I had her but in my power; could I but triumph over her, I should have the end of my desires; and then, if her husband, or the town, or the devil had her, it would give me no pain.

MR. GAYLOVE. I dare swear thou wilt use thy power very gently. I shall sup there this evening, and if I have an opportunity with her, I'll do thee all the service I can, though I can't promise to behave exactly up to the character of Captain Spark, if she should be very kind.

MR. MONDISH. Well, make use of your victory as you please.

MR. GAYLOVE. But methinks you take a preposterous way. Would it not be better to alarm her with another mistress?

MR. MONDISH. That, perhaps, I intend too.

MR. GAYLOVE. I have overstayed my time with you,—besides, I see one coming for whose company I have no great relish——So your servant. [Exit.

MR. MONDISH. Whom? O, Sir Simon! I'll avoid him too.

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Mr. Mondish, Mr. Mondish—is there any thing frightful in me, that you run away from me? I fancy my horns are out, and people think I shall butt at 'em — As for that handsome gentleman, who sneaked off so prettily, I shall not go after him; and I wish I may have seen the last of him, with all my heart — Is he an acquaintance of yours, pray? for I saw you speak to him.

MR. MONDISH. Ay, Sir Simon.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am sorry for it; I am sorry you keep such company.

MR. MONDISH. How so, Sir Simon? he's a man of honour, I hope.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, a man of very nice honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every man's wife he comes near.

MR. MONDISH. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small offences that way.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Small offences! and yet to break open a house, or rob on the highway are great offences. A man that robs me of five shillings is a rogue, and to be hanged; but he that robs me of my wife is a fine gentleman, and a man of honour.

MR. MONDISH. The laws should be severer on these occasions.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. The laws should give us more power over our wives. If a man was to carry his treasure about openly among thieves, I believe the laws would be very little security to him.

MR. MONDISH. And as to prevent robbing, they have put down all night-houses, and other places of rendezvous; so to prevent cuckoldom we should put down all assemblies, balls, operas, plays,—in short, all the public places.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Ay, ay, public places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give people an opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in private places.

MR. MONDISH. An assembly, Sir Simon, is an exchange for cuckoldom, where the traders meet, and make their bargains, and then adjourn to a private room to sign and seal.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Mr. Mondish, I know you are my friend, there has been a long acquaintance and friendship between our families, I shall tell you, therefore, what I would not tell any other living. I have not the least jealousy in my temper, but I have a wife that would make the devil jealous—Oh, here comes the man I have been looking after.

MR. MONDISH. Sir Simon, your humble servant.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nay, but stay a moment.

MR. MONDISH. I have business of consequence, and can't possibly—Your humble servant. [Exit.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Well, your servant.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

What in the name of mischief is he reading? A letter from my wife, I suppose.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Sir, your most humble servant—— I think I had the honour of seeing you at my cousin Mondish's this morning.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, sir,—and I should be glad to have the honour of seeing you hanged this afternoon. [*Aside.*

CAPTAIN SPARK. Pray, sir, what's o'clock? because I have an engagement at six.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, sir, it wants considerably of that; but perhaps your engagement is with a lady, and that makes the time longer.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Why, faith! to be sincere with you, it is; but I beg you would not mention that to any body; though, if you should, as long as you don't know her name, there's no reputation hurt.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I suppose, Captain, it is she whom you met at the auction.

CAPTAIN SPARK. How the devil came you to guess that?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Well, but I have guessed right?

CAPTAIN SPARK. I am not obliged to tell—but this I will

tell you, sir, you have a very good knack at guessing. And yet I will show you her Christian name, and lay you a wager you don't find out her surname.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Anne, the devil! It is not my wife's hand, but it is her name.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Hold, sir, that is not fair.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Let me but see the two first letters of her surname.

CAPTAIN SPARK. To oblige you, you shall—but if you should guess afterwards, you are a man of honour.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Sir, I am satisfied—I am the happiest man in the world—dear Captain, I give you ten thousand thanks. You have quieted my curiosity. I thought, by your description this morning, you had meant another lady.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Whom did you think?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Really I thought the lady's name was Raffler whom you described.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Mrs. Raffler, indeed—ha, ha!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Why, do you know Mrs. Raffler?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Know her, ay, who the devil does not know her?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What, what, what do you know of her?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed—and with a grave face, as if you had never heard any thing of us two.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. My brother is an arrant downright cuckold. I never was better pleased with any news in my life.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Is she a relation of yours, that you are so anxious?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, sir, no; no relation of mine, upon my honour. I have some acquaintance with a lady of her name, one Lady Raffler.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Ay, that's a good one too.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What, do you know my Lady Raffler?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha!—faith, I remember that woman, a very fine woman; nay, she's well

enough still, I can't help saying I like her better than her sister.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I suppose you have had them both.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Who, I? ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of 'em; you are the most suspicious person, though I believe the world has talked pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the world, you know, is a censorious world, and yet, pox take the women! they owe more discoveries to their own imprudence. I never had a woman fond of me in my life that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a secret for me.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Well, sir, it is no secret, I assure you—(ten thousand devils take 'em both!) [*Aside.*]

CAPTAIN SPARK. I defy any one to say he ever heard me brag of my amours, and yet I have had a few.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And you have had Lady Raffer then?

CAPTAIN SPARK. No, that's too much to own.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Not at all; no one is ashamed to own their amours now—fine gentlemen talk of women of quality in the same manner as of their laundresses. Besides, it is known already, you may own it, especially to me; for it shall go no farther, I assure you.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Well then, in confidence that you are a man of honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Would the devil had had you! Now if I had the spirit of a worm, I would beat this fellow to death; but I think I have spirit enough to beat my wife. She shall pay for all; and that immediately. Your servant.

CAPTAIN SPARK. I hope you won't discover a word, since I place such confidence in you.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Never fear me, sir—I am much beholden to your confidence, I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! horns! daggers! fire and furies! [*Exit.*]

CAPTAIN SPARK. The gentleman seems in a passion. Now don't I know what in the world to do with myself—hum, hum, I hear Clarinda's in town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one fortnight here, the world will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to SIR SIMON RAFFLER'S House.

Enter MR. GAYLOVE, CLARINDA.

CLARINDA. And so you have told Captain Spark I am in town; I am very much obliged to you.

MR. GAYLOVE. It shows you, at least, I am not of Sir Simon's temper, not inclined to jealousy.

CLARINDA. No, people are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

MR. GAYLOVE. Faith, I have no notion of being so at all; for if there can be no jealousy without fondness, I am sure I could never be fond of any woman who would give me reason to be jealous.

CLARINDA. Yes, but some men are jealous without reason.

MR. GAYLOVE. And some men are fond without any reason. The lover who can be the one, gives you shrewd cause of suspicion that he may afterwards prove the other.

CLARINDA. Well, then, I think I may suspect you will one day or other prove the most jealous husband in the universe.

MR. GAYLOVE. I'll suffer you to speak what you don't think of yourself, since you just now spoke what you don't think of me; at least, what, if I was assured you did think of me, I should be the most miserable creature breathing.

CLARINDA. Hum, that may be my case too, I'm afraid.

[*Aside.*]

MR. GAYLOVE. I hope my actions hitherto have convinced you of the contrary; but if they have not, I desire no greater happiness than to complete your conviction by an undeniable one—nor do I see any reason, if indifference be not on your side, why you any longer deny the opportunity of giving it you.

CLARINDA. I see you have a mind to divert yourself.

MR. GAYLOVE. Oh, Clarinda! Diversion is too poor a word for my desires, they aim at such a height of happiness, such transcendent joys, yet none but what this dear breast should be a partaker of.

Enter LADY RAFFLER, and MRS. RAFFLER.

LADY RAFFLER. Heyday! what, are you at romps, good people? I desire none of these games may be carried on in my house—If you have been bred up in the country to suffer these indecent familiarities, I desire you would leave 'em off, now you are under my roof.

MR. GAYLOVE. I hope, madam, I shall under no roof offer any thing which this lady may not justifiably suffer.

LADY RAFFLER. Give me leave, sir, to be judge what she ought to suffer. There's no good ever comes of romping and palming: I never gave my hand to any man without a glove——except Sir Simon.

MRS. RAFFLER. I wonder, Gaylove, how you can bear girls' company. Your wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you creatures are so fond of green fruit.

MR. GAYLOVE. So, I think she has given me my cue.

[*Aside.*]

CLARINDA. Lard, madam, I know some girls are as good company as any women in England.

MRS. RAFFLER. Indeed, Mrs. Pert, are you attempting to show your wit?

MR. GAYLOVE. She shows her bravery, madam, in attacking the very woman of her sex that has the most.

MRS. RAFFLER. I fancy, then, she has more bravery than you have, sir.

MR. GAYLOVE. Gad, I am afraid so too. [*Aside.*]

MRS. RAFFLER. Fie, fie, that a man, celebrated for his wit, should put his wit to a girl.

CLARINDA. I am no such girl, madam; I don't see why a man should not put his wit to a girl as well as to any one; as contemptuously as you speak of girls, I have known some girls that have wit enough to be too hard for most men.

MRS. RAFFLER. Upon my word, madam, you seem to come on finely; I don't know but you may be a very good match for him.

LADY RAFFLER. Upon my word, if I mistake not, you

come both very finely on——(Well, the forwardness of some women!) [Aside.]

MRS. RAFFLER. Lookye, sir, I am too generous to insult a man who already appears to have been vanquished; but if you dare meet me another time this will give you instructions where I am to be found. [Aside. Giving him a letter.]

CLARINDA. I am astonished at her impudence!——I can't bear it, to take him away from me before my face——I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he must be sure it would have pleased me.

LADY RAFFLER. I desire the conversation may be more general——here's such whispering! Sister, I am surprised at you. This particularity with a young fellow is very indecent.

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Your servant, ladies, your very humble servant. What, but one poor gentleman amongst you all? And he too of our own family, for I think he does us the honour of making this house his own.

MR. GAYLOVE. I have indeed, sir, lately done myself that honour.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, sir, you are too obliging—you are too complaisant indeed—you misplace the obligation. We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with such entertainment as this poor house can afford——And I assure you you are very welcome to every thing in it——Every thing.

MR. GAYLOVE. Sir, I know not how to return this favour; but I assure you there is that in it that will make me the happiest of mankind.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. That's my wife, I suppose——I shall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil fellow if he does——for most of the rascals about this town take our wives without asking us.

LADY RAFFLER. I hope, my dear, you are in a better humour than when you went out to-day.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, my dear, I am in a pure good humour: I am quite satisfied in my mind.

Enter SERVANT. *Whispers* MR. GAYLOVE.

MR. GAYLOVE. Mr. Mondish, say you?

SERVANT. Yes, sir.

MRS. RAFFLER. Mr. Gaylove, you sup here, I hope?

MR. GAYLOVE. There's no fear, madam, of my failing so agreeable an engagement. *[Exit.*

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, my dear, I am so happy, so easy, so satisfied, the colonel himself does not go beyond me. I have not the least doubt or jealousy, and if I was to see you and your sister in two hackney-coaches with each a young fellow, I should think no more harm than I do now.

LADY RAFFLER. Indeed, my dear, I shall never give you the trial.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Indeed I believe thee, my dear; thou art too prudent.

LADY RAFFLER. How happy shall I be if this change in your temper continues! But, pray what has wrought it so suddenly?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What satisfies every reasonable man—I am convinced, I have found it out.

LADY RAFFLER. What, my dear?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Why, my dear, that I am a very honest, sober, fashionable gentleman, very fit to have a handsome wife, and to keep civil company. And that you are a very fine, fashionable, good-humoured lady, fit to be married to a good honest husband, and mighty proper for any company whatsoever.

MRS. RAFFLER. This begins to have an ill aspect.

LADY RAFFLER. I don't understand you.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nor Captain Spark neither, I dare swear.

LADY RAFFLER. What do you tell me of Captain Spark for?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. You don't know him, I warrant you.

LADY RAFFLER. Perhaps I do; what then?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nay, it is but grateful in you not

to deny your acquaintance with a gentleman who is so fond of owning an acquaintance with you.

LADY RAFFLER. I hope I am acquainted with no gentleman who is ashamed of owning it.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Lookye, madam, he has told me all that ever passed between you.

LADY RAFFLER. Indeed! then he has a much better memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

MRS. RAFFLER. Brother, this is some cursed suspicion of yours; she has no such acquaintance, I am confident; if she had, I must have known it.

LADY RAFFLER. There is no occasion for your denying it, sister; I think Captain Spark a very civil, well-behaved man, and I shall converse with him, in spite of any jealous husband in England. (Though I never saw this fellow in my life, I am resolved not to deny his acquaintance, were I to be hanged for it.) [Aside.

CLARINDA. If all persons have my opinion of him, I think there is not more innocent company upon earth.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, ho, you are acquainted with him too, and I dare swear, if I had asked him, he has had you too.

MRS. RAFFLER. In short, Sir Simon, you are a monster, to abuse the best of wives thus! the town shall ring of you for it.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And Westminster Hall shall ring too, take my word for it.

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

COLONEL RAFFLER. How now? What's the matter?

MRS. RAFFLER. The matter! the matter, my dear, is that Sir Simon is a brute, and has abused my poor sister for her intimacy with a man whom she never saw.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nor you never saw neither!

MRS. RAFFLER. Never to my knowledge, as I hope to be saved.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. You never saw Captain Spark?

MRS. RAFFLER. No, never.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Who gives you an authority to inquire, pray?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. The care of your honour, sir,—nay, don't look stern at me, sir, for we are both—

COLONEL RAFFLER. What? what are we both?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Captain Spark's very humble servants—a couple of useful persons which no fine gentleman should be without.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Who is this Captain Spark, sister? do you know him?

LADY RAFFLER. Lookye, brother, since you ask me, I will do that to satisfy you which he never should have extorted from me. Upon my honour I do not know him.

MRS. RAFFLER. Nor I, upon mine.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Now are not you ashamed of yourself? Can you ever look the world in the face again, if this were known in it? If you was not my own brother, I should know how to deal with you, for your suspicions of my wife. However, I insist on it, you immediately ask her pardon, and if you have any honour, you will do the same to your own.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I ask their pardon.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ay, are you not fully convinced of being in the wrong? Have they not both solemnly attested that they know no such person?

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Ladies, Captain Spark's below.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Who? who? who? [*Very eagerly.*]

SERVANT. Captain Spark.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Tol, lol, lol; brother, your servant—Ladies, your servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thousand pardons—tol, lol, lol; I believe I am at this moment the merriest cuckold in the universe.

CLARINDA. Pray desire the captain to walk in.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Now, brother, I am a jealous-pated

fool; I suppose I am in the wrong, I am convicted; they don't know him. If a woman was to tell me the sun shone at noon-day, I would not believe it.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Well, here's a gentleman come to wait upon my niece, and what of that?

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. 'Tis he, 'tis he! tol, lol, lol.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Miss Clarinda, your most obedient servant. Ladies, your most humble servant.—Oh, sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, I believe you did not. [*Aside.*]

CAPTAIN SPARK. If I had known you had been in town sooner, madam, I should have done myself the honour before.

CLARINDA. And now, perhaps, this visit is not to me, but to the ladies.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Really, madam, these ladies I have not the honour to be acquainted with.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh, your servant, brother, I ask your pardon—who is convicted now?

LADY RAFFLER. Unless at an auction, captain; I have seen you there.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Madam, you do me too much honour; yes, madam, I have indeed had the happiness—though the devil take me if I know when or where.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, I thought they would know one another by and by.

LADY RAFFLER. I think you laid out a great deal o' money that morning, captain—You bid for almost every thing.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, madam, I am a pretty good customer to 'em generally. Either I have a damned short memory, or this lady wants a good one.

MRS. RAFFLER. I think, captain, I ought to be affronted you don't remember me too, for I was at the same place with my sister.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. Your most obedient servant, madam. Harkye, sir, will you

be so good as to tell me what these ladies' names are, for I have positively forgot.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I am surprised at that, sir; why, sir, that is my good lady, my Lady Raffler—for your favours to whom, I am very much obliged to you; and the other sir, is Mrs. Raffler, wife to that gentleman, who is as much obliged to you for your civilities to her.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith—Oh, curse on my lying tongue! If I get well out of this amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Lookye, sir, as for me, I'm an honest, sober citizen, and shall take my revenge another way; but my brother here is a fighting man, and will return your favour as fighting men generally do return favours, by cutting your throat. Harkye, brother, you don't deserve it of me, yet I must let you know that this gentleman assured me to-day that he had done you the favour with your wife.

MRS. RAFFLER. With me!

COLONEL RAFFLER. What favour?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. The favour, the only favour which fine gentlemen do such sort of people as us; but be not dejected, brother, I am your fellow-sufferer, he has had my wife too, he confessed it to my face.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Not I, upon my soul, sir—a likely thing I should say that I had an amour with a woman that I never saw before, to my knowledge!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And have you the assurance to deny to my face——

CAPTAIN SPARK. I think, sir, your assurance is greater, to assert a thing to my face which I never said! I never named either of the ladies in my life.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What, sir! did you not mention Mrs. Raffler's name?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Mrs. Raffler! Oh, then it is out—What a confusion had the mistake of a name like to have occasioned! Ladies, I am under the greatest concern that I should be even the innocent occasion of the least uneasiness to you. But I believe, sir, I shall end yours, when I have put myself

to the blush, by confessing that it was only a Dutch lady of pleasure, whom I knew in Amsterdam, that caused your jealousy.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What! and did not you name my Lady Raffer too?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, sometimes she is called Mrs. Raffer, and sometimes my Lady Raffer.

COLONEL RAFFLER. An impudent jade! ha, ha, ha! Ay, it's common enough with 'em to have several names and titles—Come, come, brother, all you have to do is to ask pardon of the gentleman and your wife and mine—Are not you ashamed to put all the company into this confusion, because there is a woman of the town who wears the same name with your own wife?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. A man has some reason for confusion, though, let me tell you, when a gentleman who does not know him tells him to his face that he has lain with a woman who wears the same name with his wife. And I think he may be excused if he thinks she wears the same clothes too.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Sir, I am very sorry any thing of this nature should happen.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Oh, sir, things of this nature are so usual with me, I beg no apology.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Please Heaven! I'll make a voyage to Holland, and search all the bawdy-houses in Amsterdam but I will find out whether there be such a woman or no.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Come, brother, ask the gentleman's pardon—I am ashamed of you.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Well, sir, (I don't know how to do it,) if I have injured you, I ask your pardon; and yet I can't help thinking still, it was my Lady Raffer you mentioned, and I believe you spoke truth too.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Sir, I can easily forgive you suspecting me to be the happiest person upon earth; if you have this lady's pardon, you have mine.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What, is the rascal making love to her before my face? But I won't give him an opportunity of

cutting my throat before her; for I would not willingly give her so much pleasure.

CLARINDA. I believe, madam, the captain will make a fourth at quadrille.

CAPTAIN SPARK. You honour me too much, madam; but if you will bear with a very bad player——

LADY RAFFLER. Though I hate cards, I will play with him, if it be only to torment my husband.

MRS. RAFFLER. This is opportune enough—I will set 'em together, and shall soon get some one to hold my cards, while I go to a better appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the cards. [*Exeunt.*

Manent SIR SIMON RAFFLER and COLONEL RAFFLER.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly. This is a rare country, and a rare age we live in, where a man is obliged to put his horns in his pocket, whether he will or no.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Fie upon you, brother, fie upon you! For you, who have one of the most virtuous women in the world to your wife, to be thus tormenting yourself and her, your friends and every one, with those groundless suspicions, such unheard-of jealousies!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Sir, you injure me, if you call me jealous; I have not a grain of jealousy within me. I am not indeed so foolishly blind as you are.

COLONEL RAFFLER. And you injure me, if you think I am not jealous: I am all over jealousy, and if there was but the least occasion to show it——

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Occasion! why is not your wife at this very instant at cards with a young fellow?

COLONEL RAFFLER. Well sir, and is not your wife with her?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Sore against my will, I assure you——what, I suppose you are one of those wise men who think one woman is a guard upon another——Now, it is my opinion, that a plurality of women only tend to the making a plurality

of cuckolds. Thieves, indeed, discover one another, because the discoverer often saves his life by it; but women do not save their reputation after the same manner, and therefore every woman keeps her neighbours' secret, in order to have her own kept.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Pshaw, sir! I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other, I rely upon my wife's virtue.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Why truly, sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

COLONEL RAFFLER. How, sir, don't you think my wife virtuous?—Now, sir, to show you to your confusion, what an excellent creature this is: I gave her leave once to go to a masquerade, and followed her thither myself, where, though I knew her dress, I did not find her,—and where do you think she was? where do you think this good creature was? but at supper in private with the poor female relation of hers, who keeps a milliner's shop at St. James's.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. O lud! O lud! O lud!—and are you, brother, really wise enough to think she was there? Or if she was there, do you think she was alone with this poor female relation? who is a relation of mine too, I thank Heaven, and is, I dare swear, as useful a woman as any in the parish of St. James's.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Brother, you are——!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What am I, brother?

COLONEL RAFFLER. I can bear this no longer. You are—I need not tell you, you know what you are——

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And I know what you are too, you are a cuckold, and so am I, I dare swear. Notwithstanding this evasion of the captain's, however, it shall not rest so—— If I am what I think, I will make an ample discovery of it; though if I was to find them in one another's arms, the poor husband would always be found in the wrong.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—SIR SIMON RAFFLER'S *House*.

MR. MONDISH, COLONEL RAFFLER.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ha, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful; and so the poor dog fell into the trap at once, and is absolutely persuaded my wife is fond of him.

MR. MONDISH. That he is, I'll be answerable for him.

COLONEL RAFFLER. How purely she'll use him, I would not be in his coat for a considerable sum; my only fear is that she'll do him a mischief——Lord! Lord! how far the vanity of young men will carry them. Methinks, too, he is not acting the handsomest part by me all this while, I think I ought to cut his throat seriously.

MR. MONDISH. Oh, fie, Colonel, don't think of any thing of that nature; you know we have drawn him into it, and really Mrs. Raffer is so fine a woman, that such a temptation is not easily resisted.

COLONEL RAFFLER. That's true, that's true, she is a fine woman, a very fine woman, I am not a little vain of her.

MR. MONDISH. And so chaste, so constant, and so virtuous a woman, Colonel.

COLONEL RAFFLER. They are blessings, indeed, very great blessings! I beg this thing may be kept a severe secret. For I should never be able to look her in the face again, if she should discover it; she would never forgive me.

MR. MONDISH. For my own sake, Colonel, you may depend upon my keeping it a secret. [*Looks on his watch.*] Ay, it is now the hour of appointment, so, if you will, we will go round the other way to the closet.

COLONEL RAFFLER. With all my heart; I can't help hugging myself with the thought.

MR. MONDISH. You will see more people hugged beside yourself, I believe. This is not the most generous action



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M. Rooker del.

that I am about, but she has piqued my pride, and whatever be the consequence, I am resolved to be revenged of her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to another Apartment in SIR SIMON RAFFLER'S House.

Enter MR. GAYLOVE.

MR. GAYLOVE. How happy would some men think themselves to have so agreeable an engagement upon their hands! but the deuce take me if I have any great stomach to it; and considering I have another mistress in the house, I think it is bravely done. Yet I could not find in my heart to refuse the invitation. Well, what pleasure women find in denying I can't imagine; for the devil take me if ever I could deny a fine woman in my life.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

Oh, here she comes; now hang me if I know what to say. Whether I shall address her at a distance, or boldly fall on at once.

MRS. RAFFLER. So, sir, you are punctual to the appointment.

MR. GAYLOVE. Faith, madam, I have a strange oddity in my temper that inclines me to be extremely eager after happiness.

MRS. RAFFLER. If you had proposed any such happiness in my conversation, I believe you know you might have had it oftener.

MR. GAYLOVE. You wrong me, if you impute my fear of disobliging you to want of passion. By those dear eyes, by that dear hand, and all those thousand joys which you can bestow——

MRS. RAFFLER. Hold, sir, what do you mean? I am afraid you think otherwise of this assignation than it was meant.

MR. GAYLOVE. I think nothing, but that I am the happiest of my sex, and you the most charming and best-natured of yours.

MRS. RAFFLER. Come, sir, this is no way of showing your wit. I invited you to make a trial of that which is seldom shown in compliments; those are foreign to our purpose.

MR. GAYLOVE. I think so too, and therefore without any further compliment, my dear lovely angel——

MRS. RAFFLER. Lud, what do you mean?

MR. GAYLOVE. I mean, madam, to take immediate possession of all the raptures which this lovely person can give me.

MRS. RAFFLER. O Heavens! you will not make any bad use of the confidence I have reposed in you; if you offer any thing rude, I will never trust myself along with you again.

MR. GAYLOVE. Then I must make the best of this opportunity.

MRS. RAFFLER. I'll die before I'll consent. I'll——

MR. GAYLOVE. I must trust to your good nature.

LADY RAFFLER *at the door.*

LADY RAFFLER. Sister, sister! what, have you locked yourself in?

MRS. RAFFLER. Let me go.—Oh, my dear, is it you? I have ordered this vile lock to be mended—the bolt is so apt to fall down of its own accord.—Is your pool out?

LADY RAFFLER. No, sister, no; I came to see what was the matter with you—I was afraid you was ill, that you left us——But I see you have company with you.

MRS. RAFFLER. I was just coming back to you, but——

MR. GAYLOVE. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio. I ask pardon for differing from you——Oh, is your ladyship there? pray, which opinion are you of?

LADY RAFFLER. Don't apply to me, sir; I am no judge of pictures.

MR. GAYLOVE. Most gracious connoisseurs are shy of own-

ing their skill; but if your ladyship pleases to observe, there is not that boldness. There is, indeed, a great deal of the master—and I never saw more spirit in a copy—But alas, there is so much difference between a copy and an original,—I hope your ladyship will excuse the freedom I take.

LADY RAFFLER. My sister will excuse your freedom, and that is full as well.

MRS. RAFFLER. Come, my dear, will you return to the card-table?

LADY RAFFLER. I wish this gentleman—would be so kind to hold my cards a few minutes, I have a word or two to speak with you.

MR. GAYLOVE. You will have a bad deputy, madam, but I will do the best I can. [Exit.

LADY RAFFLER. Sister, I am ashamed of you, to be locked up alone with a young fellow.

MRS. RAFFLER. Lard, child, can I help it, if the bolt falls down of its own accord?

LADY RAFFLER. But you was not looking at pictures before I came into the room; I saw you closer together, I saw you in his arms, and heard you cry out—This I'll swear—

MRS. RAFFLER. Well, and can I help this?—I own he was a little frolicsome, and offered to kiss me, that's all.

LADY RAFFLER. All! monstrous! that's all! if an odious fellow was to offer to kiss me, I'd tear his eyes out.

MRS. RAFFLER. Yes, and so would I, if it was an odious fellow.

LADY RAFFLER. The honour of a woman is a very nice thing, and the least breath sullies it.

MRS. RAFFLER. So it seems, indeed, if it be to be hurt by a kiss.

LADY RAFFLER. The man to whom you give that, will venture to take more.

MRS. RAFFLER. Well, and it's time enough to cry out, you know, when he does venture to take more.

LADY RAFFLER. I don't like jesting with serious things.

MRS. RAFFLER. What, is a kiss a serious thing, then? now, on my conscience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe,

my dear, you are very confident I could do nothing contrary to the rules of honour; but I hate being solicitous about trifles.

LADY RAFFLER. Sister, it behoves a garrison to take care of its out-works: for my part, I am resolved to stand buff at the first entrance; nor will I ever give an inch of ground to an assailant.—And let me tell you that the woman and the soldier, who do not defend the first pass, will never defend the last.

MRS. RAFFLER. Well, well, good dear, military sister, pray defend yourself, and do not come to my assistance till you are called. I thank Heaven, I have no such governor as yours: I should fancy myself besieged indeed, had I a continual alarm ringing in my ears.—I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous, as long as my husband thinks me so. It is a complaisance I owe to his opinion; but you may value yourself upon your virtue as much as you please. Sir Simon every day tells you, you have none; and how can she be a good wife who is continually giving the lie to her husband?

LADY RAFFLER. Why will you thus rally on a subject I think so serious?

MRS. RAFFLER. And why will you be so serious on a subject I think so ridiculous?—but if you don't like my raillery, let us go back to our cards, and that will stop both our mouths.

LADY RAFFLER. I wish any odious fellow durst kiss me!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER, MR. MONDISH.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Now, Mr. Mondish, now; what think you now? am I not the happiest man in the world in a wife?

MR. MONDISH. Ay, faith are you; so happy, that was I possessed of the same talent for happiness, I would marry to-morrow.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, why don't you, you will have just such a wife as mine, to be sure; oh, they are very plenty—ay, ay, very plenty: you can't miss of just such another: they grow in every garden about town.

MR. MONDISH. I believe they grow in most houses about town.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh—ay, ay, ay,—here was one here just now; my Lady Raffler is just such another, a damned, infamous, suspicious prude, every whit as bad as her husband. If you had not held me, Mondish, I am afraid I could scarce have kept my hands off from her.—But hold, hold; there is one thing which shall go down in my pocketbook—“I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so.”—Then thou shalt be virtuous till doomsday, my sweet angel—here is a woman for you—who puts her virtue into her husband’s keeping—Oh, Mondish! if that Lady Raffler had not come in—

MR. MONDISH. Ay, if she had not come in, Colonel—

COLONEL RAFFLER. She would have handled him, we should have seen him handled, we should have seen handling; Mondish, we should have seen handling.

MR. MONDISH. Indeed, I believe we should. Deuce take the interruption. [*Aside.*

COLONEL RAFFLER. But, what an age do we live in, though, sincerely, Mr. Mondish! why, we shall have our wives ravished shortly in the middle of the streets: an impudent, saucy rascal; and when she told him that she would cry out—

MR. MONDISH. That he should not believe her—But then her art, Colonel, in giving in to his evasion about the pictures—Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden forgiveness; something so nobly serene, in her resolving herself so soon from a most abandoned fright into a perfect tranquillity.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ay, now, that is your highest sort of virtue, that is as high as virtue can go.

MR. MONDISH. Why should not calm virtue be admired in a woman, as well as calm courage in a general, Colonel? Your lady is a perfect heroine, she laid about her most furiously during the attack: but the moment the foe retired, became all gentle and mild again.

COLONEL RAFFLER. But come, as all things are safe, we

will go, my dear Mondish, and drink my wife's health in one bottle of Burgundy—Ah, she's an excellent woman! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER with a letter.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Here it is—the plot is so well laid now, that unless fortune conspire with a thousand devils against me, I shall discover myself to be a rank cuckold. Have I not watched her with as much care as ever miser did his gold? and yet I am, I am an arrant, downright—a—as any little sneaking courtier or subaltern officer in the kingdom; and what an unhappy rascal am I, that have not been able to find it out—not to convict her fairly in ten long years marriage!—If I could but discover it, it were some satisfaction—Well, this letter will I send to Captain Spark—no hand was ever better counterfeited—if he had never so many quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any difference. If after all this I should not discover her, I must be the most miserable dog that ever wore horns. [*Exit.*]

Enter LADY RAFFLER and CLARINDA.

LADY RAFFLER. I tell you, niece, you have suffered too great freedoms from Mr. Gaylove, I can't bear those monstrous indecorums which the young women of this age give in to: the first time a woman's hand should be touched is in the church.

CLARINDA. Lud, madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my hand.

LADY RAFFLER. Yes, madam, but I can. Besides, I think I caught you in one another's arms. I hope you conceive some harm in that.

CLARINDA. I can confide in Mr. Gaylove's honour, and if his passion hurried him—

LADY RAFFLER. His passion! what passion? he has never declared any honourable passion for you to your uncle.

CLARINDA. No, I should have hated him if he had.

LADY RAFFLER. Give me leave to tell you, miss, that is

the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his circumstances were found convenient, Sir Simon would have mentioned it to you; and so it would have come properly. A woman of my prudence and decency gives her consent to her relations, not to her husband. For it should be still supposed that you endure matrimony to be dutiful to them only. I hope you would not appear to have any fondness for a fellow.

CLARINDA. I hope I should have fondness for a fellow I would make a husband of.

LADY RAFFLER. Child, you shock me!

CLARINDA. Why, pray, madam, had you no fondness for Sir Simon?

LADY RAFFLER. No, I defy the world to say it.

CLARINDA. How came you to marry him then?

LADY RAFFLER. Out of obedience to my father; he thought it a proper match.

CLARINDA. And ought not a woman to be fond of a man after she is married to him?

LADY RAFFLER. No, she ought to have friendship and esteem, but no fondness, it is a nauseous word, and I detest it. A woman must have vile inclinations before she can bring herself to think of it.

CLARINDA. Now, I am resolved never to marry any man whom I have not these vile inclinations for.

LADY RAFFLER. O, monstrous!

CLARINDA. Whom do I not love to such distraction as to place my whole happiness in pleasing him, to which I would give my thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that power, I should become indifferent to every thing else.

LADY RAFFLER. Infamous! I desire you would prepare to return into the country immediately. For I will not live in the house with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the man you have placed this violent affection on, is a villain, and has designs on your aunt.

CLARINDA. What, on your ladyship?

LADY RAFFLER. On me! on me! me!—I wish I could see

the man that dared—I thank Heaven, the awe of my virtue has still protected me.

CLARINDA. I ask your pardon, madam, on the good Colonel's lady then—That there have been designs between them. I am not ignorant, though I am not quite so confident they are on his side—and to say the truth, my aunt is an agreeable woman, and I don't expect a man of his years to be proof against all temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I—lud, who I am defending I know not—somebody—who is it that your ladyship means, for I am sure I should not know him by the marks you set on him?

LADY RAFFLER. Oh! madam, you seem to want no marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his name, 'tis Gaylove.

CLARINDA. Mr. Gaylove!

LADY RAFFLER. Mr. Gaylove! yes, Mr. Gaylove—I'll repeat it to you to oblige you.

CLARINDA. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

LADY RAFFLER. That you know best—I believe he is, or will be to you, what he should not be.

CLARINDA. If I had any affection for him, I should neither be afraid of his designs upon me, nor jealous of his designs on any other.

LADY RAFFLER. Look ye, child, you may deny your affection for him, if you please; nay, I commend you for it. It is an affection you may well be ashamed of.

CLARINDA. According to your ladyship's opinion, we ought to be ashamed of all affection—but really if one might be indulged in any, I think Mr. Gaylove might keep it in countenance as well as another.

LADY RAFFLER. It is easy enough to keep you in countenance, you don't seem to be easily put out of it. [Gaylove laughs within.] Oh, that's his laugh—He's coming, I am sure—I'll get out of the way—Niece, I would have you prepare yourself for returning into the country—If you will ruin yourself, I'll not be witness to it—nor will I ever live in the house with a woman that can own herself capable of being fond of a fellow.

CLARINDA. Then let me go as soon as I will, I find I am not like to lose much good company.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK, MR. GAYLOVE, MRS. RAFFLER.

CAPTAIN SPARK. No, that's too much, Gaylove, too much—I hope you don't believe him, madam,—pr'ythee, hang it, this is past a jest.

MRS. RAFFLER. Upon my word, I think so, especially with regard to the reputation of the ladies.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, madam, that's it—upon their account, methinks he should forbear—Deuce take me, you will force me to be serious.

MR. GAYLOVE. Nay, pr'ythee, don't affect concealing what is publicly known. Miss Clarinda here shall be my evidence, whether at his last quarters he was not talked of for the whole place.

CLARINDA. He was an universal contagion, not one woman escaped.

MRS. RAFFLER. This is a conviction, Captain.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Gaylove, this is your doing now—all might have been a secret in town, but for you—country towns, madam, are censorious; I don't deny indeed but that they had some reason; but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed—and yet perhaps it was my own fault that I had not all.

MRS. RAFFLER. I think it is too hard indeed to insist on all.

MR. GAYLOVE. Well, but confess now, how many—

CAPTAIN SPARK. Well, then, I will confess two dozen.

LADY RAFFLER *and* MRS. RAFFLER. Two dozen!

MR. GAYLOVE. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest fellow.

MRS. RAFFLER. He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroyed by the men as a monopolizer.

CLARINDA. No, I think the men are obliged to him, for he has found out more beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Pray, let's turn the discourse.

MR. GAYLOVE. I am trifling with this fool, when I might employ my time better—Miss Clarinda, you know you was interrupted to-day. You promised me the first opportunity.

CLARINDA. I am a strict observer of a promise. Aunt, you are not fond of music, I won't invite you to so dull an entertainment.

MRS. RAFFLER. I think I am in an humour to hear it—at least I am not in a humour to leave you alone together.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Servant with a letter, whispers Captain Spark.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an eye.—What's here? a woman's hand, by Jupiter!—some damned milliner's dun or other,—though I think it will pass for an assignation well enough with the ladies that are just gone—Ha! Raffer! “Sir,—as Sir Simon will be abroad this evening, I shall have an opportunity of seeing you alone.”—hum—“if you please, therefore, it shall be in the dining-room at nine—there is a couch will hold us both.”—The devil there is—“The company will be all assembled in the parlour, and you will be very safe with your humble servant, Mary Raffer.” Pooh! Pox, what shall I do? I would not give a farthing for her—Ha! can't I contrive to be surprised together? That ridiculous dog, Mondish, sups here—If I could but convince him of this amour, he will believe all I ever told him—now if he could but see this letter some way without my showing it him—Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good luck here he is.

Enter MR. MONDISH.

MR. MONDISH. So, I have made one man extremely happy—the Colonel is most nobly intoxicated with wine and his wife. This bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too—now if I could but find my dear inconstant alone—

Ha, Spark! what the devil art thou dodging after here? In quest of some amour or other, I know thee to be——

CAPTAIN SPARK. What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damned incredulous fellow, and think'st every woman virtuous that puts a grave face upon the matter—— Now, George, take my word for it, every woman in England is to be had.

MR. MONDISH. What, hast thou had them all then, that I must take thy word for it?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Ha, ha, ha! Thou wilt kill me with laughter.

MR. MONDISH. Then I must leave you to die by yourself.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Nay, but dear George—harkye, but stay—— [Draws Mr. Mondish over the letter.

MR. MONDISH. I am in haste——besides, I keep you from some intrigue or other.

CAPTAIN SPARK. I might perhaps have visited my Lady Loller——but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tired of her——besides, I have a mind to stay with you.

MR. MONDISH. But I positively neither can nor will stay with you.

CAPTAIN SPARK. The devil is in it, if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you, so your servant. [Exit.

MR. MONDISH. A letter dropt! To Captain Spark—— the rogue counterfeits a woman's hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her hand so exactly without having seen letters from her——Why then may not this be from her? Is she not a woman, a prude?—the devil can say no more.

Enter Mr. GAYLOVE.

MR. GAYLOVE. Mondish, your servant, where have you bestowed yourself this afternoon?

MR. MONDISH. Where I fancy I fared better than you— I have been entertained with Burgundy and the Colonel— while you have been loitering with Sir Simon and the ladies.

MR. GAYLOVE. Faith, I'm afraid thou art in the right on't;

for to say truth, I grew weary of their company, and have left the gallant Mr. Spark to entertain them.

MR. MONDISH. Well, what success in your amour?

MR. GAYLOVE. Oh, success that would make humility vain—Success that has made me think thy happiness not so extraordinary—In a word, had not my Lady Raffer come in, and raised the siege, I believe I should have been able, before now, to have given thee a pretty good account of the citadel—Pox take all virtuous women for me! they are of no other use, but to spoil others' sport.

MR. MONDISH. Yes, faith! such virtuous women as her ladyship will sometimes condescend to make sport as well as spoil it.—There, read that, and then give me thy opinion, if thou think'st there is one such woman in the world as thou hast mentioned.

MR. GAYLOVE. To Captain Spark—Sir Simon—abroad this evening—In the dining-room—couch will hold us both—Ha, ha! The captain improves—Safe with your humble servant—Mary Raffer—Well said, my little Spark—Now, from this moment shall I have a great opinion of thee—thou art a genius—a hero—to forge a letter from a woman, and drop it in her own house—there is more impudence thrown away on this fellow than would have made six court pages and as many attorneys—he is an errant walking contagion on women's reputations, and was sent into the world as a judgment on the sex.

MR. MONDISH. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own hand!

MR. GAYLOVE. By all that is not infamous, I would scarce have believed my own eyes, had they seen her write it!

MR. MONDISH. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the Colonel. What, I suppose you have heard her rail against wicked women—and declaim in praise of chastity—does a good sermon from the pulpit persuade thee that a parson is a saint?—or a charge from the bench that the judge is incorrupt?—if thou wilt believe in professions, thou wilt find scarce one fool that is not wise, one rogue that is not honest, one courtier that is not fit to make a friend, or one whore that is not fit to make a wife.

MR. GAYLOVE. But common-sense would preserve her from an affair with a fellow, who, she is sure, will publish it to the whole world.

MR. MONDISH. I am not sure of that—perhaps she does not know his character, or if she does, she may think herself safe in the world's knowing it—besides, if he is believed in his bragging of his amours, I know no man breathing so likely to debauch the whole sex—for amours increase with a man of pleasure, as money does with a man of business; and women are most ready to trust their reputations, as we our cash, with him that has most business.

MR. GAYLOVE. It is most natural to suppose he best understands his business. But still this letter of Lady Raffer's staggers me.

MR. MONDISH. Are you so concerned for her reputation?

MR. GAYLOVE. Hum! I should at least wish well to a family I intend to take a wife out of.

MR. MONDISH. A wife out of?

MR. GAYLOVE. Why are you surprised? did I not tell you this morning, I had a mistress in the house?

MR. MONDISH. Yes—but they are two things, I think; Heaven forbid we should be obliged to take a wife out of every house in this town, wherein we have had a mistress.

MR. GAYLOVE. You, I think, George, take good care to make that impossible, by making mistresses of other men's wives.

MR. MONDISH. Why, it is my opinion that in our commerce with the other sex, it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making mistresses of other men's wives, or wives of other men's mistresses, so I choose the former. But when am I to wish you joy, friend? Methinks I long to see thee wedded—I am as impatient on thy behalf, as if I was principally concerned myself.

MR. GAYLOVE. I see thou are planting the battery of railing, so I shall run off before you can hit me. [*Exit.*]

MR. MONDISH. We shall be able to hit your wife, I hope—and that will do as well—Here's another friend's wife will shortly want to be provided for; if my friends marry so

fast, I shall be obliged to be deficient in a very main point of friendship, and leave them their wives on their own hands. I think my suspicions relating to Mrs. Raffler are now fully cleared up on his side, and fully fixed on hers.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

Your most humble servant, madam! he is but just gone.

MRS. RAFFLER. Who gone?

MR. MONDISH. Mr. Gaylove.

MRS. RAFFLER. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

MR. MONDISH. Nothing, he is a very good judge of pictures.

MRS. RAFFLER. Ha! What do you mean?

MR. MONDISH. Nothing.

MRS. RAFFLER. I will know.

MR. MONDISH. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you—and I hope shortly your knowledge will be as comprehensive in another branch of your favourite science.

MRS. RAFFLER. I don't understand you.

MR. MONDISH. "I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio; for if you please to observe, there is not that boldness; there is, indeed, a great deal of the master, and I never saw more spirit in a copy: but, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original——"

MRS. RAFFLER. I believe the Colonel bought it as an original.

MR. MONDISH. The Colonel may be deceived—I wish I knew no more than one instance of it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Gaylove must be a villain, and have discovered me. [*Aside.*

MR. MONDISH. It may be, perhaps, some people's interest to wish all persons as easily deceived as the Colonel; what pity t'is, a gallant should not be as blind as a husband!

MRS. RAFFLER. Mr. Mondish, I will not bear this: it would be foolish to dissemble understanding you any longer:

be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me—I will be no slave to your jealousy, for if I have more gallants, be assured I will have but one husband.

MR. MONDISH. Spoken so bravely, that I am at least in love with your spirit still; and to convince you I have that affection and no other, deal sincerely with me, and I will be so far from troubling you any longer with my own passion that I will assist you in the pursuit of another.

MRS. RAFFLER. Then to deal sincerely with you—Lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

MR. MONDISH. Ay, come struggle a little, a woman must undergo some trouble to be delivered of truth.

MRS. RAFFLER. Then to deal sincerely with you, I am in love with another.

MR. MONDISH. With Gaylove—I'll assist you—out with it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Well, ay, perhaps—but now I must insist on truth from you, how came you to suspect him?—and who put the picture into your head?

MR. MONDISH. I'll tell you some other time.

MRS. RAFFLER. Resolve me this only, was it he?

MR. MONDISH. No, upon my honour.

MRS. RAFFLER. Then it must have been my sister!

MR. MONDISH. Ha!—

MRS. RAFFLER. Nay, don't hesitate, it is vain to deny it.

MR. MONDISH. I do not deny it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Now may the united curses of age, disease, ugliness, vain desire, and infamy overtake her!

MR. MONDISH. It works rarely.

MRS. RAFFLER. Revenge, revenge! Mr. Mondish, my reputation is in your hands—I know you to be a man of honour, and am easy—but to have it in the power of a woman, must be an eternal rack. We know one another too well to be easy, when we are in one another's power—against her tongue there is no safeguard.

MR. MONDISH. Yes, one.

MRS. RAFFLER. What!

MR. MONDISH. To have her reputation in your power.

MRS. RAFFLER. That is impossible to hope—She will

take care of her reputation—for it is on that alone she supports her pride, her malice, her ill-nature: these have raised her a train of watchful enemies that would catch her at the first trip—but she has neither warmth nor generosity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well—She will keep her virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual plague to her husband.

MR. MONDISH. Well, whatever difficulty there be in the attempt, I have resolution enough under your conduct to begin—Perhaps I am of an opinion which you may excuse, that no woman's virtue is proof against the attacks of a resolute lover.

MRS. RAFFLER. But her fear, her self-love, her coldness, and her vanity may.

MR. MONDISH. I can give you more substantial reasons for our hope than you imagine—but may I depend upon your assistance?

MRS. RAFFLER. If I fail you, may my husband be jealous of me, or may I lose the power or inclination to give him cause!

MR. MONDISH. That's nobly, generously said; and now, methinks, you and I appear like man and wife to each other—at least it would be better for the world, if they all acted as wise a part—and instead of lying, and whining, and canting with virtue and constancy, instead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying passion with jealousies and upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one breast, to be happy in another.

Thus the good mother of the savage brood,
Whose breasts no more afford her infants food,
Leads them abroad, and teaches them to roam
For what no longer they can find at home.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER *and* COLONEL RAFFLER.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I desire but this trial! if I do not convince you I have reason for my jealousy, I will be contented all my life after to wear my horns in my pocket, and be as happy and submissive a husband as any within the sound of Bow bell.

COLONEL RAFFLER. A good reasonable penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy husband of a virtuous wife.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And perhaps penalty enough too— if it was so: a virtuous wife may have it in her power to play very odd tricks with her husband. A virtuous woman may contradict him; may tease him, may expose him, nay, ruin him; and such virtuous wives, as some people have, may cuckold him into the bargain.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Well, on condition, that if your suspicions be found to be groundless, you never presume to suspect her or my wife hereafter, but suffer them peaceably to enjoy their innocent freedoms, and on condition that you give me leave to laugh at you one whole hour, I am content to do what you desire.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Ay, ay, any thing if my suspicions be found true, brother.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why then, brother, you will find yourself to be a cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty hours if you will.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I think you will be a little confounded.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Faith! brother, you are a very unhappy fellow, faith! you are.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Why so, pray?

COLONEL RAFFLER. To marry a wife that you have not

been able to find any fault in, in ten years time——If you had good luck in your choice, you might have been a cuckold in half the time, you might indeed.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Well, it is your turn to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

COLONEL RAFFLER. But suppose, brother, it should be as you say, suppose you should find out what you have a desire to find, don't you think you are entirely indebted to yourself?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I don't understand you.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, to your own suspicions, can a wife give so good a reason for going astray, as the suspicions of her husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own wife has told me, she could not have answered for herself with a suspicious husband.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. But it wants now a little more than a quarter of eight; so pray away to the closet; we shall have the rascal before his time else, and be disappointed.

COLONEL RAFFLER. So I find you suspect the amour to be but of a short date. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LADY RAFFLER *and* MRS. RAFFLER.

LADY RAFFLER. Lud, sister, you are grown as great a plague to me as my husband. I know not whether he teases me more for doing what I should not, than you for doing what I should.

MRS. RAFFLER. A woman never acts as she should, but when she acts against her husband. He is a prince who is ever endeavouring to grow absolute, and it should be our constant endeavour to restrain him. You are a member of the commonwealth of women, and when you give way to your husband, you betray the liberty of your sex.

LADY RAFFLER. You are always for turning every thing into ridicule: but I am not that poor-spirited creature you would represent me: nor did I ever give way to my husband in any one thing in my life, contrary to my own opinion. I would not have you think I do not resent his suspicions of me, and I defy you to say I ever submitted to any method of

quieting 'em—All that I am solicitous about is, not to give the world an opportunity of suspecting me.

MRS. RAFFLER. But as the world is a witness of his suspecting you, were I in your case, I should think my honour engaged to let the world be witness of my revenge.

LADY RAFFLER. Then the world would condemn me, as it now does him—Had I a mind to be as ludicrous as you, I might tell you, that the woman who parts with her virtue makes her husband absolute, and betrays the liberty of her sex. Sister, sister, believe me, it is in the power of one honest woman to be a greater plague to her husband than all the vile vicious creatures upon earth.

MRS. RAFFLER. Give me your hand, my dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main point, that is, enmity to a husband. I proceed now to the second point, which every good woman ought to consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving gallant.

LADY RAFFLER. That is a subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

MRS. RAFFLER. I hope we shall, my dear; that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

LADY RAFFLER. I desire we may never discourse more on this head; for I shall be inclined to say things which you will not like; and, as I fear they will be of no service to you, I desire to avoid it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Oh, yes, they will be of great service to me, they will make me laugh immoderately. Come, confess honestly—I know you suspect me with Gaylove.

LADY RAFFLER. If you put me to it—I cannot call your conduct unquestionable. If I should suspect, it would not be without reason.

MRS. RAFFLER. Nay, if you allow reason, I have reasons to suspect you with not half so pretty a fellow.

LADY RAFFLER. Me! I defy you—pure virtue will confront suspicion.

MRS. RAFFLER. Pure virtue seems to have a pretty good front, indeed. Let us try the cause fairly between us: you found me and a young fellow alone together, and very comi-

cal things may happen, I own, between a man and a woman alone together. But when a lady sends an assignation to a gentleman to meet her in the dark on a couch: then, if nothing comical happens to pure virtue, they must be a comical couple indeed.

LADY RAFFLER. You are such a laughing, giggling creature, I don't know what you drive at.

MRS. RAFFLER. Read that—and I believe it will explain what both of drive at—Now I shall see how far a prude can carry it—Not one blush yet; I find blushing is one of the things which pure virtue can't do.

LADY RAFFLER. I am amazed and confounded! Where had you this?

MRS. RAFFLER. From a very good friend of yours, in whose hands your reputation will be safer than in the captain's, where you placed it.

LADY RAFFLER. What, do you then believe—

MRS. RAFFLER. Nothing but my own eyes. You will not deny it is your own hand?

LADY RAFFLER. Some devil has counterfeited it. I beseech you tell me how you came by it?

MRS. RAFFLER. Mondish gave it me.

LADY RAFFLER. Then he writ it.

MRS. RAFFLER. Nay, the captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely person to have counterfeited it. But it is well done, and sure whoever did it, must have seen your writing.

LADY RAFFLER. I'll reach all the depths of hell but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a guard upon every look, word, and action of my life; for this shunned even speaking to any woman in public of the least doubtful character? for this been all my life the forwardest to censure the imprudence of others?—have I defended my reputation in the face of the sun, to have it thus undermined in the dark?

MRS. RAFFLER. Most women's reputations are undermined in the dark—You see, child, how foolish it is to take so much care about what is so easily lost; at least, I hope you will learn to take care of no one's reputation but your own.

LADY RAFFLER. It wants but little of the appointed hour; sister, will you go with me?

MRS. RAFFLER. Oh! no, two to one will not be fair—If you had appointed him to have brought his second, indeed—

LADY RAFFLER. I see you are incorrigible—But I will go find my niece, or my brother, or Sir Simon himself: I will raise the world and the dead, and the devil, but I will find out the bottom of this affair. *[Exit.]*

MRS. RAFFLER. Hugh! what a terrible combustion is pure virtue in! Now will I convey myself, if possible, into the closet—and be an humble spectator of the battle. Well, a virtuous wife is a most precious jewel—but if all jewels were as easily counterfeited, he would be an egregious ass who would venture to lay out his money in them. *[Exit.]*

Scene changes to another Room in SIR SIMON RAFFLER'S House.

Enter SIR SIMON RAFFLER, in Women's Clothes.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. My evidence is posted, the colonel is in the closet, and can overhear all—The time of appointment draws near. I am strangely pleased with my stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my wife's voice as well as I have her hand, I may defy him to discover me; for there is not a glimpse of light—I am as much delighted as any young whore-master can be in expectation of meeting another man's wife. And yet I am afraid I shall not discover myself to be what I fear, neither; and if I should not I will hang myself incontinently. Oh! thou damned couch! thou art not ten years old, and yet what cuckoldom hast thou been witness of—I will be revenged on thee; for I will burn thee this evening in triumph, please Heaven!—Hush, hush, here he comes.

[Lies on a couch.]

Enter MR. MONDISH.

MR. MONDISH. This is the field of battle. If I know any thing of the captain, he will not be in haste—and if she

comes here before him, I think she will not have the impudence to deny any favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as hell! let a prude alone for contriving a proper place for an assignation——Poor Sir Simon, faith! thou hast more cause for thy jealousy than I imagined.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Ay, or than I imagined either——I am over head and ears in it—I am the arrantest cuckold in town. [*Aside.*]

MR. MONDISH. 'Sdeath! I shall never be able to find this couch out——sure it used to be somewhere hereabouts. It has been the scene of my happiness too often for me to forget it.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh! it has——Oh! thou damned villain! I wish thou couldst feel torments, that I might be an age in burning thee. [*Aside.*]

MR. MONDISH. Ha! I hear a door open—it is a woman's tread. I know the dear, dear trip of a soft foot.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER, who falls into MR. MONDISH'S arms.

MRS. RAFFLER. In the name of goodness, who are you?

MR. MONDISH. An evil spirit. I find you are used to meet them in the dark, by your readiness in speaking to 'em.

MRS. RAFFLER. Mr. Mondish?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Here will be rare caterwauling. [*Aside.*]

MR. MONDISH. What do you do here?

MRS. RAFFLER. Trouble not yourself about that, I will not spoil your sport.

MR. MONDISH. But tell me, have you seen your sister?

MRS. RAFFLER. Yes.

MR. MONDISH. Well, and how?

MRS. RAFFLER. Oh, she raves like a princess in a tragedy, and swears that some devil has contrived it.

MR. MONDISH. Then she persists in her innocence?

MRS. RAFFLER. Yes, and will after conviction——nay, even after execution.

MR. MONDISH. A very hardened criminal indeed—but pray what is your opinion of my success?

MRS. RAFFLER. Oh! thou wicked seducer! it would be hard indeed that I should think you not able to succeed, after such a one as you have described the captain to be, when you prevailed on my innocent heart, and triumphed over what I imagined an impregnable fortress.

MR. MONDISH. And was I really thy first seducer?

MRS. RAFFLER. By Heavens! the only one that ever has yet injured my husband.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What do I hear?

MR. MONDISH. Why do I not still enjoy that happiness singly? What have I done to forfeit one grain of your esteem?

MRS. RAFFLER. To your fresh game, sportsman; and I wish you a good chase.

MR. MONDISH. Whither are you going?

MRS. RAFFLER. Concern not yourself with me: your new mistress will soon be with you. *[Exit.]*

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. This is better than my hopes! This is killing two birds with one stone. My brother will be rewarded for the pains he takes on my account—Ha! there's a light—I think I shall be secure behind the couch.

Enter LADY RAFFLER with a Candle.

LADY RAFFLER. I think there is some plot laid against me, the whole family are run out of the house. But virtue will protect her adherents. Ha! who's that?

MR. MONDISH. Be not startled, madam; it is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

LADY RAFFLER. I know not that, sir; I shall always think I have just reason to fear one who lurks privately about in dark corners. Persons who have no ill design never seek hiding places: but, however, you are the person I desired to meet.

MR. MONDISH. That would make me happy indeed!

LADY RAFFLER. Whence, sir, had you that letter, which

you this day gave my sister, and which was signed with my name?

MR. MONDISH. The letter, madam?

LADY RAFFLER. Yes, sir, the letter! with that odious ascription which I detest the apprehension of—my reputation shall be cleared, and I will know the author of this infamous forgery, whatever be the consequence!

MR. MONDISH. Be mistress of yourself, madam, and be assured nothing in my power shall be ever left undone to vindicate your reputation, or detect any calumny against it. The letter was dropt by the person to whom it was directed, dropt on purpose that I should take it up; which I did, and delivered it to your sister. Indeed I even then suspected it a forgery. I thought I knew my Lady Raffler too well, to fear her capable of placing her affections unworthily.

LADY RAFFLER. And you know no more?

MR. MONDISH. I do not, upon my honour.

LADY RAFFLER. Well, sir, whatever care you shall take of my reputation, Sir Simon shall thank you for it.

MR. MONDISH. Alas! madam, could I have any merit in such a service, I should hope to have another rewarder than the very last person on whom I would confer an obligation.

LADY RAFFLER. How, sir?

MR. MONDISH. I ask pardon, madam, I know how tender the subject is to your ears; yet I hope the excess of tenderness which I have for you will plead.

LADY RAFFLER. Tenderness for me? [*Angry.*]

MR. MONDISH. For your reputation, madam.

[*She looks pleased.*]

LADY RAFFLER. That, I think, I may suffer.

MR. MONDISH. Pardon me, madam, if that tenderness which I have for——your reputation, madam, will not permit me to be easy while I see it lavished on a man so worthless, so ungrateful, so insensible—And yet, madam, can even you, the best, the most reserved of wives, can you deny but that his jealousy is plain to you and to the whole world? Could he show more had he married one of the wanton coquets, who encourage every man who addresses 'em, nay, who

are continually throwing out their lures for men who do not? Had he married one of these, nay, had he married a common avowed prostitute——

LADY RAFFLER. Hold, you shock me.

MR. MONDISH. And I shall shock myself. But the wounds must be laid open to be cured.

LADY RAFFLER. What can I do?

MR. MONDISH. Hate him.

LADY RAFFLER. That, I think, virtue will allow me to do.

MR. MONDISH. Justice commands you to do it: nay, more, it commands you to revenge, you ought for example sake——pardon me, madam, if the love I have for you——I should rather say, if the friendship I have contracted for your virtue carries me too far: but I will undertake to prove, that it is not only meritorious to fulfil his suspicions, but it would be criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it, the virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your virtue he injures; that demands a justification, that obliges you——

LADY RAFFLER. To hate him, to despise him, that a virtuous woman may do.

MR. MONDISH. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous woman.

LADY RAFFLER. Virtue is her greatest jewel.

MR. MONDISH. Oh, 'tis a nice, and tender thing, it will not bear suspicion; she would be a poor creature indeed who could bear to have her virtue suspected without revenge.

LADY RAFFLER. What can she do?

MR. MONDISH. Every thing: part with it.

LADY RAFFLER. Ha!

MR. MONDISH. Not from her heart——I hope you don't think I mean that; but true virtue is no more concerned in punishing a husband, than true mercy in punishing a criminal.

LADY RAFFLER. But I have the comfort to think he is sufficiently punished in the torments of his own mind. Oh, I should be the most miserable creature alive, if I could but even suspect he had an easy moment. Mr. Mondish, it would be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are so intimate in the family, my knowledge of his base, unjust suspicions;

nor would I have you think me so poor-spirited a wretch not to hate and despise him for them. How unjust they are the whole world can evidence: for no woman upon earth could be more delicate in her conduct. Therefore, for Heaven's sake, assist me in the discovery of this letter.

MR. MONDISH. I could not, I am sure, suspect you of so indiscreet a passion, though your hand is excellently forged.

LADY RAFFLER. It must be by some one who has seen it, sure it could not be my sister.

MR. MONDISH. Was it not Sir Simon himself?

LADY RAFFLER. Ha! it cannot be, he could not be such a villain.

MR. MONDISH. If he were, I think you ought not to forgive him.

LADY RAFFLER. Could I but prove it——

MR. MONDISH. If I prove it for you——what shall be my reward?

LADY RAFFLER. The greatest——the consciousness of doing good.

MR. MONDISH. What good shall I do in discovering the criminal, unless you will punish him?

LADY RAFFLER. I will do all in my power to punish him, and to reward you.

MR. MONDISH. Your power is infinite, as is almost the happiness I now taste. O my fair injured creature, hadst thou been the lot of one who had truly known the value of virtue——

[Kissing her hand.]

LADY RAFFLER. Let me go; if you would preserve my good opinion of you——If you have a regard for me, show it in immediately vindicating my reputation.

MR. MONDISH. I'll find out Sir Simon; if he be the forger, I shall get it out of him——One earnest more.

[Kissing her hand.]

LADY RAFFLER. Away! we shall be overseen, and then I shall hate you for ever.

[Exeunt.]

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Heaven be praised, they are parted this time. I was afraid it would have come to action. Why, if a husband had a hundred thousand eyes, he would have



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use for them all. A wife is a garrison without walls, while we are running to the defence of one quarter, she is taken at another. But what a rogue is this fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his friend, but has the impudence to insist on it as a meritorious action! The dog would persuade her that virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a number of ways are there by which a man may be made a cuckold! One goes to work with his purse, and buys my wife; a second brings his title, he is a lord, forsooth, and has a patent to cuckold all mankind. A third shows a garter, a fourth a riband, a fifth a laced coat. One rascal has a smooth face, another a smooth tongue; another makes smooth verses: this sings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her ambition, another to her avarice, another to her vanity, another to her folly. This tickles her eyes, that her ears, another—in short, all her five senses, and five thousand follies have their addressers. And that she may be safe on no side, here's a rascal comes and applies himself to the very thing that should defend her, and tries to make a bawd of her very virtue. He has the impudence to tell her that she can't be a woman of virtue without cuckolding her husband—Hark! I hear a noise!—The captain, I suppose, or somebody else after my wife.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

CAPTAIN SPARK. I am sure Mondish took up the letter, and it is now a full quarter of an hour after the time appointed. I know him so well, that I could lay a wager he is listening somewhere hereabouts. Madam, madam!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. That is the rascal's voice—Is it you, Captain? tread softly for Heaven's sake.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, and I wish I may tread surely too; for it is as dark as hell. Where are you, madam?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Here, sir, here on the couch.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Quite punctual to the place of assignation, I find. Where the devil can Mondish be? [*Aside.*] There, madam, there, I am safe now, I thank you—I don't

know, madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind note your ladyship was so good as to send me.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. O Lard! sir.

CAPTAIN SPARK. I assure you, madam, I think myself the happiest of mankind. I am, madam, upon my honour, so in my own opinion. Pray, madam, was not your ladyship at the last ridotto?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, sir—I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [*Aside.*]

CAPTAIN SPARK. I think you are a great lover of country dancing.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing else to entertain one.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Very true, madam; quadrille is very much before it, in my opinion.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. You and I have seen better entertainments than that, before now.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Oh, yes, yes, madam—I am very fond of the entertainments at the New-house. I never go there for anything else. Pray, which is your ladyship's favourite? Most ladies are fond of Perseus and Andromeda—(What the devil is become of Mondish?) [*Aside.*] But I think the operas are so far beyond all those things—Do you go to the drawing-room to-night, Lady Raffler?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. I hope to pass my time better with you, as I have done.

CAPTAIN SPARK. I should be proud to make one of a party at quadrille; but, upon my honour, I am the most unfortunate person in the world, for I am engaged.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Engaged!

CAPTAIN SPARK. I know what you think now—If one does but name an engagement, to be sure—I protest, one would think there was but one sort of engagement in the world—and I don't know how it comes to my share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some affairs in my life; that I don't deny, that I believe every one knows—and therefore I am not obliged to deny—

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. But you was not obliged to confess it to Sir Simon to-day.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Yes, ha! ha! The mistake of a name had like to have occasioned some confusion; I am heartily sorry for it, upon my word.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And was it not me that you meant?

CAPTAIN SPARK. You are pleased to rally. You know it was impossible I should confess what never happened.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What, did nothing ever pass between us?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble servant, or I shall begin to suspect there is some likeness of mine happier than myself. For your ladyship and sister were both pleased to mention something about an auction; and I never care to contradict a lady. Upon my soul, compliments aside, I never had the honour to see your face till this afternoon!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. How, how! did you never see my wife till this afternoon?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Your wife!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Lord! I'm delirious, I think, I know not what I say.

CAPTAIN SPARK. I hope you are not subject to fits. I shall be frightened out of my senses. For Heaven's sake, let me call somebody—Lights! lights there!—Help! help!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Hush! consider my reputation.

CAPTAIN SPARK. You had better lose your reputation than your life. Lights! lights!—Help there! my lady faints.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What shall I do?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Will nobody hear? Help! help!

Enter MR. MONDISH and LADY RAFFLER, with a light.

LADY RAFFLER. What's the matter here?

CAPTAIN SPARK. For Heaven's sake bring some lights hither, somebody! my poor Lady Raffler is fallen into a fit.

MR. MONDISH. My Lady Raffler!

LADY RAFFLER. What can this mean?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Ha! bless me, madam, are you there? then who the devil is this?

MR. MONDISH. Sir Simon!

CAPTAIN SPARK. Why, there's no masquerade to-night.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. It has happened just as I feared. There's some damned planet which attends all husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [*Aside.*]

LADY RAFFLER. Monster! how have you the assurance to look in my injured face?

MR. MONDISH. Death and hell! I hope he did not overhear what passed between me and his wife. [*Aside.*]

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. What injury have I done you, my dear?

LADY RAFFLER. Can you ask it? Have you not laid a plot against my reputation? Have you not counterfeited my hand? Did you not write this letter? look at it.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, my dear; no.

LADY RAFFLER. How came it sealed then with this seal? which was only in your possession. Oh, I have no name bad enough.

MR. MONDISH. Come, come, Sir Simon, confess all; it is the only amends you can make your lady.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Oh, sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny——

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Ay, indeed will it, for I will be evidence against you. Why sure, you would not attempt to hold out any longer. If she forgives you, you have the most merciful, as well as the most virtuous wife in the world. Come, come, in the first place, ask your wife's pardon for having ever suspected her; for having counterfeited an assignation from her, and being the occasion of the confusion which she is at present in. In the second place, ask this gentleman's pardon for having ever suspected him. In the next place——

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Hold, hold, brother, not so fast. I own myself in the wrong; and, sir, I ask your pardon, I do with all my heart.

CAPTAIN SPARK. That is sufficient, sir: though I don't know your offence.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And, my dear, I ask your pardon. I am convinced of your virtue, I am indeed.

LADY RAFFLER. But what amends can you make me for your wicked jealousy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very name, even the very thought of wantonness, to have had my name traduced? What devil could tempt you to write an assignation in my name to this gentleman?

CAPTAIN SPARK. Ha!

MR. MONDISH. Even so, faith! Captain, this was the lady who writ to you, ha, ha!

CAPTAIN SPARK. How, sir?

COLONEL RAFFLER. Nay, sir, don't put on your angry face, good brother soldier. I do not perceive your expectations have been at all disappointed; and my brother seemed as proper to carry on the amour with you, as his wife—for in the method you proceeded you would scarce ever have found out the difference.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Sir, I don't understand——

MR. MONDISH. Nay, nay, no passion; here is nothing but raillery, no harm meant.

CAPTAIN SPARK. Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, what a ridiculous figure do you make here—ha, ha, ha! You know I am to have my fill of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Nay, nay, I have more reason to laugh than you. For if I am convinced of my wife's virtue, I think you may be convinced——

COLONEL RAFFLER. Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *corps de reserve*, and put all your suspicions to flight at once. Come forth, my dear, come forth, and with the brightness of thy virtue dispel those clouds that would eclipse it.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

I desire you would throw yourself at this gentleman's feet, and give him a thousand thanks for the hand he has had in your affair.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. He would have had a hand in my affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably obliged to him, indeed.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Yes, sir, that you are—for he knew you were listening, sir. And all that love which you overheard him make to your wife, sir, was intended to convince you of her virtue, sir; it was a plot laid between my wife and him. Was it not, my dear?

MRS. RAFFLER. Yes, indeed was it.

MR. MONDISH. Though I am afraid this lady will find some difficulty to forgive me, I am obliged to own the truth.

LADY RAFFLER. I can pardon anything where the intention was good; though, I confess, I do not like such jests.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Come, come, you shall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you shall thank him for them. And then, sir, you shall ask my pardon.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. For what?

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, for being the occasion of my wife's imagining me as jealous-pated a fool as yourself: for you must know, sir, that she imagined that I was in the closet with the same design, with which you disguised yourself in that pretty masquerade habit. Perhaps, though, you did not guess that she knew I was in the closet all the time.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. No, upon my word.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh! you did not—But that she did happen to know, sir; and so did this gentleman too—Mr. Mondish, you are a wag to put your friend into a sweat: but it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And so do I too—for having given me warning to keep my wife out of your clutches.

MR. MONDISH. Gentlemen, your humble servant. If I

have served my friends, the action carries its reward with it. [*To Mrs. Raffer aside.*] Excellent creature! I am now more in love with your wit, than I ever was with your beauty.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. And are you really, brother, wise enough to believe such a notable story as this? and are you thoroughly convinced?

COLONEL RAFFLER. Why, are not you convinced?

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. Yes, brother, I am.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Oh! it is well.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. That you are an arrant English cuckold, and our friend an arrant rascal! [*Aside.*]

Enter MR. GAYLOVE and CLARINDA.

MR. GAYLOVE. Your servant, good people!

LADY RAFFLER. Oh! niece, where have you been, pray?

CLARINDA. Nay, that I'll give you a twelvemonth to guess.

LADY RAFFLER. Indeed, miss, it would have become you better to have told us before you went.

MR. GAYLOVE. The resolution was too sudden, madam; we scarce knew ourselves till we put it in execution: but your niece, madam, has been in very good company, for we have been at the opera.

LADY RAFFLER. You do well, madam, to make good use of your time; for, please Heaven, you shall go into the country next week.

CLARINDA. That, madam, you and I both must ask this gentleman's leave for.

MR. GAYLOVE. Upon my word, madam, I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and shall take care henceforward she shall require no leave but her own, for any of her actions — To-morrow, madam, she has promised to make me the happiest of men, in calling her mine forever.

LADY RAFFLER. I am glad her indiscretion has come to no worse an end.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. But, methinks, sir, as my niece is under my protection, you should have asked my consent.

For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no—
(I am sure I do not much care to have you in the family.)

[*Aside.*]

COLONEL RAFFLER. Indeed, sir, but you shall give it him, and so shall your lady, and so shall my wife, and so will I. Mr. Gaylove, I think the family is much honoured by your alliance. Adod! the girl is happy in her choice.

MR. GAYLOVE. I am infinitely obliged to your good opinion, Colonel.

MR. MONDISH. Be not dismayed—this will only put back your affair a little, you must only stand out the first game of the pool, that's all.

COLONEL RAFFLER. Come, come, gentlemen and ladies, I hear the bell ring to supper; let us all go down stairs, and be as merry as—as wit and good humour can make us. I can't help saying my blood ran a little cold at one time, but I now defy appearances, and am convinced that jealousy is the foolishness of the world; and that it is not in the power of mankind to hurt me with my wife.

SIR SIMON RAFFLER. That captain's likeness sticks still in my stomach: if I was sure there was nothing in that, I think I should be a little easy: but that is not to be hoped. I am convinced now, that I am a cuckold, and shall find it out.

MR. MONDISH. Sir Simon, here, shall be the merriest of us all. Believe me, knight, if it be the last day of your jealousy, it is the first of your happiness:—

You husbands grow from these examples wise,
View your wives' conduct still with partial eyes.
If your opinions err, they better stray
In the good Colonel's than Sir Simon's way.
At ease still sleeps the credulous husband's breast;
Spite of his wife, within himself he's blest.
The jealous their own miseries create,
And make themselves the very thing they hate.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. HERON

THE Play being done, according to our laws,
I come to plead with you our Author's cause.
As for our smart gallants, I know they'll say,
"Damn him! There's one sad character in 's Play."
What! on a couch, alone, and in the dark!
Ladies, there's no such fellow as this SPARK.
What can he mean in such an age as this is,
When scarce a beau but keeps a brace of misses?
They keep! why, gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our sweet Italian singers too.
What can one think of all the beaus in town,
When with the ladies such gallants go down?
Th' Italian dames, should this report grow common,
Will surely pity us poor Englishwomen.
By the vast sums we pay them for their strains.
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in brains?
But should they hear their singers turn gallants;
Beaus, faith! they'll think brains not your only wants
—Now for the wits—but they so nice are grown,
French only with their palates will go down.
French plays applause have, like French dishes, got
Only because you understand them not.
Happy Old England, in those glorious days,
When good plain English good and sense could please:
When men were dressed like men, nor curled their hair,
Instead of charming, to out-charm the fair.
They knew by manly means soft hearts to move,
Nor asked an eunuch's voice to melt their nymphs to love.

—Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that age,
Do you assist the satire of the stage!
Teach foreign mimics by a generous scorn,
You're not ashamed of being Britons born;
Make it to your eternal honour known,
That men must bear your frowns, whenever show
That they prefer all countries to their own.

P A S Q, U I N.

A DRAMATICK

SATIRE on the TIMES:

BEING THE

REHEARSAL of Two PLAYS, *viz.*

A COMEDY call'd,

THE ELECTION;

And a TRAGEDY call'd,

The LIFE *and* DEATH of

COMMON-SENSE.)

As it is Acted at the THEATRE in the
HAY-MARKET.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MDCCLXXXVI.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

The Pasquin Cartoon.
From an original print in the British Museum.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE QUEEN OF COMMON SENSE. ADDRESS TO HENRY FIELDING ESQ.



With honest intentions, I own of common sense,
 As I have heard of yours to dispute,
 As I have heard of yours to dispute,
 And I have heard of yours to dispute,
 And I have heard of yours to dispute,
 And I have heard of yours to dispute.

In this French nonsensical and absurd age,
 Half meaning, Pantheism, & true religion,
 I wish that the Critick was deadly brought,
 That some bold scaveer would have thought.

Out from Great Mogul's Court is come,
 And brought his first Fuzils to their home,
 Mr. Hancock's Fuzils in their own defence,
 Are all bound to visit on common-sense.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

TRAPWIT,	}	Authors	{	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
FUSTIAN,				<i>Mr. Lacy.</i>
SNEERWELL, a Critic				<i>Mr. Machen.</i>

Several Players and Prompter

PERSONS IN THE COMEDY

LORD PLACE,	}	Candidates	{	<i>Mrs. Charke.</i>
COLONEL PROMISE,				<i>Mr. Freeman.</i>
SIR HENRY FOX-CHASE,				<i>Mr. Topham.</i>
SQUIRE TANKARD,				<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
MAYOR				<i>Mr. Jones.</i>

Aldermen, Voters, &c.

WOMEN

MRS. MAYORESS	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
MISS MAYORESS	<i>Miss J. Jones.</i>
MISS STITCH	<i>Miss Burgess.</i>

Servants, Mob, &c.

PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
QUEEN IGNORANCE	<i>Mr. Strensham.</i>
FIREBRAND, Priest of the Sun	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
LAW	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>

PHYSIC	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
GHOST OF TRAGEDY	<i>Mr. Pullen.</i>
GHOST OF COMEDY	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
THIRD GHOST	<i>Mr. Wallis.</i>
HARLEQUIN	<i>Mr. Pullen.</i>
OFFICER	<i>Mr. Pullen.</i>
MESSENGER	<i>Mr. Wallis.</i>
DRUMMER	<i>Mr. Lowder.</i>

Attendants on Ignorance. Maids of Honour, &c.

SCENE.—THE PLAY-HOUSE

PASQUIN

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Play-house.*

Enter several PLAYERS.

1 PLAYER. When does the rehearsal begin?

2 PLAYER. I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning; for the Author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard, it was for upwards of four pound; I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1 PLAYER. Where's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

WOMAN PLAYER. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I'll advertise against her: I'll let the town know how I am injured.

1 PLAYER. Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

FUSTIAN. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long: I hope you are all quite

perfect; for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMPTER. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard cough, he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

I PLAYER. I wish you could cut the ghost out, sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damned if you don't.

FUSTIAN. Cut him out, sir! He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

PROMPTER. Then, sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the present is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

FUSTIAN. Then he shall be carried; for no man in England can act a ghost like him: sir, he was born a ghost; he was made for the part, and the part writ for him.

PROMPTER. Well, sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

FUSTIAN. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too: if it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have—but if ever such stuff, such damned, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go through three acts—Oh! he's here.

Enter TRAPWIT.

Dear Mr. Trapwit! your most humble servant, sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deserves, you will engross the whole season to yourself.

TRAPWIT. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But pray, sir, why don't they proceed to the re-

hearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2 PLAYER. Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*]

FUSTIAN. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

TRAPWIT. Excuse me, sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

FUSTIAN. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost being ill, sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risk the life of my ghost on any account.

TRAPWIT. You are in the right, on't, sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

FUSTIAN. Ay, sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are, now-a-days, too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

TRAPWIT. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter PLAYER for the Prologue.

Come, sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and show as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE:

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause, }
 Try various arts to get a doubtful cause; }
 Or, as a dancing-master in a jig,
 With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
 Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
 Or as a quack prescribes you different pills:
 Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;

Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown,
 Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down,
 So does our Author, rummaging his brain,
 By various methods try to entertain;
 Brings a strange group of characters before you,
 And shows you here at once both Whig and Tory; } 6
 Or court and country party you may call 'em:
 But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
 To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

TRAPWIT. Oh! dear sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief;

To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

PROLOGUE. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
 Our Author humbly does his cause submit.
 He tries to please——Oh! take it not amiss:
 An though it should be dull, oh! do not hiss; Δ
 Laugh—if you can—if you cannot laugh——weep: ||
 When you can wake no longer——fall asleep. ||

TRAPWIT. Very well! very well, sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

FUSTIAN. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for 'em.

TRAPWIT. Oh, sir, you're too good-natured——but, sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserved it for my next play, a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Alderman at the table?

PROMPTER. Yes, sir, but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money. 0

TRAPWIT. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? ——Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

FUSTIAN. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

TRAPWIT. Mr. Fustian, you'll observe I do not begin this play like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for, to tell you the truth, sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play: no, sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity; it is written, sir, in the exact and true spirit of Molière: and this I will say for it, that except about a dozen, or a score, or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw back the scene: Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

MAYOR and ALDERMAN discovered.

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, who are these characters?

TRAPWIT. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

FUSTIAN. Are they all of a side, sir?

TRAPWIT. Yes, sir, as yet; for you must know, sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

MAYOR. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my Lord Place and Colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Foxchase and Squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could choose them all four.

1 ALDERMAN. But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

FUSTIAN. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbiassed in his principles as you represented him.

TRAPWIT. Pugh, sir, you must have one fool in a play; besides, I only writ him to set off the rest.

MAYOR. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of think-

ing; honesty is not confined to a county; a man that lives an hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

ALL. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their heads.*

MAYOR. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us, than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us; I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the Colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1 ALDERMAN. Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

MAYOR. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas if we choose my Lord and the Colonel, we sha'n't have a soldier in town. But, mum, here are my Lord and the Colonel.

Enter LORD PLACE *and* COLONEL PROMISE.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the Colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

MAYOR. Your Lordship and the Colonel do us great honour; pray, my Lord, be pleased to sit down; pray, Colonel, be pleased to sit. More wine here!

FUSTIAN. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

TRAPWIT. Dear sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation. △

FUSTIAN. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and, if you please, will pledge his lordship: success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. [*Drinks.*

TRAPWIT. Give me a glass—Sir, here's to your tragedy. —Now, pray, no more interruption; for this scene is one

continual joke, and if you open your lips in it, you will break the thread of the jest.

MAYOR. My Lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation; and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on't.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

TRAPWIT. You, Mr. that act my Lord, bribe a little more openly, if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play.

LORD PLACE. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the table.

TRAPWIT. Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now you gentlemen that act the Mayor and Aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my Lord, and the Colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

FUSTIAN. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. Yes, sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

FUSTIAN. But, methinks Colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

TRAPWIT. You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, sir, I before told you this is none of your plays wherein much is said and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

OMNES. Yes, sir.

TRAPWIT. Then my Lord, and the Colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too. [*Exeunt Lord Place and Colonel Promise.*]

FUSTIAN. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action

before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall show you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify ~~this matter, and do the same thing several ways.~~ You must know, sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds; the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir Harry and the Squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise. *[Aside.*

FUSTIAN. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I warrant you.

MAYOR. Come, here's a round to my Lord and the Colonel's health; a Place, and a Promise, I say; they may talk of pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiller squeeze by the hand in my life.

TRAPWIT. Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well: but show the gold at those words, sir, if you please.

MAYOR. I have none.

TRAPWIT. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

FUSTIAN. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topped their part; the actor has out-done the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier. *

TRAPWIT. Come, enter Sir Harry, and the Squire. Where are they?

1 PLAYER. Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

TRAPWIT. Has he been writ to?

1 PLAYER. Yes, sir, and here's his answer.

TRAPWIT. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1 PLAYER. Sir, I liked the part so well, that I have studied it in hope of some time playing it.

TRAPWIT. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

SIR HARRY. Hallo, hark, forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily, this morning? Come, come, sit down; the Squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr. Mayor, here's liberty and property, and no excise.

MAYOR. Sir Harry, your health.

SIR HARRY. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink, no excise?

MAYOR. I don't love party healths, Sir Harry.

ALL ALDERMEN. No, no, no party healths, no party healths.

SIR HARRY. Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt I perceive: and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from yourselves? Do you think a man, who will give a bribe, won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully; and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize, as vote at an election.

MAYOR. I do believe you, Sir Harry.

SIR HARRY. Mr. Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

MAYOR. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I ate them, that I have forgot the taste.

SIR HARRY. We'll try to revive it; I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

MAYOR. You will surfeit us with venison. You will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

SIR HARRY. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town; Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable, you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more great-coats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife—she likes the pattern so extremely, she is resolved to

hang her rooms with it—pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr. Timber—and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too—

FUSTIAN. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of a courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. Go on, go on, sir.

SIR HARRY. That gentleman interrupts one so—Oh, now I remember—Mr. Timber, and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

TRAPWIT. Now, sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern critics, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when if they would but stay till the joke came—

FUSTIAN. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe— [*Aside.*]

SIR HARRY. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

TRAPWIT. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

SIR HARRY. For you, &c.—Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

MAYOR. And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

SIR HARRY. Positively.

MAYOR. Gentlemen, methinks Sir Harry's toast stands still; will nobody drink liberty and property, and no excise? [*The: all drink and huzza.*]

SIR HARRY. Give me thy hand, Mayor. I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

MAYOR. And he that will, deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

TRAPWIT. Do you take that joke, sir?

FUSTIAN. No, faith, sir.

TRAPWIT. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience who has no conscience at all? ✓

1 ALDERMAN. Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox-chase, and a Tankard!

OMNES. A Fox-chase and a Tankard! Huzza!

SIR HARRY. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

MAYOR. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries
Of liberty and property, and no excise.

[*Exeunt Mayor and Aldermen.*]

TRAPWIT. How do you like that couplet, sir?

FUSTIAN. Oh! very fine, sir.

TRAPWIT. This is the end of the first act, sir.

FUSTIAN. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed Squire Tankard to Colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet uttered one syllable.

TRAPWIT. Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

FUSTIAN. Methinks, sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay* or a *no*.

TRAPWIT. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

FUSTIAN. Oh! your humble servant, I am answered: but pray, sir, what is the action of this play?

TRAPWIT. The action, sir?

FUSTIAN. Yes, sir, the fable, the design?

TRAPWIT. Oh! you ask who is to be married! Why, sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

FUSTIAN. But is that the main design to which every thing conduces?

TRAPWIT. Yes, sir.

FUSTIAN. Faith, sir, I can't for the soul of me see how what has hitherto passed can conduce at all to that end.

TRAPWIT. You can't; indeed, I believe you can't: for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the banns

of marriage between all the couples in their play in the first act? No, sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap, all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which every thing conduces.

FUSTIAN. That will, indeed, surprise me.

TRAPWIT. Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised—But what's become of all our players? Here, who begins the second act? Prompter!

Enter 1 PLAYER.

1 PLAYER. Sir, the Prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the Green-room.

TRAPWIT. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1 PLAYER. Sir, I dare not go into the Green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

TRAPWIT. Pshaw, come along; your sister has merit enough for herself, and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, PROMPTER, LORD PLACE, MRS. MAYORESS and MISS MAYORESS.

TRAPWIT. I am afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, sir you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation amongst the ladies. Come, my lord, come, begin.

✓ LORD PLACE. Pray, Mrs. Mayoress, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

FUSTIAN. A very pretty beginning of a polite conversation, truly.

TRAPWIT. Sir, in this play, I keep exactly up to nature; nor is there any thing said in this scene that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is called.

MRS. MAYORESS. Indeed, my lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

LORD PLACE. Pray, madam, was you at the last ridotto?

FUSTIAN. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, sir, this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allowed to know something of the town; for you must know, sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

FUSTIAN. I am glad to hear that.

MRS. MAYORESS. Oh! my lord! mention not those dear *ridottos* to me, who have been confined these twelve months in the country; where we have no entertainment, but a set of hideous, strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature, till your lordship came to town. Heaven send us a controverted election, then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

MISS MAYORESS. Yes, mamma, and then we shall see Faribelly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the play-houses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

FUSTIAN. By Miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

LORD PLACE. I cannot but with pleasure observe, madam, the polite taste Miss shows in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *beau monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

MISS MAYORESS. Keeping, my lord!

LORD PLACE. Ay, that surprise looks well enough in

one so young, that does not know the world; but, Miss, every one now keeps, and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

MRS. MAYORESS. My lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em.

LORD PLACE. That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house, and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won must be put into the box, which you must call, *paying for the cards*; though it is indeed paying for your candles, your clothes, your lodgings, and in short every thing you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

MRS. MAYORESS. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness!

FUSTIAN. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

TRAPWIT. 'Gad, that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into—a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

LORD PLACE. Indeed, madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of; if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

MRS. MAYORESS. Yes, my lord, that will do very well amongst people of quality, who don't want money.

FUSTIAN. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

TRAPWIT. Lord, sir, you are so troublesome—then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where

I please, but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turned away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, sir?—Go on, go on.

LORD PLACE. A-lack-a-day, madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanic trade; such as the Canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such are gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

TRAPWIT. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [*Enter a Servant.*] Pray, sir, mind your cue of entrance.

[*Exit Servant.*]

LORD PLACE. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company—I am your most obedient servant.

[*Exit.*]

MRS. MAYORESS. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

MISS MAYORESS. But must I go into keeping, mamma?

MRS. MAYORESS. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

MISS MAYORESS. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

MRS. MAYORESS. That can't be, if your betters do it; people are punished for doing naughty things; but people of quality are never punished; therefore they never do any naughty things. ✓

FUSTIAN. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

TRAPWIT. Pshaw, dear sir, don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it?—Come, enter the mayor, drunk.

Enter MAYOR.

MAYOR. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife. ✓

MRS. MAYORESS. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

MAYOR. But I will though; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

MRS. MAYORESS. Indeed, but you shall, sir.

MISS MAYORESS. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking tory, papa. 7

MAYOR. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

MISS MAYORESS. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

MAYOR. No, nor I an't for a standing army.

MRS. MAYORESS. But I am for a standing army, sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties——You are afraid of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

MAYOR. The women don't, I believe.

MRS. MAYORESS. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be considered, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals——Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

MAYOR. Ay, we should have a fine set of members then, indeed.

MRS. MAYORESS. Yes, sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen——there should not be one man in the House of Commons without a laced coat.

MISS MAYORESS. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a laced coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a laced coat.

MAYOR. What's that you say, Minx? What's that you say?

MRS. MAYORESS. What's that to you, sir?

MAYOR. Why, madam, must I not speak to my own daughter?

MRS. MAYORESS. You have the greater obligation to me, sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavoured to ruin your family, I would have seen you hanged before you should have had any by me. ✓

MAYOR. I ruin my family!

MRS. MAYORESS. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on 't.

MISS MAYORESS. You shall accept on 't.

MRS. MAYORESS. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

MISS MAYORESS. They are the finest men——

MRS. MAYORESS. The prettiest men——

MISS MAYORESS. The sweetest men——

MRS. MAYORESS. And you shall vote for them.

MAYOR. I won't be bribed——

MRS. MAYORESS. A place is no bribe——ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

MAYOR. What is the place?

MRS. MAYORESS. I don't know what the place is; nor my lord does not know what it is; but it is a great swinging place.

MAYOR. I will have the place first, I won't take a bribe. I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first.

[*Exit.*

MRS. MAYORESS. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see, whether he shall vote according to his conscience, or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,
They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

TRAPWIT. There ends act the second. [*Exeunt Mrs. Mayoress and Miss.*] Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Cæsar in Egypt has done; thus, sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all, bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we are all under petticoat government; and my third will——but you shall see——Enter my Lord Place, Colonel Promise, and several Voters. My Lord, you begin the third act.

Enter LORD PLACE, COLONEL PROMISE, and several Voters.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, be assured, I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1 VOTER. Could not your lordship provide for me at court?

LORD PLACE. Nothing easier, what sort of a place would you like?

1 VOTER. Is not there a sort of employment, sir, called —beef-eating?—If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater,——I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

LORD PLACE. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2 VOTER. My Lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine clothes and have something to do in the kitchen or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

LORD PLACE. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet-laureat.

2 VOTER. Poet! no, my Lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

LORD PLACE. No matter for that,——you'll be able to make odes.

2 VOTER. Odes, my Lord! what are those?

LORD PLACE. Faith, sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

TRAPWIT. Now, my Lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

FUSTIAN. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

COLONEL PROMISE. Depend upon it, sir; I'll serve you.

FUSTIAN. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

TRAPWIT. Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it——none of them do it.

3 VOTER. An't please your honour, I have read in a book called *Fog's Journal*, that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, sir, I have served my time to a wax-work maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

COLONEL PROMISE. Sir, you may depend on me.

3 VOTER. Are your officers to be made of wax too, sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

COLONEL PROMISE. No, none but the chaplain.

3 VOTER. O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

TRAPWIT. You see, sir, the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet; hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you, and your brother candidate, come into the middle of the stage, you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The Mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my Lord, and the Colonel, you are at the head of your parties—but hold, hold, hold, you beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

LORD PLACE and COLONEL PROMISE. Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My Lord and the Colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.*]

Enter Mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump, No Courtiers! No Jacobites! Down with the Pope! No Excise! a Place and a Promise! a Fox-chase and a Tankard! At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.

Enter SIR HARRY, SQUIRE TANKARD, and MAYOR.

SIR HARRY. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done! faith, our party has got the day.

MAYOR. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord

has promised her a place, but I am not to be gulled in that manner: I may be taken, like the fish in the water, by a bait; (but not, like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

SIR HARRY. I know you are an honest man and love your country.

MAYOR. Faith, that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

FUSTIAN. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

TRAPWIT. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

FUSTIAN. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character for the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

SQUIRE TANKARD. [*Drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

MAYOR. So he is, noble Squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk—a man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

SIR HARRY. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damned French fashions were brought over; why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

MAYOR. Faith, I can't tell.

SIR HARRY. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, knick-knacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

MAYOR. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this: if these courtiers be turned out, who shall succeed them?

SIR HARRY. Who? why we!

SQUIRE TANKARD. Ay, we!

SIR HARRY. And then we may provide for our friends. I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

SQUIRE TANKARD. Ay, and so will mine me,—but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

SIR HARRY. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

SQUIRE TANKARD. I'll have no delay in it, sir.

MAYOR. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the squire speak, he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

SIR HARRY. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

SQUIRE TANKARD. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

MAYOR. Come to the tavern then:—

There while brisk wine improves our conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

TRAPWIT. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* Sir Harry, Squire Tankard, and Mayor.

FUSTIAN. Pray, sir, what's the moral of this act?

TRAPWIT. And you really don't know?

FUSTIAN. No, really.

TRAPWIT. Then I really will not tell you; but come, sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

FUSTIAN. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side; I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over; now, sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory, or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remembered it.

PROMPTER. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, and Miss.

Enter MAYOR, MRS. MAYORESS, and MISS MAYORESS.

MRS. MAYORESS. O! have I found you at last, sir? I have been hunting for you this hour.

MAYOR. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner, I have been drinking to the good old cause with Sir Harry and the squire; you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

MRS. MAYORESS. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns, or country squires.

MISS MAYORESS. My mamma will converse with no Jacobites.

MAYOR. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

MRS. MAYORESS. O, ho! then you will vote for my lord at last?

MAYOR. No, my dear, Sir Harry is to give me a place.

MRS. MAYORESS. A place in his dog kennel?

MAYOR. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my lord; I am to be made an ambassador.

MRS. MAYORESS. What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

MAYOR. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and Sir Harry is to be—I don't know what to call him, not I—some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man, I am to be made an ambassador of.

MRS. MAYORESS. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

MAYOR. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case, I don't know what I might

have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

MRS. MAYORESS. Lookye, Mr. Ambassador that is to be; will you vote as I would have you, or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so, sir, I tell you, you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruined because you have whims.

MISS MAYORESS. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

MRS. MAYORESS. What signifies what he is in his heart; have not a hundred, whom every body knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with his lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks, I only desire him to vote.

MISS MAYORESS. I am sure mamma is a very reasonable woman.

MRS. MAYORESS. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others.

[Goes to a corner of the stage, and takes a stick.]

MAYOR. Nay, then, liberty and property, and no excise!

[Runs off.]

MRS. MAYORESS. I'll excise you, you villain!

[Runs after him.]

MISS MAYORESS. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now; would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog!

FUSTIAN. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. No, sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

PROMPTER. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so; where is this servant? *[Enter Servant.]* Why don't you mind your cue?

SERVANT. O, ay, dog's my cue.—Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the tailor's daughter, come to wait on you.

MISS MAYORESS. Show her in.—What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too, for being of the other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter MISS STITCH.

Dear miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

MISS STITCH. I am sure, madam, you have no reason to say so; for though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. (I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves.) [*Aside.*]

MISS MAYORESS. Pray, miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

MISS STITCH. I don't know, my dear; for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employed all that time in reading one of the Craftsmen: 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

MISS MAYORESS. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me, when she knows that I hate the paper.

MISS STITCH. But I ask your pardon, my dear, I know you never read it.

MISS MAYORESS. No, madam, I have enough to do to read the Daily Gazetteer. My father has six of 'em sent him every week, for nothing; they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, miss.

MISS STITCH. Fie upon you! how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

MISS MAYORESS. An old woman, miss?

MISS STITCH. Yes, miss, by Mrs. Osborne.—Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

MISS MAYORESS. I desire, madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

MISS STITCH. Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously—are you thorough satisfied with this peace?

MISS MAYORESS. Yes, madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

MISS STITCH. I should like it well enough, if I were sure the Queen of Spain was to be trusted.

MISS MAYORESS. [*Rising.*] Pray, miss, none of your insinuations against the Queen of Spain.

MISS STITCH. Don't be in a passion, madam.

MISS MAYORESS. Yes, madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

MISS STITCH. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, and that's more than you can say.

MISS MAYORESS. Miss, miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the Old Woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expense; but I'd have you to know, miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

MISS STITCH. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me—Oh! heavens! I have torn my fan! I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan!—I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

MISS MAYORESS. Notwithstanding all you have said, madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity; comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you will bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel, you shall have it.

MISS STITCH. And can I sell my country for a fan?—What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it.— And will you give it me for nothing?

MISS MAYORESS. I'll make you a free present of it.

MISS STITCH. I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

MISS MAYORESS. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who're bribed by honours trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt Misses.*]

TRAPWIT. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you. Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly, that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of the Fan. But, come, now for act the fifth.

PROMPTER. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stepped aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

TRAPWIT. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the Green-room, and chat with the actresses meanwhile.

FUSTIAN. But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

TRAPWIT. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: And I have often heard these affairs canvassed by men, who had not one whit more understanding than these girls.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.

TRAPWIT. Fie upon 't, fie upon 't, make no excuses.

SNEERWELL. Consider, sir, I am my own enemy.

TRAPWIT. I do consider that you might have passed your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

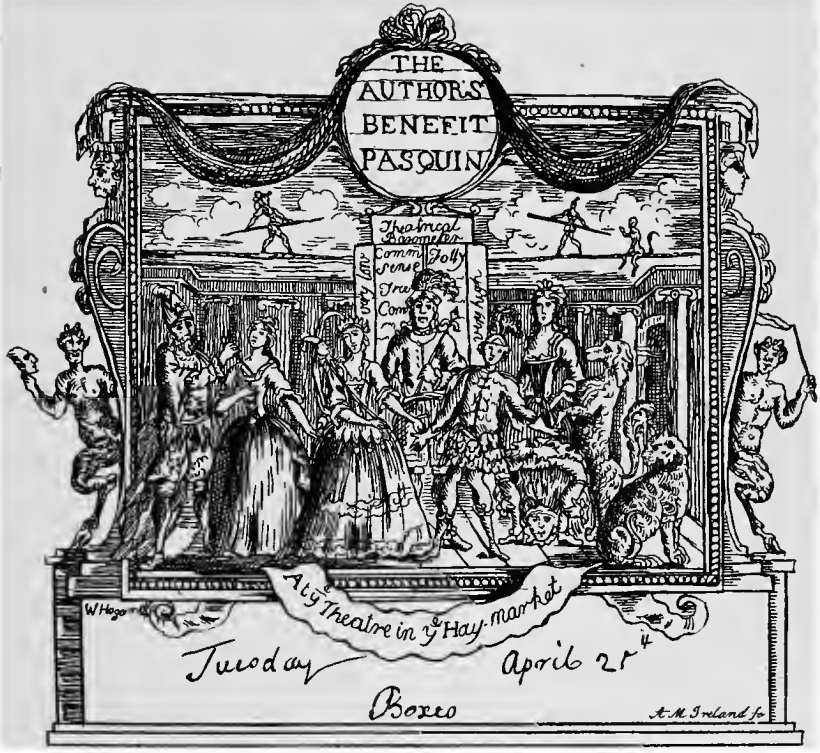
SNEERWELL. But I hope I have not transgressed much—

TRAPWIT. All's over, sir; all's over; you might as well have stayed away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

SNEERWELL. What's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

TRAPWIT. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end,—but we are so far advanced in it, that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand any thing of it.

FUSTIAN. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneer-



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well's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

TRAPWIT. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, sir; would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil, have not I promised you, you should know all by and by—but you are so impatient.

FUSTIAN. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience; Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

TRAPWIT. I wish so too. Come, Prompter! are the members in their chairs?

PROMPTER. Yes, sir.

TRAPWIT. Then carry them over the stage; but hold, hold, hold! where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Holloa, mob, holloa, holloa! Ooons, Mr. Prompter, you must get more mob to holloa, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

PROMPTER. Sir, I can get no more mob, all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's Park to see the show.

SNEERWELL. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentlemen in the chairs?

TRAPWIT. Ay, sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts, you would have known who they were.

FUSTIAN. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you inquire into every absurdity you see, we shall have no tragedy to-day.

TRAPWIT. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter MAYOR and MRS. MAYORESS.

MAYOR. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

MRS. MAYORESS. How have you lost both parties?

MAYOR. Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

MRS. MAYORESS. It will be your own fault then, sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

MAYOR. Return 'em, my dear? Why there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

MRS. MAYORESS. A fig for a majority of two or three score! If there had been a majority of as many hundred, you'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have returned 'em, you'll have done all in your power: How can you expect that great men should do any thing to serve you, if you stick at any thing to serve them?

MAYOR. My conscience boggles at this thing—but yet it is impossible I should ever get any thing by the other side.

MRS. MAYORESS. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get any thing.

MAYOR. Truly, I think it has.

SNEERWELL. I think, Mr. Trapwit, interest would be a better word there than conscience.

TRAPWIT. Ay, interest, or conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think conscience rather the politer of the two, and most used at court.

MRS. MAYORESS. Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidate's expense; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expense as he can in an honest way.

[Exit Mayor.]

Enter MISS MAYORESS, *crying*.

MISS MAYORESS. Oh, mamma, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others

should have a majority in the house, what would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

MRS. MAYORESS. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel: and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

MISS MAYORESS. Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had stayed here, I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.—Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

MRS. MAYORESS. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you; that you will not scruple going into keeping: perhaps you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

MISS MAYORESS. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

FUSTIAN. Dreamt, sir, why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. No, sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

SNEERWELL. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

Enter LORD PLACE and COLONEL PROMISE.

LORD PLACE. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

MRS. MAYORESS. Ho, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the colonel.

LORD PLACE. To return us, madam?

MRS. MAYORESS. Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have returned you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

LORD PLACE. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect, unless you instantly give me a dram.

MRS. MAYORESS. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [*Exit.*]

TRAPWIT. How do you like that dram, sir?

SNEERWELL. Oh! most excellent!

FUSTIAN. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

TRAPWIT. Faith, sir, if it had not been for that dram, my play had been at an end.

FUSTIAN. The devil take the dram with all my heart!

TRAPWIT. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and opened itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself, like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, miss, do you stand on the opposite.—There, now look at each other.

[*A long silence here.*]

FUSTIAN. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

TRAPWIT. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penned by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

COLONEL PROMISE. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you show for it: me it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

MISS MAYORESS. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill-usage of you?

FUSTIAN. What ill-usage, Mr. Trapwit? For if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

TRAPWIT. What ill-usage, sir? A great deal, sir.

FUSTIAN. When, sir? Where, sir?

TRAPWIT. Why, behind the scenes, sir. What, would you have every thing brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side; we have many things both said and done in our comedies which might be better performed behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from the stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours, practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

SNEERWELL. Well said, my little Trap: but pray let us have the scene.

TRAPWIT. Go on, miss, if you please.

MISS MAYORESS. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coquetting, lying, and jilting; which, as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

TRAPWIT. That single promise, sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet: so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a

tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one, than married with the other.

SNEERWELL. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on't.

FUSTIAN. Go on, go on, dear sir, go on.

COLONEL PROMISE. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden: Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech. Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!
And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

TRAPWIT. Open your arms, miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now; how pretty this looks, don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire; do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[*Exeunt Miss Mayoress and Colonel Promise.*]

SNEERWELL. Are they gone to practise, now, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. You're a joker, Mr. Sneerwell: you're a joker.

Enter LORD PLACE, MAYOR, *and* MRS. MAYORESS.

LORD PLACE. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this return! and, in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very shortly.

FUSTIAN. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech.

SNEERWELL. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn or two.

TRAPWIT. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two; sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play—Come, enter the Colonel and Miss—married.

SNEERWELL. Upon my word, they have been very expeditious.

TRAPWIT. Yes, sir; the parson understands his business, he has plyed several years at the Fleet.

Enter COLONEL PROMISE *and* MISS MAYORESS. [*They kneel.*

COLONEL PROMISE *and* MISS MAYORESS. Sir, and madam, your blessing.

MAYOR *and* MRS. MAYORESS. Ha!

COLONEL PROMISE. Your daughter, sir and madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

MRS. MAYORESS. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However, I give you both my blessing.

MAYOR. And so do I.

LORD PLACE. Then call my brother candidates, we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

FUSTIAN. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAPWIT. What, why the marriage, sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

LORD PLACE. Well, Colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you have seen to-night,
If you are wrong, may set your judgments right;
Nor like our misses, about bribing quarrel,
When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Manent* Fustian, Trapwit, *and* Sneerwell.

TRAPWIT. Thus ends my play, sir.

FUSTIAN. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part conduced to this marriage?

TRAPWIT. Why, sir, do you think the colonel would ever have had her, but on the prospect her father has on this election?

SNEERWELL. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer.

TRAPWIT. Ay, sir, I was just going to say so.

SNEERWELL. But where's your epilogue?

TRAPWIT. Faith, sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

SNEERWELL. What! have you writ none?

TRAPWIT. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but——

SNEERWELL. But what?

TRAPWIT. Faith, sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damned difficult to please——When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. Watts's, and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and crammed it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons, I think we must get a pair of scales, and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same——

FUSTIAN. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage, if you please.

TRAPWIT. With all my heart; for I have overstayed my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

FUSTIAN. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I hope?

TRAPWIT. Faith, sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay——to hear such damned stuff as I know it must be.

[*Aside.*]

SNEERWELL. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go——Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian; besides, he has stayed the rehearsal of your play——

FUSTIAN. Yes, I have——and kept myself awake with much difficulty.

[*Aside.*]

TRAPWIT. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you——though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [*Aside.*]

SNEERWELL. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

TRAPWIT. No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well——But pr'ythee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? dost think it will do?

FUSTIAN. 'Tis my opinion it will.

TRAPWIT. Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

SNEERWELL. That's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

TRAPWIT. I love a hedge, sir.

FUSTIAN. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication; you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments, which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

SNEERWELL. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

FUSTIAN. Well, sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

TRAPWIT. [*Reads.*] "My Lord, at a time when nonsense, dulness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevailed on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece, which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleased to find one exception to the number.

"I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little merit from the applause which the town has so universally conferred upon me.—"

FUSTIAN. That, you know, Mr. Sncerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

TRAPWIT. [*Reads.*] "I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character: but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent—only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it every thing that is beautiful; your air is every thing that is graceful, your look every thing that

is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged; to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses and makes stars of all your other virtues—I could say more——”

SNEERWELL. Faith, sir, that’s more than I could——

TRAPWIT. “But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship’s most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant.”

FUSTIAN. There you see it, sir, concise, and not fulsome.

SNEERWELL. Very true, sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

FUSTIAN. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was a person of the first quality.

SNEERWELL. Pr’ythee, Trapwit, let’s see yours.

TRAPWIT. I have none, sir.

FUSTIAN. How, sir, no dedication?

TRAPWIT. No, sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I’ll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

FUSTIAN. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that egad, our trade is quite spoiled; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write will be a satirical one; if they won’t pay me for opening my mouth, I’ll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I’ll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [To a Player.

PLAYER. Sir, I’ll do it to the best of my power.

FUSTIAN. This prologue was writ by my friend.

PROLOGUE.

When death’s sharp scythe has mowed the hero down,
The Muse again awakes him to renown;

She tells proud Fate that all her darts are vain,
 And bids the hero live, and strut about again:
 Nor is she only able to restore,
 But she can make what ne'er was made before:
 Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
 What never came into the brain of Fate.

Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
 She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
 Bids Common Sense in person mount the stage,
 And Harlequin to storm in tragic rage.
 Britons, attend; and decent reverence show
 To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
 Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
 And who in Shakespeare's time was worshipped here;
 If none of these can her success presage,
 Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
 Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

SNEERWELL. Faith, sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

FUSTIAN. Do you think so? Why then, sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it as big again for.

2 PLAYER *enters, and whispers* TRAPWIT.

2 PLAYER. Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

TRAPWIT. Is she in a chair?

2 PLAYER. No, sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt. *[Exit Player.*

TRAPWIT. I'll come to her—Mr. Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. *[Exit Trapwit.*

PROMPTER. Common-sense, sir, desires to speak with you in the Green-room.

FUSTIAN. I'll wait upon her.

SNEERWELL. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her. *[Aside.*

[Exeunt Fustian and Sneerwell.

Enter a DANCER.

DANCER. Lookye, Mr. Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I show more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

PROMPTER. Madam, it is not my business.

DANCER. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not used better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

PROMPTER. Heyday, what's the matter? *[A noise within.*

Enter PLAYER.

PLAYER. The author and Common Sense are quarrelling in the Green-room.

PROMPTER. Nay, then that's better worth seeing than any thing in the play. *[Exit Prompter.*

DANCER. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us, they might act their Shakespeare to empty benches.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.

FUSTIAN. These little things, Mr. Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed, a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humourous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you

will pump your brain in vain: then, sir, with the master of a play-house to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts, and rehearsed. Well, sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then, sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author; a second out of dislike to the house; a third out of dislike to the actor; a fourth out of dislike to the play; a fifth for the joke sake; a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse him, friends give him up, the play is damned, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

SNEERWELL. The tragedy, rather, I think, Mr. Fustian. But what's become of Trapwit?

FUSTIAN. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMPTER. Yes, sir, they are all ready; come, draw up the curtain.

FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSIC discovered.

SNEERWELL. Pray, Mr. Fustian, who are these personages?

FUSTIAN. That in the middle, sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physic.

FIREBRAND. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

FUSTIAN. What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

PROMPTER. Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin? [*Thunder and Lightning.*]

FUSTIAN. Now, sir, begin if you please. I desire, sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl, and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, sir, if you please.

FIREBRAND. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!
 Oh Law! oh Physic! As last even late
 I offered sacred incense in the temple,
 The temple shook: strange prodigies appeared:
 A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
 While a huge dog played on the violin;
 And, whilst I trembling at the altar stood,
 Voices were heard i' th' air, and seemed to say,
 Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more:
 They must mean something!—

LAW. Certainly they must—
 We have our omens too! The other day
 A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
 As if it meant to wash away the law:
 Lawyers were forced to ride on porters' shoulders:
 One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,
 And he and all his briefs were soused together.
 Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
 I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

FIREBRAND. Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I swear
 You speak in safety, even though you speak
 Against the gods, provided that you speak
 Not against priests.

LAW. What then can the powers
 Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
 From the lethargic sway of Common-sense?
 And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
 Maintains her empire, what becomes of us? //

PHYSIC. My Lord of Law, you speak my sentiments;
 For though I wear the mask of loyalty,

And outward show a reverence to the queen,
 Yet in my heart I hate her: yes, by Heaven!
 She stops my proud ambition, keeps me down
 When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
 And thence look down and dose the world below.

LAW. Thou know'st my Lord of Physic, I had long
 Been privileged by custom immemorial,
 In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
 My edicts to deliver through the land;
 When this proud queen, this Common-sense, abridged
 My power, and made me understood by all.

PHYSIC. My Lord, there goes a rumour through the court,
 That you descended from a family
 Related to the queen; Reason is said
 T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

LAW. Perhaps so; but we have raised ourselves so high
 And shook this founder from us off so far,
 We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

FIREBRAND. My Lords of Law and Physic, I have heard,
 With perfect approbation, all you've said;
 And since I know you men of noble spirit,
 And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
 I will divulge myself: know, through this mask,
 Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,

I am an enemy to Common-sense;
 But this not for ambition's earthly cause,
 But to enlarge the worship of the Sun:
 To give his priests a just degree of power,
 And more than half the profits of the land.
 Oh! my good Lord of Law, wouldst thou assist,
 In spite of Common-sense it may be done.

LAW. Propose the method.

FIREBRAND. Here, survey this list.
 In it you'll find a certain set of names,
 Whom well I know sure friends to Common-sense;
 These it must be our care to represent
 The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
 But hush, the queen approaches.

Enter QUEEN COMMON-SENSE, attended by two Maids of Honour.

FUSTIAN. What! but two maids of honour?

PROMPTER. Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the play is acted.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. My Lord of Law, I sent for you this morning;

I have a strange petition given to me;
Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attorneys now divide between them.

LAW. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Will they, my lord? then better we had none:

But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

LAW. That may perhaps be some poor person's case,
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. My lord, while I am queen I shall not think

One man too mean, or poor to be redressed;
Moreover, lord, I am informed your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.

FIREBRAND. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appeared,
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,
The gods are angry, and must be appeased;
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. The gods, indeed, have reason
for their anger,
And sacrifices shall be offered to them;
But would you make 'em welcome; Priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an OFFICER.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. What means this hasty message
in your looks?

OFFICER. Forgive me, madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;

Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourselves will head 'em.

My lords, you are concerned as well as we,
T' oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight.
Go, Priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;

To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common-sense.

[Exit cum suis.]

FIREBRAND. They know their interest better; or at
least

Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. O! lords,
This Queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now described in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle, and most pious queen;

So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun
Faith is no faith, if it fall short of that.

I'd be infallible; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common-sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join

The cause of Ignorance. And now, my lords,
 Each to his post.—The rostrum I ascend;
 My Lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
 And you, my good Lord Physic, to the queen;
 Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

PHYSIC. Oh! my good lord, had I her royal ear,
 Would she but take the counsel I would give,
 You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
 Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill
 Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
 But, to my art and me a deadly foe,
 She has averred, ay, in the public court,
 That Water Gruel is the best physician:
 For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
 Or when we own the sway of Common-sense,
 May we be forced to take our own prescriptions.

FIREBRAND. My Lord of Physic, I applaud thy spirit
 Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceived;
 To see this Common-sense thus tumbled down
 By men, whom all the cheated nations own
 To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[*Exeunt* Firebrand, Law, and Physic.

FUSTIAN. Thus ends the first act, sir.

SNEERWELL. This tragedy of yours, Mr. Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

FUSTIAN. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience; though I think the panegyric intended by it is very plain, and very seasonable.

SNEERWELL. What panegyric?

FUSTIAN. On our clergy, sir, at least the best of them, to show the difference between a heathen and a Christian priest. And as I have touched only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring any thing improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

SNEERWELL. But is not your satire on law and physic somewhat too general?

FUSTIAN. What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer, or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general, I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend, for they once joined in a particular conspiracy against me.

SNEERWELL. Ay, how so?

FUSTIAN. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

SNEERWELL. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed.

FUSTIAN. Now, sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

SNEERWELL. I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

FUSTIAN. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common-sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come, begin the second act.

The Scene draws, and discovers QUEEN COMMON-SENSE asleep.

SNEERWELL. Pray, sir, who's that upon the couch there?

FUSTIAN. I thought you had known her better, sir; that's Common-sense asleep.

SNEERWELL. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

FUSTIAN. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on, but what is necessary to the business of the play.—Nor I neither—But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts is necessary to the business of the play.

SNEERWELL. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

FUSTIAN. Why, sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpowered, and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

SNEERWELL. Upon my word, sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

FUSTIAN. I am surprised at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, sir; he has walked all the stages of London several years; but why are not you flowered?—What the devil is become of the barber?

GHOST. Sir, he's gone to Drury Lane play-house to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment. J

FUSTIAN. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

GHOST. From the dark regions of the realms below,
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common-sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend: [*Cock crows.*]
But ha! the cursed cock has warned me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time. [*Ghost descends.*]

SNEERWELL. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfilled.

FUSTIAN. Where's the second ghost?

SNEERWELL. I thought the cock had crowed.

FUSTIAN. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends, the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that. [*Second Ghost rises.*]

2 GHOST. Awake, great Common-sense, and sleep no more.

Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at: think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.

The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights:
 Physicians cannot dose away their souls:
 A courtier's promise will not be believed;
 Nor broken citizens again be trusted.

A thousand newspapers cannot subsist
In which there is not any news at all.

Play-houses cannot flourish, while they dare
 To nonsense give an entertainment's name,
 Shakespeare, and Johnson, Dryden, Lee, and Row,
 Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's Wells;
 Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
 And fools, for only being fools, to thrive;
 Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired,
 At a vast price, to be impertinent. [Third Ghost rises.

3 GHOST. Dear Ghost, the cock has crowed; you cannot
 get

Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2 GHOST. Your humble servant then, I cannot stay.

[Ghost descends.

FUSTIAN. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning!
 Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

SNEERWELL. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost always
 rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read
 much of that doctrine, and don't find any mention of such
 ornaments.

FUSTIAN. That may be, but they are very necessary: they
 are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

SNEERWELL. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

FUSTIAN. Whose should it be, but Comedy's! I thought
 when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would
 have wanted no intimation who this was. Come, Common-
 sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. [Waking.] Who's there?—

Enter MAID OF HONOUR.

Did you not hear or see some wondrous thing?

MAID. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. I was a-dreamed I overheard a ghost.

MAID. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,
For here has been a dreadful apparition:
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost.

SNEERWELL. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open?

FUSTIAN. Why, you would not have Common-sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

FIREBRAND. And if such toleration
Be suffered, as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.
Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers,
Ghosts will be hanged ere venture near a fire.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Men cannot force belief upon themselves.

And shall I then by torture force it on them?

FIREBRAND. The Sun will have it so.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. How do I know that?

FIREBRAND. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. How do I know you are infallible?

FIREBRAND. Ha! do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing—but my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun,
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Ha! sayst thou, Priest?
Then know, I honour and adore the Sun!
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,

I glow with flaming gratitude toward him;
 But know, I never will adore a priest,
 Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,
 And make a pick-lock of his piety
 To steal away the liberty of mankind.
 But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

FIREBRAND. Madam, our power is not derived from you,
 Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box
 From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:
 Phaeton brought it when he overturned
 The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Show me the instrument, and let
 me read it.

FIREBRAND. Madam, you cannot read it, for being thrown
 into the sea, the water has so damaged it,
 That none but priests could ever read it since.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. And do you think I can believe
 this tale?

FIREBRAND. I order you to believe it, and you must.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Proud and imperious man, I
 can't believe it.

Religion, law and physic, were designed
 By Heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;
 But priests and lawyers and physicians made
 These general goods to each a private trade;
 With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
 And turn our benefits into our curses.

[Exit.]

FUSTIAN. Law and Physic. Where's Law?

Enter PHYSIC.

PHYSIC. Sir, Law, going without the play-house passage
 was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

FIREBRAND. Then we must go on without him.

FUSTIAN. No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody
 else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for me! if
 I had known this before, I would have satirized the law ten
 times more than I have. ✓

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, PROMPTER, FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSIC.

FUSTIAN. I am glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common-sense goes off the stage, Law and Physic enter.

FIREBRAND. Oh! my good Lords of Physic and of Law, Had you been sooner here you would have heard The haughty Queen of Common-sense throw out Abuses on us all.

LAW. I am not now To learn the hatred which she bears to me. No more of that—for now the warlike Queen Of Ignorance, attended with a train Of foreigners, all foes to Common-sense, Arrives at Covent-Garden; and we ought To join her instantly with all our force. At Temple-Bar some regiments parade, The colonels, Clifford, Thaves, and Furnival, Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-Lane, Attorneys all completely armed in brass; These, bailiffs and their followers will join; With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

PHYSIC. In Warwick-Lane my powers expect me now, A hundred chariots with a chief in each, Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears A feathered dart, that seldom errs in flight. Next march a band of choice apothecaries, Each armed with deadly pill, a regiment Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear, 'All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

✓ FIREBRAND. My Lords, you merit greatly of the queen, And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;

For I foretell, that by her influence,
 Men shall be brought (what scarce can be believed),
 To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
 Success attend your glorious enterprise;
 I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
 I, by my office, am from fight debarred,
 But I'll be with you ere the booty's shared.

[*Exeunt* Firebrand, Law and Physic.

FUSTIAN. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, sir, so crammed with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of show as Merlin's cave itself, and for wit—no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous march is played.*

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, attended with SINGERS, FIDDLERS,
 ROPE-DANCERS, TUMBLERS, &c.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

1 ATTENDANT. Great madam, Covent-Garden is its name.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,

{ Too near those theatres where Common-sense
 Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;
 Who, should they sally on us ere we're joined
 By Law and Physic, may offend us much.

[*Drums beat within.*

But ha! what means this drum?

1 ATTENDANT. It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

HARLEQUIN. To you, great Queen of Ignorance, I come Ambassador from the two theatres,
 Who both congratulate you on your arrival;

And to convince you with what hearty meaning
 They sue for your alliance, they have sent
 Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
 To be detained till you are well convinced
 They're not less foes to Common-sense than you.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Where are the hostages?

HARLEQUIN. Madam, I have brought
 A catalogue, and all therein shall be
 Delivered to your order; but consider,
 Oh mighty Queen! they offer you their all;
 And gladly, for the least of these would give
 Their poets and their actors in exchange.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Read the catalogue.

HARLEQUIN. [*Reads.*] A tall man, and a tall woman,
 hired at a vast price.

A strong man exceeding dear.

Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate
 human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for
 them.

A human creature that personates a dog so well, that he
 might almost be taken for one.

Two human cats.

A most curious set of puppies.

A pair of pigeons.

A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Enough, enough; and is it possible
 That they can hold alliance with my friends
 Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed
 To Common-sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
 Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
 And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
 There is not in it either head or tail.

HARLEQUIN. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
 The character you give would recommend it,
 Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. The Modish Couple is its name;
 myself
 Stood gossip to it, and I will support

This play against the town.

1 ATTENDANT. Madam, the Queen
Of Common-sense advances with her powers.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Draw up my men, I'll meet her as
I ought;
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter QUEEN COMMON-SENSE with a DRUMMER.

FUSTIAN. Heyday! where's Common-sense's army?

PROMPTER. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and could
not get one soldier for her, except that poor drummer who
was lately turned out of an Irish regiment. r

DRUMMER. Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer
these twenty years, master, and have seen no wars yet; and
I was willing to learn a little of my trade before I died.

FUSTIAN. Hush, sirrah, don't you be witty; that is not
in your part.

DRUMMER. I don't know what is in my part, sir; but I
desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of
doing nothing a great while.

FUSTIAN. Silence.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. What is the reason, madam, that
you bring these hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

QUEEN IGNORANCE. To ease your subjects from that dire
oppression.
They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. And can my subjects then com-
plain of wrong?
Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

QUEEN IGNORANCE. They say you do impose a tax of
thought
Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Wouldst thou from thinking then
absolve mankind?

QUEEN IGNORANCE. I would, for thinking only makes men
wretched;

✓ And happiness is still the lot of fools.
 Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
 Still hurts his pride? in spite of all his art,
 Malicious fortune, by a lucky train
 Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
 And set the greatest blunderer above him.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Urgest thou that against me,
 which thyself
 Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,
 Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
 Could Common-sense bear universal sway,
 No fool could ever possibly be great.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. What is this folly, which you try
 to paint
 In colours so detestable and black?
 Is 't not the general gift of fate to men?
 And though some few may boast superior sense,
 Are they not called odd fellows by the rest?
 In any science, if this sense peep forth,
 Show men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
 From ways wherein their gross forefathers erred,
 Is not the general cry against them straight?

✓ SNEERWELL. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to know
 a great deal.

FUSTIAN. Yes, sir, she knows what she has seen so often;
 but you find she mistakes the cause, and Common-sense can
 never beat it into her.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Sense is the parent still of fear; the
 fox,
 Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
 Flies their society, and skulks in woods,
 While the poor goose in happiness and ease,
 Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,
 And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend.
 Then yield thee, Common-sense, nor rashly dare
 Try a vain combat with superior force.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Know, queen, I never will give
 up the cause

Of all these followers: when at the head
 Of all these heroes I resign my right,
 May my curst name be blotted from the earth.

SNEERWELL. Methinks, Common-sense, though, ought to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

FUSTIAN. It does indeed look a little odd at present; but I'll get her an army strong enough against it's acted. Come, go on.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head. Draw all your swords.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. And, gentlemen, draw yours.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Fall on, have at thy heart!

[A fight.]

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. And have at thine.

FUSTIAN. Oh, fie upon 't, fie upon 't, I never saw a worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray, gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

SNEERWELL. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr. Fustian; they care not which side they fight on.

FUSTIAN. Now, begin again, if you please, and fight away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr. Prompter, I fancy you hired these soldiers out of the trained-bands, they are afraid to fight even in jest. [*They fight again.*] There, there, pretty well. I think, Mr. Sneerwell, we have made a shift to make out a good sort of a battle at last.

SNEERWELL. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.

FUSTIAN. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish this battle greatly.

SNEERWELL. I cannot profess myself the greatest admirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagination can better conceive the idea of a battle from a skilful relation of it, than from such a representation; for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several thousands.

FUSTIAN. Oh! your humble servant! but if we write to please you, and half a dozen others, who will pay the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will be contented with

a battle or two, instead of all the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they call entertainments——

SNEERWELL. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

FUSTIAN. Faith, sir, out of their peculiar modesty; intimating that after the audience have been tired with the dull works of Shakespeare, Jonson, Vanbrugh, and others, they are to be entertained with one of these pantomimes, of which the master of the play-house, two or three painters, and half a score dancing-masters are the compilers: what these entertainments are, I need not inform you who have seen 'em; but I have often wondered how it was possible for any creature of human understanding, after having been diverted for three hours with the productions of a great genius, to sit for three more, and see a set of people running about the stage after one another, without speaking one syllable; and playing several juggling tricks, which are done at Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this, sir, the town does not only pay additional prices, but loses several fine parts of their best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

SNEERWELL. 'Tis very true, and I have heard a hundred say the same thing, who never failed being present at them.

FUSTIAN. And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please, in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of Common-sense rises.*] Oons, and the devil, madam: what's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene; was ever such an absurdity, as for your ghost to appear before you are killed!

GHOST. I ask pardon, sir, in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

FUSTIAN. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then; and now if you please rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more though; for it would inevitably damn the play, if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Behold the ghost of Common-sense appears.

FUSTIAN. 'Sdeath, madam, I tell you, you are no ghost, you are not killed.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly? The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a POET.

POET. Madam, not so, still have you one friend left.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Why, what art thou?

POET. Madam, I am a poet.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Whoever thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,

Know Common-sense disclaims thee.

POET. I have been damned

Because I was your foe, and yet I still

Courted your friendship with my utmost art.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Fool, thou wert damned because thou didst pretend

Thyself my friend: for hadst thou boldly dared

Like Hurlothrumbo, to deny me quite;

Or like an opera or pantomime,

Professed the cause of Ignorance in public,

Thou mightst have met with thy desired success;

But men can't bear even a pretence to me. *Δ*

POET. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. I will do more, for Common-sense will stay

Quite from your house, so may you not be damned.

POET. Ha! sayst thou? By my soul a better play

Ne'er came upon a stage; but since you dare

Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play

To Ignorance, and call her Common-sense:

Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear

That Ignorance knows more than all the world. *[Exit.*

Enter FIREBRAND.

FIREBRAND. Thanks to the Sun for this desired encounter.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Oh! Priest, all's lost; our forces
are o'erthrown.

Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

FIREBRAND. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Dost thou then lay upon the
Sun the faults

Of all those cowards, who forsook my cause?

FIREBRAND. Those cowards all were most religious men.
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Oh impudence, and darst thou
to my face?—

FIREBRAND. Yes, I dare more—the Sun presents you
this, [Stabs her.

Which I his faithful messenger deliver.

QUEEN COMMON-SENSE. Oh! Traitor, thou hast murdered
Common-sense.

Farewell, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee.

Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.

Now, Priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts,

Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn

All worship from the Sun upon thyself:

Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;

Physic shall kill, and Law enslave the world:

Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,

While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.

Places, requiring learning and great parts,

Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat,

And drawn by men deficient in them both.

Statesmen—but oh! cold death will let me say

No more—and you must guess et cætera.

[Dies.

FIREBRAND. She's gone, but ha! it may beseem me
ill

T' appear her murderer; I'll therefore lay

This dagger by her side, and that will be

Sufficient evidence, with a little money,

To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.


I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore

Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art;
 Good Ignorance will still believe it all.

[*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, &c.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. Beat a retreat, the day is now our own,
 The powers of Common-sense are all destroyed;
 Those that remain are fled away with her.

I wish, Mr. Fustian, ~~this speech be common sense.~~ 

SNEERWELL. How the devil should it, when she's dead?

FUSTIAN. One would think so, when a cavil is made
 against the best thing in the whole play; and I would
 willingly part with any thing else but those two lines.

HARLEQUIN. Behold! where weltering in her blood she
 lies——

I wish, sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it if you
 please.

FUSTIAN. That's another line that I won't part with; I
 would consent to cut out any thing but the chief beauties of
 my play.

HARLEQUIN. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
 With which she did the deed.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. 'Twas nobly done!

I envy her her exit, and will pay

All honours to her dust.—Bear hence her body,

And let her lie in state in Goodman's Fields.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane Court,
 The great society that there assemble
 Congratulate your victory, and request
 That firm alliance henceforth may subsist
 Between your Majesty's society
 Of Grub Street and themselves: They rather beg
 That they may be united both in one.
 They also hope your Majesty's acceptance
 Of certain curiosities, which in

That hamper are contained; wherein you'll find
 A horse's tail, which has a hundred hairs
 More than are usual in it; and a tooth
 Of elephant, full half an inch too long;
 With turnpike ticket like an ancient coin.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. We gratefully accept their bounteous
 gifts;
 And order they be kept with proper care,
 Till we do build a place most fit to hold
 These precious toys: Tell your society
 We ever did esteem them of great worth,
 And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our pleasure
 They do prepare to dance a jig before us. [*Exit Messenger.*
 My Lords of Law and Physic, you shall find
 I will not be ungrateful for your service:
 To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,
 And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be
 A most propitious queen——But ha! [*Music under the stage.*
 What hideous music, or what yell is this?
 Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

SNEERWELL. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian?

FUSTIAN. Ay, sir, did you never hear one before? I
 had once a mind to have brought the apparition of music
 in person upon the stage, in the shape of an English opera.
 Come, Mr. Ghost of the tune, if you please to appear in the
 sound of soft music, and let the ghost of Common-sense rise
 to it. [*Ghost of Common-sense rises to soft music.*

GHOST. Behold! the ghost of Common-sense appears.
 Caitiffs avaunt, or I will sweep you off,
 And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

QUEEN IGNORANCE. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste,
 scamper off,
 My friends; we've killed the body, and I know
 The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

OMNES. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [*Run off.*

GHOST. The coast is clear, and to her native realms
 Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled;
 Whence she will never dare invade us more.

Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence. | 8
And all henceforth, who murder Common-sense,
Learn from these scenes that though success you boast,
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

SNEERWELL. I am glad you make Common-sense get the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

FUSTIAN. Faith, sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue; if you please to begin, madam.

EPILOGUE

GHOST. The play once done, the Epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule;
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,
(Who prate of virtue and her vast rewards,
(Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em; Δ
For all wise women flock to Mother Needham.
This is the method Epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in every thing are new
Our Author then in jest throughout the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.
Banish all childish entertainments hence;
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear,
But let those singers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least;
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.
And though while Music for herself may carve,
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;
(Starve her, at least, with show of approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation,
For all the tumbling-scum of every nation.
Can the whole world in science match our soil?
Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE?
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage,
With SHAKESPEARE, or immortal BEN engage?
Content with nature's bounty, do not crave
The little which to other lands she gave;
Nor like the cock a barley-corn prefer
To all the jewels which you owe to her.



L. Dem. sculp.

Geo. Jones del.

THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER
FOR THE YEAR 1736
AS ACTED AT THE
NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET
FIRST ACTED IN MAY, 1737

PREFACE TO THE DEDICATION

As no man hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself, it hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces commonly called Dedications; a custom, however, highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice: a patron is, says he, a kind of godfather to a book, and a good author ought as carefully to provide a patron to his works as a good parent should a godfather to his children: he carries this very far, and draws several resemblances between those two offices (for having, in the course of his trade with dramatic writers, purchased, at a moderate computation, the fee-simple of one hundred thousand similes, he is perhaps the most expert in their application, and most capable of showing likenesses, in things utterly unlike, of any man living). What, says he, does more service to a book, or raises curiosity in the reader, equal with—Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of—, or the Right Honourable the Earl of—, in an advertisement? I think the patron here may properly be said *to give a name* to the book—and if he gives a present also, what doth he less than a godfather? which present, if the author applies to his own use, what doth he other than the parent? He proceeds to show how a bookseller is a kind of dry-nurse to our works, with other instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact analogy between children and books, and of the method of providing for each; which, I think, affords a sufficient precedent for throwing the following piece on the public, it having been usual for several very prudent parents to act by their children in the same manner.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC

I HOPE you will pardon the presumption of this Dedication, since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your leave; and since I expect no present in return; (the reason, I conceive, which first introduced the ceremony of asking leave among Dedicators:) for surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a man leave to flatter him; and he must be a very impudent or simple fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking whether you will pay for your Dedication, and in that sense I believe it understood by both authors and patrons.

But farther, the very candid reception which you have given these pieces, pleads my excuse. The least civility to an author or his works hath been held, time immemorial, a just title to a Dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest return of flattery, and in this light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an obligation as myself, seeing that you have honoured this my performance with your presence every night of its exhibition, where you have never failed showing the greatest delight and approbation; nor am I less obliged to you for those eulogiums which you have been heard in all places to——but hold, I am afraid this is an ingenious way which authors have discovered to convey inward flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their patron: wherefore I shall be silent on this head, having more reasons to give why I chose you to patronise these pieces: and

First, The design with which they are writ; for though all dramatic entertainments are properly calculated for the public, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your diversion is not merely intended by them, their design being to convey some hints, which may, if you please, be of

infinite service in the present state of that theatrical world whereof they treat, and which is, I think, at present so far from flourishing as one could wish, that I have with concern observed some steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the constitution of the British theatre: for though Mr. — be a very worthy man and my very good friend, I cannot help thinking his manner of proceeding somewhat too arbitrary, and his method of buying actors at exorbitant prices to be of very ill consequence: for the town must reimburse him these expenses, on which account those advanced prices so much complained of must be always continued; which, though the people in their present flourishing state of trade and riches may very well pay, yet in worse times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great genius produce a piece of most exquisite contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the public, though perhaps not agreeable to his own taste or private interest; if he should buy off the chief actors, such play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the public lose all the benefit thereof. Not to trouble the reader with more inconveniences arising from this *Argumentum Argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough—I shall only observe, that corruption has the same influence on all societies, all bodies, which it hath on corporeal bodies, where we see it always produce an entire destruction and total change; for which reason, whoever attempteth to introduce corruption into any community doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner with him who poisoneth a fountain, in order to disperse a contagion, which he is sure every one will drink of.

The last excuse I shall make for this presumption is the necessity I have of so potent a patron to defend me from the iniquitous surmises of a certain anonymous dialogous author, who, in the *Gazetteer* of the 17th instant, has represented the *Historical Register* as aiming, in conjunction with the *Miller of Mansfield*, the overthrow of the m——

If this suggestion had been inserted in the *Craftsman* or *Common-sense*, or any of those papers which nobody reads, it might have passed unanswered; but as it appears in a paper of so general a reception as the *Gazetteer*, which lies in the window of almost every post-house in England, it behoves me, I think, in the most serious manner, to vindicate myself from aspersions of so evil a tendency to my future prospects. And here I must observe, that had not mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publicly informed them that the *Register* is a ministerial pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the minds of the people a great opinion of their ministry, and thereby procure an employment for the Author, who has been often promised one, whenever he would write on that side. And first,

Can any thing be plainer than the first stanza of the ode?

This is a day,¹ in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before;
This is a day 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.

Plainly intimating that such times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present age are certainly obliged to their ministry.

What can be meant by the scene of politicians, but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate notions persons among us, who have not the honour to know 'em, have of the ministry and their measures, nay, I have put some sentiments into the mouths of these characters which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a conversation at an ale-house—I hope the *Gazetteer* will not find any resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a compliment to any m——, as to suppose that such persons have been ever capable of the assurance of aiming at being at the head of a great people, or to any nation, as to suspect 'em contentedly living under such an administration.

¹ For *day* in the first and third line, you may read *man* if you please.

The eagerness which these gentlemen express at applying all manner of evil characters to their patrons brings to my mind a story I have somewhere read: As two gentlemen were walking the street together, the one said to the other upon spying the figure of an ass hung out—Bob, Bob, look yonder, some impudent rascal has hung out your picture on a sign-post: the grave companion, who had the misfortune to be extremely short-sighted, fell into a violent rage, and calling for the master of the house, threatened to prosecute him for exposing his features in that public manner: the poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the fact; upon which the witty spark, who had just mentioned the resemblance, appeals to the mob now assembled together, who soon smoked the jest, and agreed with him that the sign was the exact picture of the gentleman: at last a good-natured man, taking compassion of the poor figure, whom he saw the jest of the multitude, whispered in his ear; Sir, I see your eyes are bad, and that your friend is a rascal, and imposes on you; the sign hung out is the sign of an ass, nor will your picture be here unless you draw it yourself.

But I ask pardon for troubling the reader with an impertinent story, which can be applied only in the above-mentioned instance to my present subject.

I proceed in my defence to the scene of the patriots; a scene which I thought would have made my fortune, seeing that the favourite scheme of turning patriotism into a jest is so industriously pursued, and I will challenge all the ministerial advocates to show me, in the whole bundle of their writings, one passage where false patriotism (for I suppose they have not the impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious light than in the aforesaid scene. I hope too it will be remarked, that the politicians are represented as a set of blundering blockheads rather deserving pity than abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a set of cunning, self-interested fellows, who for a little paltry bribe would give up the liberties and properties of their country. Here is the danger, here is the

rock on which our constitution must, if ever it does, split. The liberties of a people have been subdued by the conquest of valour and force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous arts of refined policy, but these are rare instances; for geniuses of this kind are not the growth of every age, whereas, if a general corruption be once introduced, and those who should be the guardians and bulwarks of our liberty, once find, or think they find, an interest in giving it up, no great capacity will be required to destroy it: on the contrary, the meanest, lowest, dirtiest fellow, if such a one should ever have the assurance in future ages to mimic power, and brow-beat his betters, will be as able, as Machiavel himself could have been, to root out the liberties of the bravest people.

But I am aware I shall be asked, Who is this Quidam, that turns the patriots into ridicule, and bribes them out of their honesty? Who but the devil could act such a part? Is not this the light wherein he is every where described in Scripture, and the writings of our best divines! Gold hath been always his favourite bait wherewith he fisheth for sinners; and his laughing at the poor wretches he seduceth is as diabolical an attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is meant by this Quidam, that he who maketh any wrong application thereof, might as well mistake the name of Thomas for John, or old Nick for old Bob.

I think I have said enough to assure every impartial person of my innocence, against all malicious insinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a ministerial writer, (an honour I am highly ambitious of attaining) I shall proceed now to obviate an opinion entertained by too many, that a certain person is sometimes the author, often the corrector of the press, and always the patron, of the Gazetteer. To show the folly of this supposition, I shall only insist, that all persons, though they should not afford him any extraordinary genius, nor any (the least) taste in polite literature, will grant me this datum, that the said certain person is a man of an ordinary capacity and a moderate share of common-sense: which if allowed, I think

it will follow that it is impossible he should either write or countenance a paper written, not only without the least glimmering of genius, the least pretension to taste, but in direct opposition to all common-sense whatever.

If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my politicians, I cannot tell, unless by the assistance of the old gentleman, just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronise, as I think, indeed, he is the only person who could invent some of the schemes avowed in that paper; which, if it does not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a paper in defence of the m——y against the wicked, malicious, and sly insinuations conveyed in the said paper.

You will excuse a digression so necessary to take off surmises which may prove so prejudicial to my fortune; which, however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your entertainment. The very great indulgence you have shown my performances at the little theatre, these two last years, has encouraged me to the proposal of a subscription for carrying on that theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better company of actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these proposals, I assure you no labour shall be spared on my side, to entertain you in a cheaper and better manner than seems to be the intention of any other. If nature hath given me any talents at ridiculing vice and imposture, I shall not be indolent, nor afraid of exerting them, while the liberty of the press and stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any liberty left among us. I am, to the public,

A most sincere Friend,

And devoted Servant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

MEDLEY	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
SOURWIT	<i>Mr. Lacey.</i>
LOED DAPPER	<i>Mr. Ward.</i>
GROUND-IVY	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
HEN, the Auctioneer	<i>Mrs. Charke.</i>
APOLLO'S BASTARD SON	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
PISTOL	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
QUIDAM	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
POLITICIANS	{ <i>Mr. Jones.</i> <i>Mr. Topping.</i> <i>Mr. Woodburn.</i> <i>Mr. Smith.</i> <i>Mr. Machen.</i>
PATRIOTS	{ <i>Mr. Topping.</i> <i>Mr. Machen.</i> <i>Mr. Pullen.</i> <i>Mr. Woodburn.</i>
BANTER	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
DANGLE	<i>Mr. Lowther.</i>

WOMEN

MRS. SCREEN	<i>Mrs. Haywood.</i>
MRS. BARTER	<i>Miss Kawer.</i>
LADIES	{ <i>Mrs. Charke.</i> <i>Mrs. Haywood.</i> <i>Mrs. Lacey.</i> <i>Miss Jones.</i>

Prompter, Actors, &c.

THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER
FOR THE YEAR 1736

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Play-house.*

Enter several PLAYERS.

1 PLAYER. Mr. Emphasis, good-morrow; you are early at the rehearsal this morning.

EMPHASIS. Why, faith, Jack, our beer and beef sat but ill on my stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1 PLAYER. I wish I had any thing in my stomach to walk off; if matters do not get better with us shortly, my teeth will forget their office.

2 PLAYER. These are poor times, indeed, not like the days of Pasquin.

1 PLAYER. Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious days indeed, the days of beef and punch; my friends, when come there such again?

2 PLAYER. Who knows what this new author may produce? Faith, I like my part very well.

1 PLAYER. Nay, if variety will please the town, I am sure there is enough of it; but I could wish, methinks, the satire had been a little stronger, a little plainer.

2 PLAYER. Now I think it is plain enough.

1 PLAYER. Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I would have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to succeed myself.

2 PLAYER. Ay; pry'thee, what subject wouldst thou write on?

1 PLAYER. Why no subject at all, sir; but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page, that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts, that lawyers are rogues, physicians blockheads, soldiers cowards, and ministers——

2 PLAYER. What, what, sir?

1 PLAYER. Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the audience a hooting.

2 PLAYER. Zounds, sir, here is wit enough for a whole play in one speech.

1 PLAYER. For one play! why, sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a dozen.

2 PLAYER. Who have we here?

1 PLAYER. Some gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear the rehearsal.

Enter SOURWIT and LORD DAPPER.

LORD DAPPER. Pray, gentlemen, don't you rehearse the Historical Register this morning?

1 PLAYER. Sir, we expect the author every minute.

SOURWIT. What is this Historical Register? is it a tragedy, or a comedy?

1 PLAYER. Upon my word, sir, I can't tell.

SOURWIT. Then I suppose you have no part in it?

1 PLAYER. Yes, sir, I have several; but——O, here is the author himself, I suppose he can tell, sir.

SOURWIT. Faith, sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter MEDLEY.

MEDLEY. My lord, your most obedient servant; this is a very great and unexpected favour indeed, my lord. Mr. Sourwit, I kiss your hands; I am very glad to see you here.

SOURWIT. That's more than you may be by and by, perhaps.

LORD DAPPER. We are come to attend your rehearsal, sir; pray, when will it begin?

MEDLEY. This very instant, my lord: gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the Prompter bring me some copies for these gentlemen.

SOURWIT. Mr. Medley, you know I am a plain speaker, so you will excuse any liberties I take.

MEDLEY. Dear sir, you can't oblige me more.

SOURWIT. Then, I must tell you, sir, I am a little staggered at the name of your piece; doubtless, sir, you know the rules of writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the actions of a whole year into the circumference of four and twenty hours.

MEDLEY. Sir, I have several answers to make to your objection; in the first place, my piece is not of a nature confined to any rules, as being avowedly irregular, but if it was otherwise, I think I could quote you precedents of plays that neglect them; besides, sir, if I comprise the whole actions of the year in half an hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My Register is not to be filled like those of vulgar news-writers, with trash for want of news; and, therefore, if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter PROMPTER with books.

Oh, here are my books.

SOURWIT. In print, already, Mr. Medley?

MEDLEY. Yes, sir, it is the safest way, for if a man stays till he is damned, it is possible he never may get into print at all; the town is capricious, for which reason always print as fast as you write, that if they damn your play, they may not damn your copy too.

SOURWIT. Well, sir, and pray what is your design, your plot?

MEDLEY. Why, sir, I have several plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow.

SOURWIT. I hope, sir, they all conduce to the main design.

MEDLEY. Yes, sir, they do.

SOURWIT. Pray, sir, what is that?

MEDLEY. To divert the town and bring full houses.

SOURWIT. Pshaw! you misunderstand me, I mean what is your moral, your, your, your—

MEDLEY. Oh! sir, I comprehend you—Why, sir, my design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish customs of the age, and that in a fair manner, without fear, favour, or ill-nature, and without scurrility, ill-manners, or common-place; I hope to expose the reigning follies in such a manner, that men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touched.

SOURWIT. But what thread or connection can you have in this history? For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

MEDLEY. O very easily—When my politics come to a farce, they very naturally lead me to the play-house, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in Christendom.

Enter a PLAYER.

PLAYER. Won't you begin your rehearsal, sir?

MEDLEY. Ay, ay, with all my heart; is the music ready for the prologue?

SOURWIT. Music for the prologue!

MEDLEY. Ay, sir, I intend to have every thing new. ~~I~~ had rather be the author of my own dulness, than the publisher of other men's wit; and really, Mr. Sourwit, the subjects for prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general method has been either to frighten the audience with the author's reputation, or to flatter them to give their applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every play alike: now, sir, my prologue will serve for no play but my own, and to that I think nothing

can be better adapted; for as mine is the history of the year, what can be a properer prologue than an Ode to the New Year?

SOURWIT. An Ode to the New Year?

MEDLEY. Yes, sir, an Ode to the New Year——Come, begin, begin.

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMPTER. Sir, the prologue is ready.

SOURWIT. Dear Medley, let me hear you read it; possibly it may be sung so fine, I may not understand a word of it.

MEDLEY. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

This is a day, in days of yore,
 Our fathers never saw before:
 This is a day, 'tis one to ten,
 Our sons will never see again
 Then sing the day,
 And sing the song,
 And thus be merry
 All day long.

This is the day,
 And that's the night,
 When the sun shall be gay,
 And the moon shall be bright.
 The sun shall rise,
 All in the skies;
 The moon shall go,
 All down below.
 Then sing the day,
 And sing the song,
 And thus be merry
 All day long.

Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter Singers, who sing the Ode.

MEDLEY. There, sir; there's the very quintessence and cream of all the odes I have seen for several years last past.

SOURWIT. Ay, sir, I thought you would not be the publisher of another man's wit?

MEDLEY. No more I an't, sir; for the devil of any wit did I ever see in any of them.

SOURWIT. Oh! your most humble servant, sir.

MEDLEY. Yours, sir, yours; now for my play. Prompter, are the politicians all ready at the table?

PROMPTER. I'll go and see, sir. [Exit.

MEDLEY. My first scene, Mr. Sourwit, lies in the island of Corsica, being at present the chief scene of politics of all Europe.

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMPTER. Sir, they are ready.

MEDLEY. Then draw the scene, and discover them.

Scene draws and discovers five POLITICIANS sitting at a table.

SOURWIT. Here's a mistake in the print, Mr. Medley. I observe the second politician is the first person who speaks.

MEDLEY. Sir, my first and greatest politician never speaks at all, he is a very deep man, by which you will observe, I convey this moral, that the chief art of a politician is to keep a secret.

SOURWIT. To keep his politics a secret I suppose you mean.

MEDLEY. Come, sir, begin.

2 POLITICIAN. Is King Theodore returned yet?

3 POLITICIAN. No.

2 POLITICIAN. When will he return?

3 POLITICIAN. I cannot tell.

SOURWIT. This politician seems to me to know very little of the matter.

MEDLEY. Zounds, sir, would you have him a prophet as well as a politician? You see, sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know; 'sblood, sir, would it be in the character of a politician to make him a conjurer? Go on, gentlemen: pray, sir, don't interrupt their debates, for they are of great consequence.

2 POLITICIAN. These mighty preparations of the Turks are certainly designed against some place or other; now, the question is what place they are designed against? And that is a question which I cannot answer.

3 POLITICIAN. But it behoves us to be upon our guard.

4 POLITICIAN. It does, and the reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2 POLITICIAN. You say right, it is easy for a man to guard against dangers which he knows of; but to guard against dangers which nobody knows of requires a very great politician.

MEDLEY. Now, sir, I suppose you think that nobody knows any thing.

SOURWIT. Faith, sir, it appears so.

MEDLEY. Ay, sir, but there is one who knows, that little gentleman, yonder in the chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

SOURWIT. But how do you intend to convey this knowledge to the audience?

MEDLEY. Sir, they can read it in his looks; 'sblood, sir, must not a politician be thought a wise man without his giving instances of his wisdom?

5 POLITICIAN. Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay.

MEDLEY. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the money; you're pretty politicians truly.

5 POLITICIAN. Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay.

2 POLITICIAN. All we have to consider relating to money is how we shall get it.

3 POLITICIAN. I think we ought first to consider whether there is any to be got, which, if there be, I do readily agree that the next question is how to come at it.

OMNES. Hum.

SOURWIT. Pray, sir, what are these gentlemen in Corsica?

MEDLEY. Why, sir, they are the ablest heads in the kingdom, and consequently the greatest men; for you may be sure all well-regulated governments, as I represent this of Corsica to be, will employ in their greatest posts men of the greatest capacity.

2 POLITICIAN. I have considered the matter, and I find it must be by a tax.

3 POLITICIAN. I thought of that, and was considering what was not taxed already.

2 POLITICIAN. Learning; suppose we put a tax upon learning.

3 POLITICIAN. Learning, it is true, is a useless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance; for learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

OMNES Ay, ay, ay.

[*Exeunt* Politicians.]

SOURWIT. Faith, it's very generous in these gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

MEDLEY. Ay, and very wise too, to prevent the people's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

SOURWIT. But what is become of the politicians?

MEDLEY. They are gone, sir, they're gone; they have finished the business they met about, which was to agree on a tax; that being done—they are gone to raise it; and this, sir, is the full account of the whole history of Europe, as far as we know of it, comprised in one scene.

SOURWIT. The devil it is! Why, you have not mentioned one word of France, or Spain, or the Emperor.

MEDLEY. No, sir, I turn those over to the next year, by which time we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our advices are so very uncertain, I know

not what to depend on; but come, sir, now you shall have a council of ladies.

SOURWIT. Does this scene lie in Corsica too?

MEDLEY. No, no, this lies in London—You know, sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought English politicians (of the male kind I mean) on the stage, because our politics are not quite so famous: but in female politicians, to the honour of my country-women I say it, I believe no country can excel us; come, draw the scene and discover the ladies.

PROMPTER. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above stairs with a dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

MEDLEY. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. *[Exit.]*

SOURWIT. Well, my lord, what does your lordship think of what you have seen?

LORD DAPPER. Faith, sir, I did not observe it; but it's damned stuff, I am sure.

SOURWIT. I think so, and I hope your lordship will not encourage it. They are such men as your lordship, who must reform the age; if persons of your exquisite and refined taste will give a sanction to politer entertainments, the town will soon be ashamed at what they do now.

LORD DAPPER. Really this is a very bad house.

SOURWIT. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

LORD DAPPER. Pox of hearing, one can't see—one's self I mean; here are no looking-glasses. I love Lincoln's Inn Fields for that reason better than any house in town.

SOURWIT. Very true, my lord; but I wish your lordship would think it worth your consideration, as the morals of a people depend, as has been so often and well proved, entirely on their public diversions, it would be of great consequence that those of the sublimest kind should meet with your lordship's and the rest of the nobility's countenance.

LORD DAPPER. Mr. Sourwit, I am always ready to give my countenance to any thing of that kind, which might bring the best company together; for as one does not go to

see the play but the company, I think that's chiefly to be considered: and therefore I am always ready to countenance good plays.

SOURWIT. No one is a better judge what is so than your lordship.

LORD DAPPER. Not I, indeed, Mr. Sourwit—but as I am one half of the play in the Green-room talking to the actresses, and the other half in the boxes talking to the women of quality, I have an opportunity of seeing something of the play, and perhaps may be as good a judge as another.

Enter MEDLEY.

MEDLEY. My lord, the ladies cannot begin yet, if your lordship will honour me in the Green-room, there you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold stage.

LORD DAPPER. With all my heart—Come, Mr. Sourwit.

SOURWIT. I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

PROMPTER. Thou art a sweet judge of plays, indeed! and yet it is in the power of such sparks as these to damn an honest fellow, both in his profit and reputation! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, LORD DAPPER, SOURWIT, and PROMPTER.

MEDLEY. Come, draw the scene, and discover the ladies in council; pray, my lord, sit.

The scene draws and discovers four Ladies.

SOURWIT. What are these ladies assembled about?

MEDLEY. Affairs of great importance, as you will see—
Please to begin, all of you. [*The Ladies all speak together.*]

ALL LADIES. Was you at the opera, madam, last night?

2 LADY. Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3 LADY. Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4 LADY. He's every thing in the world one could wish.

1 LADY. Almost every thing one could wish.

2 LADY. They say there's a lady in the city has a child by him.

ALL LADIES. Ha, ha, ha!

1 LADY. Well, it must be charming to have a child by him.

3 LADY. Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other day with three.

ALL LADIES. All Farinello's?

3 LADY. All Farinello's, all in wax.

1 LADY. O Gemini! Who makes them? I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2 LADY. I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me.

SOURWIT. Mr. Medley, sir, is this history? this must be invention.

MEDLEY. Upon my word, sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happened in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, sir, let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

ALL LADIES. Don't interrupt us, dear sir.

1 LADY. What mighty pretty company they must be.

2 LADY. Oh, the prettiest company in the world.

3 LADY. If one could but teach them to sing like their father.

4 LADY. I am afraid my husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I should be fond of any thing but himself.

ALL LADIES. O the unreasonable creature!

1 LADY. If my husband was to make any objection to

my having 'em, I'd run away from him, and take the dear babies with me.

MEDLEY. Come, enter beau Dangle.

Enter DANGLE.

DANGLE. Fie upon it, Ladies, what are you doing here? Why are not you at the auction? Mr. Hen has been in the pulpit this half hour.

1 LADY. Oh, dear Mr. Hen, I ask his pardon, I never miss him.

2 LADY. What's to be sold to-day?

1 LADY. Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the world there.

DANGLE. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

ALL LADIES. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

DANGLE. Then you must not lose a moment.

ALL LADIES. O! not a moment for the world.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

MEDLEY. There, they are gone.

SOURWIT. I am glad on't with all my heart.

LORD DAPPER. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, that last is an exceeding good scene, and full of a great deal of politeness, good sense, and philosophy.

MEDLEY. It's nature, my lord, it's nature.

SOURWIT. Faith, sir, the ladies are much obliged to you.

MEDLEY. Faith, sir, it's more than I desire such ladies, as I represent here, should be; as for the nobler part of the sex, for whom I have the greatest honour, their characters can be no better set off, than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed crew, who are a scandal to their own sex, and a curse on ours.

PROMPTER. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the curtain must be let down, to prepare the auction-room.

MEDLEY. My lord, I believe you will be best before the curtain, for we have but little room behind, and a great deal to do.

SOURWIT. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, I must ask you the same question which one of your ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this auction, the whole stock in trade of some milliner or mercer who has left off business?

MEDLEY. Sir, I intend to sell such things as were never sold in any auction before, nor ever will again: I can assure you, Mr. Sourwit, this scene, which I look on as the best in the whole performance, will require a very deep attention; sir, if you should take one pinch of snuff during the whole scene, you will lose a joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape observation from a moderate understanding, unless very closely attended to.

SOURWIT. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb gentleman's politics did in the first act; if so, nothing but an inspired understanding can come at 'em.

MEDLEY. Sir, this scene is writ in allegory; and though I have endeavoured to make it as plain as possible, yet all allegory will require a strict attention to be understood, sir.

PROMPTER. Sir, every thing is ready.

MEDLEY. Then draw up the curtain—Come, enter Mrs. Screen and Mrs. Barter.

THE AUCTION.

SCENE.—*An Auction Room, a Pulpit and Forms placed, and several people walking about, some seated near the Pulpit.*

Enter MRS. SCREEN and MRS. BARTER.

MRS. SCREEN. Dear Mrs. Barter!

MRS. BARTER. Dear madam, you are early to-day?

MRS. SCREEN. Oh, if one does not get near the pulpit, one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day. I believe I shall buy the whole auction, at least if things go cheap; you won't bid against me?

MRS. BARTER. You know I never bid for any thing.

Enter BANTER and DANGLE.

BANTER. That's true, Mrs. Barter, I'll be your evidence.

MRS. SCREEN. Are you come? now I suppose we shall have fine bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a shop.

BANTER. That's unkind, Mrs. Screen, you know I never bid against you: it would be cruel to bid against a lady who frequents auctions only with a design one day or other to make one great auction of her own. No, no, I will not prevent the filling your warehouse; I assure you, I bid against no haberdashers of all wares.

MRS. BARTER. You are a mighty civil person, truly.

BANTER. You need not take up the cudgels, madam, who are of no more consequence at an auction than a mayor at a sessions; you only come here, where you have nothing to do, to show people you have nothing to do any where else.

MRS. BARTER. I don't come to say rude things to all the world as you do.

BANTER. No, the world may thank Heaven, that did not give you wit enough to do that.

MRS. SCREEN. Let him alone, he will have his jest.

MRS. BARTER. You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, sir, of what great use is your friend Mr. Dangle here?

BANTER. Oh, he is of very great use to all women of understanding.

DANGLE. Ay, of what use am I, pray?

BANTER. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

MRS. SCREEN. I hope, Mr. Banter, you will not banish all people from places where they are of no consequence; you will allow 'em to go to an assembly, or a masquerade, without either playing, dancing, or intriguing; you will let people go to an opera without any ear, to a play without any taste, and to a church without any religion?



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Enter MR. HEN, Auctioneer (bowing).

MRS. SCREEN. Oh! dear Mr. Hen, I am glad you are come, you are horrible late to-day.

HEN. Madam, I am just mounting the pulpit; I hope you like the catalogue, ladies?

MRS. SCREEN. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your hammer.

BANTER. Boy, give me a catalogue?

HEN. [*In the pulpit.*] I dare swear, gentlemen and ladies, this auction will give general satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the world to produce some of the curiosities which this choice cabinet contains: A catalogue of curiosities, which were collected by the indefatigable pains of that celebrated virtuoso, Peter Humdrum, Esq., which will be sold by auction by Christopher Hen, on Monday, the 21st day of March, beginning at Lot 1. Gentlemen and ladies, this is Lot 1. A most curious remnant of Political Honesty. Who puts it up, gentlemen? It will make you a very good cloak, you see it's both sides alike, so you may turn it as often as you will—Come, five pounds for this curious remnant: I assure you several great men have made their birthday suits out of the same piece—It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing—Five pounds is bid—nobody more than five pounds for this curious piece of Political Honesty, five pounds, no more—[*knocks*] Lord Both-Sides. Lot 2. A most delicate piece of Patriotism, gentlemen. Who bids? ten pounds for this piece of Patriotism?

1 COURTIER. I would not wear it for a thousand pounds.

HEN. Sir, I assure you, several gentlemen at court have worn the same; it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

1 COURTIER. Sir, it is prohibited goods, I sha'n't run the risk of being brought into Westminster Hall for wearing it.

HEN. You take it for the Old Patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but alas! sir, there is a great difference in the stuff—But, sir, I don't propose this for a town-suit, this is only proper for the country; consider, gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election—Come, five pounds—One guinea—put Patriotism by.

BANTER. Ay, put it by, one day or other it may be in fashion.

HEN. Lot 3. Three grains of Modesty: Come, ladies, consider how scarce this valuable commodity is.

MRS. SCREEN. Yes, and out of fashion too, Mr. Hen.

HEN. I ask your pardon, madam, it is true French, I assure you, and never changes colour on any account—Half a crown for all this Modesty—Is there not one lady in the room who wants any Modesty?

1 LADY. Pray, sir, what is it? for I can't see it at this distance.

HEN. It cannot be seen at any distance, madam, but it is a beautiful powder which makes a fine wash for the complexion.

MRS. SCREEN. I thought you said it was true French, and would not change the colour of the skin?

HEN. No, it will not, madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a fan with, or to wear under a lady's mask at a masquerade—What, nobody bid—Well, lay Modesty aside.—Lot 4. One bottle of Courage formerly in the possession of Lieutenant-Colonel Ezekiel Pipkin, citizen, alderman and tallow-chandler—What, is there no officer of the trained-bands here? Or it will serve an officer of the army as well in time of peace, nay, even in war, gentlemen; it will serve all of you who sell out.

1 OFFICER. Is the bottle whole? is there no crack in it?

HEN. None, sir, I assure you; though it has been in many engagements in Tothill Fields; nay, it has served a campaign or two in Hyde Park, since the alderman's death—it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

1 OFFICER. Damn me, I don't want it; but a man can't have too much Courage—Three shillings for it.

HEN. Three shillings are bid for this bottle of Courage.

1 BEAU. Four.

BANTER. What do you bid for Courage for?

1 BEAU. Not for myself, but I have a commission to buy it for a lady.

1 OFFICER. Five.

HEN. Five shillings, five shillings for all this Courage; nobody more than five shillings? [*knocks*] your name, sir?

1 OFFICER. Mackdonald O'Thunder.

HEN. Lot 5, and Lot 6. All the Wit lately belonging to Mr. Hugh Pantomime, composer of entertainments for the play-houses, and Mr. William Goosequil, composer of political papers in defence of a ministry; shall I put up these together?

BANTER. Ay, it is a pity to part them. Where are they?

HEN. Sir, in the next room, where any gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; there are near three hundred volumes in folio.

BANTER. Put them by, who the devil would bid for them unless he was the manager of some house or other? The town has paid enough for their works already.

HEN. Lot 7. A very clear Conscience, which has been worn by a judge and a bishop.

MRS. SCREEN. Is it as clean as if it was new?

HEN. Yes, no dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular quality; put as much as you will into it, it is never full; come, gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

BEAU. One shilling for it.

HEN. O fie, sir, I am sure you want it, for if you had any Conscience, you would put it up at more than that: come, fifty pound for this Conscience.

BANTER. I'll give fifty pound to get rid of my Conscience, with all my heart.

HEN. Well, gentlemen, I see you are resolved not to bid

for it, so I'll lay it by: come, Lot 8, a very considerable quantity of Interest at Court; come, a hundred pound for this Interest at Court.

OMNES. For me, Mr. Hen!

HEN. A hundred pound is bid in a hundred places, gentlemen.

BEAU. Two hundred pound.

HEN. Two hundred pound, two hundred and fifty, three hundred pound, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand; a thousand pound is bid, gentlemen; nobody more than a thousand pounds for this Interest at Court? nobody more than one thousand? [*knocks*] Mr. Littlewit.

BANTER. Damn me, I know a shop where I can buy it for less.

LORD DAPPER. Egad, you took me in, Mr. Medley, I could not help bidding for it.

MEDLEY. It's a sure sign it's nature, my lord, and I should not be surprised to see the whole audience stand up and bid for it too.

HEN. All the Cardinal Virtues, Lot 9. Come, gentlemen, put in these Cardinal Virtues.

GENTLEMEN. Eighteen pence.

HEN. Eighteen pence is bid for these Cardinal Virtues; nobody more than eighteen pence? Eighteen pence for all these Cardinal Virtues, nobody more? All these Virtues, gentlemen, are going for eighteen pence; perhaps there is not so much more Virtue in the world, as here is, and all going for eighteen pence: [*knocks*] your name, sir?

GENTLEMAN. Sir, there's a mistake; I thought you had said a Cardinal's Virtues; 'sblood, sir, I thought to have bought a pennyworth; here's Temperance and Chastity, and a pack of stuff that I would not give three farthings for.

HEN. Well, lay 'em by: Lot 10, and Lot 11, a great deal of Wit, and a little Common-sense.

BANTER. Why do you put up these together? they have no relation to each other.

HEN. Well, the Sense by itself then: Lot 10, a little

Common-sense—I assure you, gentlemen, this is a very valuable commodity; come, who puts it in?

MEDLEY. You observe, as valuable as it is, nobody bids. I take this, if I may speak in the style of a great writer, to be a most emphatical silence; you see, Mr. Sourwit, no one speaks against this lot, and the reason nobody bids for it, is because every one thinks he has it.

HEN. Lay it by, I'll keep it myself: Lot 12.

[*Drum beats.*]

SOURWIT. Heyday! What's to be done now, Mr. Medley?

MEDLEY. Now, sir, the sport begins.

Enter a GENTLEMAN laughing. [*Huzza within.*]

BANTER. What's the matter?

GENTLEMAN. There's a sight without would kill all mankind with laughing: Pistol is run mad, and thinks himself a great man, and he's marching through the streets with a drum and fiddles.

BANTER. Please heaven, I'll go and see this sight. [*Exit.*]

OMNES. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*]

HEN. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I should stay behind.

LORD DAPPER. Mr. Sourwit, we'll go too.

MEDLEY. If your lordship will have but a little patience till the scene be changed, you shall see him on the stage.

SOURWIT. Is not this jest a little over-acted?

MEDLEY. I warrant, we don't over-act him half so much as he does his parts; though 'tis not so much his acting capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

SOURWIT. His ministerial.

MEDLEY. Yes, sir; you may remember I told you before my rehearsal that there was a strict resemblance between the states political and theatrical; there is a ministry in the latter as well as the former; and I believe as weak a ministry as any poor kingdom could ever boast of; parts are given in the latter to actors, with much the same regard to capacity,

as places in the former have sometimes been, in former ages I mean; and though the public damn both, yet while they both receive their pay, they laugh at the public behind the scenes; and if one considers the plays that come from one part, and the writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same authors were retained in both. But come, change the scene into the street, and then enter Pistol *cum suis*—Hitherto, Mr. Sourwit, as we have had only to do with inferior characters, such as beaus and tailors, and so forth, we have dealt in the prosaic; now we are going to introduce a more considerable person, our muse will rise in her style: now, sir, for a taste of the sublime. Come, enter Pistol.

[*Drum beats, and Fiddles play.*]

Enter PISTOL *and* Mob.

PISTOL. Associates, brethren, countrymen, and friends,
 Partakers with us in this glorious enterprise,
 Which for our consort we have undertaken;
 It grieves us much, yes, by the gods it does!
 That we whose great ability and parts
 Have raised us to this pinnacle of power,
 Entitling us prime minister theatrical;
 That we should with an upstart of the stage
 Contend successful on our consort's side;
 But though by just hereditary right
 We claim a lawless power, yet for some reasons
 Which to ourself we keep as yet concealed;
 Thus to the public deign we to appeal:
 Behold how humbly the great Pistol kneels.
 Say then, Oh Town, is it your royal will
 That my great consort represent the part
 Of Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera? [Mob *hiss.*]

Thanks to the town, that hiss speaks their assent;
 Such was the hiss that spoke the great applause
 Our mighty father met with, when he brought
 His riddle on the stage; such was the hiss
 Welcomed his Cæsar to th' Egyptian shore;

Such was the hiss in which great John should have expired :
 But, wherefore do I try in vain to number
 Those glorious hisses, which from age to age
 Our family has borne triumphant from the stage?

MEDLEY. Get thee gone for the prettiest hero that ever
 was shown on any stage. *[Exit Pistol.*

SOURWIT. Short and sweet, faith; what, are we to have
 no more of him?

MEDLEY. Ay, ay, sir: he's only gone to take a little
 breath.

LORD DAPPER. If you please, sir, in the mean time, we'll
 go take a little fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the stage.

MEDLEY. I wait upon your lordship: stop the rehearsal a
 few moments, we'll be back again instantly. *[Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, SOURWIT, and LORD DAPPER.

MEDLEY. Now, my lord, for my modern Appollo: come,
 make all things ready, and draw the scene as soon as you
 can.

SOURWIT. Modern, why modern? You common-place
 satirists are always endeavouring to persuade us that the age
 we live in is worse than any other has been, whereas man-
 kind have differed very little since the world began; for one
 age has been as bad as another.

MEDLEY. Mr. Sourwit, I do not deny that men have been
 always bad enough; vice and folly are not the invention of
 our age; but I will maintain, that what I intend to ridicule
 in the following scene is the whole and sole production and
 invention of some people now living; and faith, let me tell
 you, though perhaps the public may not be the better for it,
 it is an invention exceeding all the discoveries of every

philosopher or mathematician from the beginning of the world to this day.

SOURWIT. Ay, pray, what is it?

MEDLEY. Why, sir, it is a discovery, lately found out, that a man of great parts, learning, and virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an estate renders a man unfit to be trusted; that being a blockhead is a qualification for business; that honesty is the only sort of folly for which a man ought to be utterly neglected and contemned. And—But here is the inventor himself.

Scene draws, and discovers APOLLO in a great chair, surrounded by Attendants.

Come, bring him forward, that the audience may see and hear him: you must know, sir, this is a bastard of Apollo, begotten on that beautiful nymph Moria, who sold oranges to Thespis's company, or rather cartload, of comedians: and, being a great favourite of his father's, the old gentleman settled upon him the entire direction of all our play-houses and poetical performances whatever.

APOLLO. Prompter.

PROMPTER. Sir.

APOLLO. Is there any thing to be done?

PROMPTER. Yes, sir, this play to be cast.

APOLLO. Give it me. The life and death of King John, written by Shakespeare: who can act the king?

PROMPTER. Pistol, sir, he loves to act it behind the scenes.

APOLLO. Here are a parcel of English lords.

PROMPTER. Their parts are but of little consequence; I will take care to cast them.

APOLLO. Do; but be sure you give them to actors who will mind their cues—Faulconbridge—What sort of a character is he?

PROMPTER. Sir, he is a warrior, my cousin here will do him very well.

1 PLAYER. I do a warrior! I never learnt to fence.

APOLLO. No matter, you will have no occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

1 PLAYER. Boh!

APOLLO. I would not desire a better warrior in the house than yourself.—Robert Faulconbridge—What is this Robert?

PROMPTER. Really, sir, I don't well know what he is, his chief desire seems to be for land, I think; he is no very considerable character, anybody may do him well enough; or if you leave him quite out, the play will be little the worse for it.

APOLLO. Well, I'll leave it to you—Peter of Pomfret, a prophet—have you anybody that looks like a prophet?

PROMPTER. I have one that looks like a fool.

APOLLO. He'll do—Philip of France?

PROMPTER. I have cast all the French parts except the ambassador.

APOLLO. Who shall do it? His part is but short; have you never a good genteel figure, and one that can dance? For, as the English are the politest people in Europe, it will be mighty proper that the ambassador should be able at his arrival to entertain them with a jig or two.

PROMPTER. Truly, sir, here are abundance of dancing-masters in the house, who do little or nothing for their money.

APOLLO. Give it to one of them: see that he has a little drollery though in him; for Shakespeare seems to have intended him as a ridiculous character, and only to make the audience laugh.

SOURWIT. What's that, sir? Do you affirm that Shakespeare intended the ambassador Chatilion a ridiculous character?

MEDLEY. No, sir, I don't.

SOURWIT. Oh, sir, your humble servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

MEDLEY. Yes, sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

SOURWIT. But, sir, you should not put a wrong sentiment into the mouth of the god of wit.

MEDLEY. I tell you he is the god only of modern wit, and he has a very just right to be god of most of the modern wits that I know; of some who are liked for their wit; of some who are preferred for their wit; of some who live by their wit; of those ingenious gentlemen who damn plays, and those who write them too, perhaps. Here comes one of his votaries; come, enter, enter—Enter Mr. Ground-Ivy.

Enter GROUND-IVY.

GROUND-IVY. What are you doing here?

APOLLO. I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John.

GROUND-IVY. Then you are casting the parts in a tragedy that won't do.

APOLLO. How, sir? Was it not written by Shakespeare, and was not Shakespeare one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived?

GROUND-IVY. No, sir. Shakespeare was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; King John, as now writ, will not do—But a word in your ear, I will make him do.

APOLLO. How?

GROUND-IVY. By alteration, sir: it was a maxim of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, though ever so good, would do without alteration—For instance, in the play before us, the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would cut him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak to them—Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions.

PROMPTER. I am only afraid as Shakespeare is so popular an author, and you, asking your pardon, so unpopular—

GROUND-IVY. Damn me, I'll write to the town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner that an army of Cossacks shall be melted: I'll tell them that

no actors are equal to me, and no authors ever were superior: and how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner?

PROMPTER. Nay, faith, I can't tell.

GROUND-IVY. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damned as well as myself; and after that, what do you think of your popularity? I can tell you, Mr. Prompter, I have seen things carried in the house against the voice of the people before to-day.

APOLLO. Let them hiss, let them hiss, and grumble as much as they please, as long as we get their money.

MEDLEY. There, sir, is the sentiment of a great man, and worthy to come from the great Apollo himself.

SOURWIT. He's worthy his sire, indeed, to think of this gentleman for altering Shakespeare.

MEDLEY. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

SOURWIT. Indeed!

MEDLEY. Ay, sir, for as Shakespeare is already good enough for people of taste, he must be altered to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse? But if you are so zealous in old Shakespeare's cause, perhaps you may find by and by all this come to nothing—Now for Pistol.

PISTOL enters, and overturns his Father.

GROUND-IVY. Pox on 't, the boy treads close on my heels in a literal sense.

PISTOL. Your pardon, sir, why will you not obey Your son's advice and give him still his way? For you, and all who will oppose his force, Must be o'erthrown in this triumphant course.

SOURWIT. I hope, sir, your Pistol is not intended to burlesque Shakespeare.

MEDLEY. No, sir, I have too great an honour for Shakes-

peare to think of burlesquing him, and to be sure of not burlesquing him, I will never attempt to alter him for fear of burlesquing him by accident, as perhaps some others have done.

LORD DAPPER. Pistol is the young captain.

MEDLEY. My lord, Pistol is every insignificant fellow in town, who fancies himself of great consequence, and is of none; he is my Lord Pistol, Captain Pistol, Counsellor Pistol, Alderman Pistol, Beau Pistol, and——and——Odso! what was I going to say? Come, go on.

APOLLO. Prompter, take care that all things well go on. We will retire, my friend, and read King John. [*Exeunt.*]

SOURWIT. To what purpose, sir, was Mr. Pistol introduced?

MEDLEY. To no purpose at all, sir; it's all in character, sir, and plainly shows of what mighty consequence he is—And there ends my article from the theatre.

SOURWIT. Heyday! What's become of your two Pollys?

MEDLEY. Damned, sir, damned; they were damned at my first rehearsal, for which reason I have cut them out; and to tell you the truth, I think the town has honoured 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole month; though, faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my patriots—You will observe, Mr. Sourwit, that I place my politicians and my patriots at opposite ends of my piece, which I do, sir, to show the wide difference between them; I begin with my politicians, to signify that they will always have the preference in the world of patriots, and I end with patriots to leave a good relish in the mouths of my audience.

SOURWIT. Ay; by your dance of patriots, one would think you intend to turn patriotism into a jest.

MEDLEY. So I do—But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a dance of patriots? which plainly intimates, that when patriotism is turned into a jest, there is an end of the whole play: come, enter four patriots—You observe I have not so many patriots as politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

SOURWIT. Where does the scene lie now, sir?

MEDLEY. In Corsica, sir, all in Corsica.

Enter four PATRIOTS from different doors, who meet in the centre and shake hands.

SOURWIT. These patriots seem to equal your greatest politicians in their silence.

MEDLEY. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their heads; they will speak by and by—as soon as they are a little heated with wine: you cannot, however, expect any great speaking in this scene, for though I do not make my patriots politicians, I don't make them fools.

SOURWIT. But, methinks, your patriots are a set of shabby fellows.

MEDLEY. They are the cheaper dressed; besides, no man can be too low for a patriot, though perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1 PATRIOT. Prosperity to Corsica.

2 PATRIOT. Liberty and property.

3 PATRIOT. Success to trade.

4 PATRIOT. Ay, to trade—to trade—particularly to my shop.

SOURWIT. Why do you suffer that actor to stand laughing behind the scenes, and interrupt your rehearsal?

MEDLEY. O, sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his sleeve at the patriots; he's a very considerable character—and has much to do by and by.

SOURWIT. Methinks the audience should know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

MEDLEY. If they should, he is a pure impudent fellow, and can stand the hisses of them all; I chose him particularly for the part—Go on, Patriots.

1 PATRIOT. Gentlemen, I think this our island of Corsica is in an ill state: I do not say we are actually in war, for that we are not; but however we are threatened with it daily, and why may not the apprehension of a war, like

other evils, be worse than the evil itself? for my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, that let what will happen I will drink a health to peace.

MEDLEY. This gentleman is the noisy patriot, who drinks and roars for his country, and never does either good or harm in it—The next is the cautious patriot.

2 PATRIOT. Sir, give me your hand; there's truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my soul, but remember, it is all under the rose.

3 PATRIOT. Lookye, gentlemen, my shop is my country. I always measure the prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My country is either richer or poorer, in my opinion, as my trade rises or falls; therefore, sir, I cannot agree with you that a war would be disserviceable: on the contrary, I think it the only way to make my country flourish; for as I am a sword-cutler, it would make my shop flourish, so here's to war.

MEDLEY. This is the self-interested patriot; and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the indolent patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent man in company fall asleep at the beginning of a fray, and never wake till the end on't.

4 PATRIOT. [*Waking.*] Here's to peace or war, I do not care which.

SOURWIT. So this gentleman being neutral, peace has it two to one.

MEDLEY. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both parties: but go on.

1 PATRIOT. Can any one, who is a friend to Corsica, wish for war in our present circumstances?—I desire to ask you all one question, are we not a set of miserable poor dogs?

OMNES. Ay, ay.

3 PATRIOT. That we are sure enough, that nobody will deny.

Enter QUIDAM.

QUIDAM. Yes, sir, I deny it. [*All start.*] Nay, gentlemen, let me not disturb you, I beg you will all sit down.

I am come to drink a glass with you—Can Corsica be poor while there is this in it? [*Lays a purse on the table.*] Nay, be not afraid of it, gentlemen, it is honest gold I assure you; you are a set of poor dogs, you agree; I say you are not, for this is all yours, there [*Pours it on the table*], take it among you.

1 PATRIOT. And what are we to do for it?

QUIDAM. Only say you are rich, that's all.

OMNES. Oh, if that be all!

[*They snatch up the money.*]

QUIDAM. Well, sir, what is your opinion now? tell me freely.

1 PATRIOT. I will; a man may be in the wrong through ignorance, but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience—I own I thought we were poor, but, sir, you have convinced me that we are rich.

OMNES. We are all convinced.

QUIDAM. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths; and, since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

OMNES. Agreed.

1 PATRIOT. Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. [*Dance here; Quidam dances out, and they all dance after him.*]

MEDLEY. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance which you don't take.

SOURWIT. Ay, what, pr'ythee?

MEDLEY. Sir, every one of these patriots have a hole in their pockets, as Mr. Quidam the fiddler there knows; so that he intends to make them dance till all the money is fallen through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one halfpenny by his generosity; so far from it, that he will get his wine for nothing, and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets, pay the whole reckoning. This, sir, I think is a very pretty Pantomime trick, and an ingenious burlesque on all the fourberies which the great Lun has exhibited in all his entertainments: And so ends my

play, my farce, or what you please to call it. May I hope it has your lordship's approbation?

LORD DAPPER. Very pretty, indeed; indeed 'tis very pretty.

MEDLEY. Then, my lord, I hope I shall have your encouragement; for things in this town do not always succeed according to their merit; there is a vogue, my lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting obligation on me: and you, Mr. Sourwit, I hope, will serve me among the critics, that I may have no elaborate treatise writ to prove that a farce of three acts is not a regular play of five. Lastly, to you, Gentlemen, whom I have not the honour to know, who have pleased to grace my rehearsal; and you, Ladies, whether you be Shakespeare's ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's ladies, I hope you will make allowances for a rehearsal,

And kindly all report us to the town;
No borrowed nor stolen goods we've shown.
If witty, or if dull, our play's our own.

EURYDICE

A FARCE

AS IT WAS D—MNED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PLUTO		EURYDICE.
ORPHEUS.		CHARON.
PROSEPLINE.		GHOSTS, &C.

EURYDICE

[*The music bell rings.*]

Enter the AUTHOR in a hurry. A CRITIC following.

AUTHOR. Hold, hold, Mr. Chetwood; don't ring for the overture yet, the devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven foot.

CRITIC. Well, sir, how do you find yourself? In what state are your spirits?

AUTHOR. Oh! never better. If the audience are but in half so good a humour, I warrant for the success of my farce.

CRITIC. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a story as that of Orpheus and Eurydice, I fear some part of the audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been advisable to have writ a sheet or two by a friend, addressed to the spectators of Eurydice, and let them a little into the matter?

AUTHOR. No, no; any man may know as much of the story as myself, only by looking at the end of Littleton's dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, sir, the story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that Orpheus went down to the shades after his wife who was dead, and so enchanted Proserpine with his music, that she consented he should carry her back, with a proviso he never turned to look on her in his way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her?—Dear sir, every schoolboy knows it.

CRITIC. But for the instruction of those beaux who never were at school.

AUTHOR. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the critics, I don't fear the beaux.

CRITIC. Why, sir, half the beaux are critics.

AUTHOR. Ay! s'gad, I should as soon have suspected half the Dutchmen to be dancing-masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first scene, I believe.

CRITIC. Why that?

AUTHOR. Why, it is the scene between the ghosts of two beaux. And if the substance of a beau be such an unsubstantial thing as we see it, what must the shadow of that substance be?

CRITIC. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous.

AUTHOR. Ay, I think so. I think we do come up to the ridiculous in our farce, and that is what a farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for, as your beaux set up for critics, so these critics on farces may set up for beaux. But come, I believe by this, the devil and the ghosts are ready, so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the scenes, I shall be glad of your opinion of my piece.

(They sit: the Overture is played.)

CRITIC. Pray, sir, who are these two gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the stage? Are they the two ghosts you mention?

AUTHOR. Yes, sir, they are. Mr. Spindle and Captain Weazel, the one belongs to the court, the other to the army; and they are the representatives of their several bodies. You must know, farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed: but hush, they are gone on.

Enter CAPTAIN WEAZEL, MR. SPINDLE.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Mr. Spindle, your very humble servant. You are welcome, sir, on this side the river Styx. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

MR. SPINDLE. Captain Weazel, I thank you. I hope you are well.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. As well as a dead man can be, my dear.

MR. SPINDLE. And faith! that's better than any living man can be, at least, any living beau. Dead men (they say) feel no pain; and I am sure we beaux, while alive, feel little else; but however, at last, thanks to a little fever and a great doctor, I have shaken off a bad constitution; and now I intend to take one dear swing of raking, drinking, whoring, and playing the devil, as I have done in the other world.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. I suppose then you think this world exactly like that you have left?

MR. SPINDLE. Why, you have whores here, have you not?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Oh, in abundance.

MR. SPINDLE. Give me a buss for that, my dear. And some of our acquaintance, fine ladies, are there not?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Ay, scarce any other.

MR. SPINDLE. Thou dear dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy life, thy death I should say, among 'em?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Faith! Jack, even as I led my life between cards, dice, music, taverns, wenches, masquerades.

MR. SPINDLE. Masquerades! Have you those too?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Those! Ay, they were borrowed hence.

MR. SPINDLE. What a delicious place this hell is!

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Sir, it is the only place a fine gentleman ought to be in.

MR. SPINDLE. How it was misrepresented to us in the other world!

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Pshaw! that hell did not belong to our religion; for you and I, Jack, you know, and most of our acquaintance, were always heathens.

MR. SPINDLE. Well, but what sort of a fellow is the old gentleman, the devil, hey?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Is he? Why, a very pretty sort of a gentleman, a very fine gentleman; but, my dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The moment I saw

him here I remembered to have seen him shuffle cards at White's and George's; to have met him often on the Exchange, and in the Alley, and never missed him in or about Westminster Hall. I will introduce you to him.

MR. SPINDLE. Ay, do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor rogue, a sort of people he abominates so, that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the law.

MR. SPINDLE. Won't he find me out?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. If he does, nothing pleases him so much as lying: for which reason he is so fond of no sort of people as the lawyers.

MR. SPINDLE. Methinks, he might, for the same reason, be fond of us courtiers too.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Sir, we have no cause to complain of our reception.

MR. SPINDLE. But have you no news here, Jack?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Yes, truly, we have some, and pretty remarkable news too. Here is a man come hither after his wife.

MR. SPINDLE. What, to desire the devil to take great care of her, that she may not come back again?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his request.

MR. SPINDLE. Ay; he must be a hard-hearted devil indeed, to deny a man such a request as that.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Did you never hear of him in the other world? he is a very fine singer, and his name is Orpheus.

MR. SPINDLE. Oh, ay! he's an Italian. Signior Orpheo—I have heard him sing in the opera in Italy. I suppose when he goes back again they will have him in England. But who have we here?

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. This is the woman I spoke of, Madam Eurydice.

MR. SPINDLE. Faith! she is handsome; and if she had been anybody's wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

AUTHOR. That sentiment completes the character of my courtier, who is so complaisant, that he sins only to comply with the mode; and goes to the devil, not out of any inclination, but because it is the fashion. Now for Madam Eurydice, who is the fine lady of my play: and a fine lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter EURYDICE.

EURYDICE. Captain Weazel, your very humble servant.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Your servant, Lady Fair. A gentleman of my acquaintance desires the honour of kissing your hands.

EURYDICE. Any gentleman of your acquaintance! From England, I presume?

MR. SPINDLE. Just arrived thence, madam.

EURYDICE. You have not been at court, yet, sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty welcome from his majesty. He has a particular kindness for people of your nation.

MR. SPINDLE. I hope, madam, we shall always deserve it.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. But I hope the news is not true that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice?

EURYDICE. How can you doubt it, when my husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a husband who came hither for me?

MR. SPINDLE. Faith! I don't know; but if a husband was to go back to the other world after his wife, I believe he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

EURYDICE. Oh but, sir, this place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different creatures after they have been here some time.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. And so you will go?

EURYDICE. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the law of the realm. In desiring to go I

discharge the duty of a wife. And if the devil won't let me, I can't help it.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. I am afraid of the power of his voice. I wish he be able to resist that charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his voice that charms you to go back again.

EURYDICE. Indeed, sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the merit of a man, like that of a nightingale, lies in his throat. It is true, he has a fine pipe, and if you will carry your friend to court this morning, he may hear him; but though it is possible my heart may have its weak sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my ears.

MR. SPINDLE. That's strange; for it is the only way to all the ladies' hearts in the other world.

EURYDICE. Ha, ha, ha! I find you beaus know just as much of a woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a lady expires at an opera she thinks of the signior that's singing? No, no, take my word for it, music puts softer and better things in her head.

AIR I. *Do not ask me, charming Phillis.*

When a woman lies expiring
 At fal, lal, lal, la, la!
 Do you think her, sir, desiring
 Nothing more than ha, ha, ha?
 [*Exit between the Beaus.*]

CRITIC. If you will give me leave, sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the character of your courtier from your soldier.

AUTHOR. What soldier! Have you mistaken my army-beau for a soldier? You might as well take a Temple-beau for a lawyer. Sir, a beau is a beau still, whatever profession he belongs to; the beaus in all professions differ in nothing but in dress; and therefore, sir, to distinguish the character of my army-beau from my court-beau, I clap a cockade into

his hat, and that is all the distinction I can make between them—But mum: Pluto is going on.

SCENE.—*The Court of PLUTO.*

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, and ORPHEUS.

PLUTO. Indeed, friend Orpheus, I am concerned I cannot grant your request without infringing the laws of my realm. Ask me any thing else, and be certain of obtaining: riches, power, or whatever is in my gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common fate of men. Consider, you had the possession of your wife something more than a twelve-month.

PROSERPINE. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor woman to be confined within the fetters of matrimony.

PLUTO. Is it possible that that voice, which can lull the cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own breast?

AUTHOR. Now for a taste of Recitativo. My farce is an Oglío of tid-bits.

ORPHEUS, (*in Recitativo.*)

Curst be the cruel scissors of the fates
That snipt her thread of life, and curst that law
Which now forbids her to my arms.
No, cruel King, detain your offered wealth,
And hang my harp forsaken in your realm:
For all things useless are to me
Without Eurydice.

AIR II.

Riches, can you ease restore,
Riches make me wish the more
The possession of my sweet,
To bestow them at her feet.

What relief in softest lays
 Warbling all my charmer's praise,
 Bidding fiercer passion rise,
 Teaching languish to my eyes.

Then can wealth and music please,
 When my charmer smiles at these;
 But lest envy these bemoan,
 Give me, give me her alone.

PLUTO. [*In raptures.*] *O caro, caro.*—(What shall I do? If I hear another song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my dear, I could hardly deny him.)

[*Aside to Proserpine.*

PROSERPINE. That may possibly be, my dear (and I wish he would with all my heart). [*Aside.*

PLUTO. Consider, child, there is no danger in the precedent: for as he is the first man who ever desired to have his wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

PROSERPINE. I own the request odd enough; nor do I know any miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question; for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her husband's name till his arrival here. And though you may make free with your own laws, and your own people, I hope, Mr. Pluto, you will not usurp any authority over mine. By Styx, if you give one dead wife back again to her husband against her will, I will make hell too hot to hold you.

PLUTO. Do not be in a passion, my dear.

PROSERPINE. My dear, I will be in a passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

PLUTO. You need not fear the loss of your subjects; though you should promise to return every wife that was asked.

PROSERPINE. How, sir! have I not several widows, whose jointures died with them; whose husbands would not only ask but walk hither barefoot to get them again? But you are always despising my subjects. I am sure no goddess

of quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed on earth, that the devil is a worse husband than any there.

AUTHOR. Considering where the scene lies, I think these sentiments are not *mal-à-propos*.

Enter EURYDICE, CAPTAIN WEAZEL, MR. SPINDLE. CAPTAIN WEAZEL *introduces* MR. SPINDLE to PLUTO and PROSERPINE. EURYDICE *goes to* ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS. (*Recitativo.*)

Oh, my Eurydice! the cruel king,
Still obdurate, refuses to my arms
The repossession of my love.

EURYDICE. (*Recitativo.*)

Unkind Fate,
So soon to put an end to all our joys!
And barbarous law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our bliss.

ORPHEUS. And must you stay?

EURYDICE. And must you go?

ORPHEUS. Oh no!

EURYDICE. 'Tis so.

ORPHEUS. Oh no!

EURYDICE. 'Tis so.

CRITIC. Why does Eurydice speak in recitativo?

AUTHOR. Out of complaisance to her husband. As you will find her to behave through my whole piece, like a very polite and well-bred lady.—I intend this couple as a contrast to the devil and his wife.

AIR III.

ORPHEUS. Farewell, ye groves and mountains,
Ye once delighted fountains,

Where my charmer used to stray,
 Where in gentle am'rous play,
 Wanton, willing,
 Burning, billing,
 Ever cheerful, ever gay,
 We have spent the summer-day,

Where herds forget their lowing,
 And trees forget their blowing,
 Joining with the fleecy flocks,
 And the hard and massy rocks,
 All came prancing,
 Skipping, dancing:
 Not the magic of my song
 But thy eyes draw all along.

PLUTO. I am conquered; by Styx, you shall have her back. Take my wife too; take every thing; another song, and take my crown.

PROSERPINE. Hold, hold, not so generous, good King Pluto. If the young lady pleases to return with her husband, as you have sworn by Styx, she may.

AUTHOR. There, sir, there. I have carried the power of music beyond Orpheus, Amphion, and all of them; I have made it inspire a man to get the better of his wife.

PROSERPINE. But I insist on her consent being asked.

MR. SPINDLE [*to Weazel*]. I find in hell the grey mare is the better horse.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Yes, faith! Jack, and no where else, I believe.

ORPHEUS. Thanks, most infernal majesty;
 I ask no greater boon.

EURYDICE. You may depend too surely on your Eurydice, to doubt her consent to whatever would make you happy. But—it is a long way from hence to the other world; and you know, by experience, my dear, I am an exceeding bad traveller.

ORPHEUS. I'll carry you on my shoulders.

EURYDICE. O, dear creature! your shoulders would fail; indeed, they would. And if I should be taken sick on the road, what should I do? Indeed, in this world, I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the river Styx, if I was fainting, no public-house dare sell me a dram.

ORPHEUS. I will buy two gallons, and carry them with me.

EURYDICE. Life, child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence I may be summoned back the next day; and consider, what an intolerable fatigue two such journeys taken together would be.

ORPHEUS. Is it not a journey which I have undertaken for you?

EURYDICE. O you great creature, you! You are a man, and I am a poor weak woman. I hope you don't compare your strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning.—Indeed, dear Orphy, I should be ashamed to show my face after it.

AIR IV.

Oh Lud! I should be quite ashamed,
 My former friends to see;
 In an assembly if I'm named,
 They'd point and cry, *That's she.*

From husbands when 'tis thought so fine
 For wives to run away,
 Should I return again with mine,
 What can the world all say?

ORPHEUS. Can you go then? will you refuse me?

EURYDICE. My dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me any thing:

if it was reasonable, I should do it of my own accord: but I never will be persuaded out of my reason.

AIR V.

ORPHEUS. That marriage is a great evil,
 Who 'll ever dispute more in life,
 When they hear I've prevailed on the devil,
 And cannot prevail on my wife, poor man!
 And cannot prevail on my wife.

EURYDICE. But when those who hear your sad ditty
 Shall the date of your wedding explore,
 Do you think men a husband will pity,
 Who should have known better before, poor man!
 Who should have known better before.

PLUTO. The doom is fixed, I ask your pardon, my dear;
 [*to Proserpine*] but I swore by Styx before I thought of it,
 that she should go.

PROSERPINE. Ay, you are always swearing before you
 think of it: However, Eurydice, since that's the case, the oath
 must be kept. But I can add a clause to the bill, if he looks
 back on you once in the way, you shall return, and that I
 swear by Styx.

PLUTO. Do you hear, sir, what my wife says?

MR. SPINDLE [*to Weazel*]. This river Styx seems a pretty
 way of ending controversies between man and wife. It is
 pity the Thames had not the same virtue.

ORPHEUS. Thanks, most diabolical majesty, for your in-
 fernal kindness.

PLUTO. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the
 advantage of this favour I have granted you.

PROSERPINE. Which I have granted, if you please, sir.

PLUTO. Ay, which my wife has granted.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL [*to Spindle*]. You see how ill people

express themselves, when they call a bad husband the devil of a husband.

EURYDICE. I thank your majesty, madam, for your interposition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I should be unworthy of your royal favour.

PROSERPINE. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your husband.

EURYDICE. Few women, madam, need come hither to learn that art.

PROSERPINE. I am glad they behave so well.—Dear Eurydice, I wish you a good journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again.

EURYDICE. The first moment it is in my power, I assure your majesty.

PLUTO. Friend Orpheus, farewell, I give thee thy wife with greater pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exeunt* Pluto, Proserpine, Captain Weazel,
and Mr. Spindle.

EURYDICE. Well, sir, and so I must take a trip with you to the other world. How was it possible you could come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here, while alive?

ORPHEUS. Those were only the sudden blasts of passion. Besides, as is the common fate of mortals, I never knew my happiness till I lost it.

EURYDICE. And was you then really concerned for me?

ORPHEUS. Yes, my dear, and I think you was so for me; your tears at our parting gave me sufficient assurance.

EURYDICE. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, child, that was all. Upon my word, my dear, parting with thee was all the little comfort I had.

ORPHEUS. Did you desire it then?

EURYDICE. Most heartily, upon my word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

ORPHEUS. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

EURYDICE. O very comfortably. Did you not leave me to run after the golden fleece?

ORPHEUS. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at Thebes by yourself a whole winter?

EURYDICE. And did not you keep a mistress in my absence, when you might have come to me?

ORPHEUS. Did not you spend in diversions and play what should have kept your family?

EURYDICE. And did you not spend on mistresses what should have kept your wife?

ORPHEUS. Was not you almost eternally in the vapours?

EURYDICE. And was not you the occasion of my vapours? Did not you kill my favourite monkey, because I would not dance with that rake, Hercules, and the rest of your brother Argonauts?

ORPHEUS. You have dined with that rake Hercules when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best fiddles, only because I would not dance with that coquet Miss Atalanta, and the rest of your flirts?

EURYDICE. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your fiddle again, sir, on the same occasion.

ORPHEUS. And I would see you and your monkey at the devil, if you affronted my friends.

EURYDICE. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

ORPHEUS. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

EURYDICE. How can I avoid it at this comfortable state of life which you are so fond of as to desire over again?

ORPHEUS. But experience might teach us to amend our faults for the future.

EURYDICE. Experience rather ought to teach us the impossibility of such an amendment: for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the examples of others, when we were first married, and from our own in a short time; but I never perceived any better effect from the remembrance of a past quarrel than the working up a new one. Could experience cure folly, men would not want that cure very early in life.

AIR VI.

If men from experience a lesson could reap,
 To fly from the folly they'd seen,
 What madman at forty a mistress would keep,
 What woman would love at eighteen!
 What woman, &c.

The levées of statesmen and courts of the law,
 Boys only would haunt very soon;
 And all married broils to conclusion would draw,
 At the end of the sweet honey-moon.
 At the end, &c.

So if you have a mind to improve and profit by your own experience, e'en look back at the third step, and return single as you came.

ORPHEUS. No, I will be so complacent, that I had rather prove your hypothesis than my own.

EURYDICE. Then, pray, set out: In those last words of yours matrimony seemed to begin again: for to refuse his wife with civility is the true complacency of a husband——
 So, a good journey to us.

AIR VII.

Turn, O turn thee, dearest creature.

Turn, O turn, dear, do not fly me;
 I could ever thus hold out:
 If you loved, you'd not deny me;
 If you loved, you'd look about.

[Exit, she following.]

SCENE.—*The banks of the River Styx.*

[*They call Charon several times without.*]

AUTHOR. So now Charon is out of the way, and the audience will be put out of humour.

CRITIC. But pray, sir, why does Orpheus talk sometimes in Recitativo, and sometimes out of it?

AUTHOR. Why, sir, I do not care to tire the audience with too much Recitativo; I observe they go to sleep at it at an opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason why he leaves off singing: for I think his wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune—Are you satisfied?

CRITIC. I could ask another question.—Why have you made the devil hen-pecked?

AUTHOR. Sir, you know where I have laid the scene, and how could hell be better represented than by supposing the people under petticoat government?—But O! Charon is come at last.

Enter CHARON and MACCAHONE.

CHARON. You, Mr. Maccahone, will you please to pay me my fare?

MACCAHONE. Ay, fet would I with all my shoule, but honey, I did die not worth a sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

CHARON. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you back again.

MACCAHONE. To my own country? Arrah do, honey. Uboboo! what a shoy it will be to my relations, that are now singing an anthem called the Irish Howl over me, to see me alive when they know that I am dead.

CHARON. If you do not pay your fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the river, where you shall wander on the banks a thousand years.

MACCAHONE. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen

gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my shoule, the laugh is coming upon my face.

CHARON. Pr'ythee, what dost thou laugh at?

MACCAHONE. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

CHARON. What wilt thou do?

MACCAHONE. Upon my shoule, I will get a bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the post to the other world to buy a bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a bridge, I believe no one will come into your boat that can go over the water upon dry land.

CHARON. Here, take this fellow, some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the couple who are by Pluto's special order to be ferried over to the other side.

Enter ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

ORPHEUS. If you please, Mr. Charon, to prepare your boat. I suppose you have received your orders?

CHARON. Master, the boat is just gone over, it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, master, to give us one of your Italian catches.

ORPHEUS. Why, dost thou love music then, friend Charon?

CHARON. Yes, fags! Master, I do. It went to my heart t' other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior Quaverino.

ORPHEUS. Why didst thou not dare?

CHARON. I don't know, sir; Judge Rhadamanthus said it was against the law; for that nobody was to come into this country but men and women; and that the signior was neither the one nor the other.

ORPHEUS. Your lawyers, I suppose, have strange quirks here in hell?

CHARON. Nay, for that matter they are pretty much the same here as on earth.

EURYDICE. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be drowned!

ORPHEUS. [*Turning.*] Ha! Eurydice's voice!

EURYDICE. O, unlucky misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the queen's command?

ORPHEUS. Thou wicked woman, why wouldst thou tempt me?

EURYDICE. How unreasonable is that, to lay the blame on me! Can I help my fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical: but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know yourself to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back purposely to lose me.

ORPHEUS. And dost thou accuse me?

EURYDICE. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a million of miles. I am sure, I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. [*Pretending to cry.*]

ORPHEUS. Curst accident: but still we may go on. Proserpine can never know it.

EURYDICE. [*Speaking brisk.*] No, I promised to return the moment you looked back; and a woman of honour must keep her promise, though it be to leave her husband.

AIR VIII.

	Farewell, my dear, Since fate severe, Has cut us twice in twain.
ORPHEUS.	Say not farewell, I'll back to hell, And sing thee back again.
EURYDICE.	No, Orpheus, no You shall not go.
ORPHEUS.	And must we, must we part?
EURYDICE.	We must away, For if you stay, Indeed, 'twill break my heart.

Your servant, dear,
 I downward steer,
 You upward to the light;
 Take no more leave,
 For I must grieve,
 Till you are out of sight.

CHARON. Come, Master Orpheus, never take it to heart: but e'en part as merrily as your lady did. I believe the devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his wife behind him.

ORPHEUS. (*Recitativo.*)

Ungrateful, barbarous woman!
 Infernal Stygian monster!
 Henceforth mankind
 I'll teach to hate the sex.

AIR IX.

If a husband henceforth, who has buried his wife,
 Of Pluto request her again brought to life:
 Pluto, grant his request as he enters thy portal,
 And Jove, for his comfort,
 And Jove, for his comfort,
 O make her, O make her, O make her immortal!

AUTHOR. There, now the audience must stay a little, while the grave scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

CRITIC. I see Mr. Orpheus is come to his Recitativo again.

AUTHOR. Yes, sir, just as he lost his senses. I wish our opera composers could give as good a reason for their Recitativo.

CRITIC. What, would you have them bring nothing but mad people together into their operas?

AUTHOR. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad people together into their operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant prices they do, nor their singers to keep useless mistresses; which, by the bye, is a very ingenious burlesque on our taste.

CRITIC. Ay, how so?

AUTHOR. Why, sir, for an English people to support an extravagant Italian opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the sense nor the sound, is as heartily ridiculous and much of a piece with an eunuch's keeping a mistress: nor do I know whether this ability is more despised by his mistress, or our taste by our singers.

CRITIC. Hush, hush! don't disturb the play!

SCENE.—PLUTO'S Court.

PLUTO, CAPTAIN WEAZEL, MR. SPINDLE.

PLUTO. Well, Mr. Spindle, pray how do you like your way of living here?

MR. SPINDLE. Upon my word, may it please your majesty, it is so very like the life I used to lead, that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope your majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here as we used to be in the other world.

PLUTO. Why, truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. Spindle, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no remedy for it; for as it is impossible to make the people here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little these wretches know, that the vices which were their pleasures in the other world, are their punishment here; and that the most vicious man needs scarce any other punishment than that of being confined to his vice!)

[*Aside.*

AUTHOR. There, sir! There is morality for you out of the mouth of the devil, if that be not *à fuco dare lucem*, let another handle the pen for me.

MR. SPINDLE. One vice in particular, that we excel you in, is hypocrisy.

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. It cannot be otherwise; for as his diabolical majesty is known to have such an antipathy to virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

PLUTO. Why not? I am no enemy to the affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely, they might depend on it I should see through them. But ha! my wife and Eurydice!

Enter PROSERPINE and EURYDICE.

PROSERPINE. Yes, sir, the gentleman could not stay, it seems, till he got home; but looked back on his treasure, and so forfeited it.

EURYDICE. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually entreating him to look forward, frightened out of my wits every step, lest he should see me by a side glance, and yet all would not do; he would [*sobbing*], he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

PLUTO. Be comforted, madam.

EURYDICE. It is in your power to comfort me.

PLUTO. And be assured, it is in my will.

EURYDICE. Then you must promise me never to send me back: for, truly, there is [*composed*] so much pain in parting, that since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my husband again, if I can help it.

PROSERPINE. Be easy; for by Styx, he never shall send you back!

MR. SPINDLE. However, there is some hypocrisy here, I find. [*Aside to Weazel.*]

CAPTAIN WEAZEL. Ay, among the women.

PROSERPINE. Well, my dear Eurydice, I am so pleased to see you returned, that I will celebrate a holiday in all my dominions. Let Tantalus drink, and take Ixion off the wheel. Let every one's punishment be remitted a whole day. Do you hear, husband? what are you thinking of?—Do you take care and signify my pleasure?

PLUTO. I shall, my dear. Do you hear, all of you? It is my wife's pleasure that you should all keep holiday.

PROSERPINE. And harkye, sir, I desire you would wave your wand, and conjure back some of your devils that dance at the play-houses in the other world.

PLUTO. My dear, I will obey your commands.

PROSERPINE. You see, my dear Eurydice, the manner in which I live with my husband. He settled one half of the government on me at my marriage, and I have, thank fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: thus I make myself some little amends for his immortality.

EURYDICE. And sure a wife ought to have some amends made her for such a terrible circumstance.

PLUTO. My dear, the dancers are come.

EURYDICE. Well, I am quite charmed with your majesty's behaviour to a husband.

PROSERPINE. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief favourite.

A GRAND DANCE.

CHORUS.

EUR. From lessons like these
 You may if you please,
 Good husbands, learn to be civil;
 For you find 'tis in vain
 To wish for us again.
 When once we are gone to the devil.

PROS. At each little pet,
 Do not quarrel and fret,
 And wish your wives dead, for I tell you,
 If they once touch this shore,
 You shall have them no more,
 Though to fetch them you send Farinello.

PLUTO. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

CHORUS. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like him in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

EURYDICE HISSED

OR

A WORD TO THE WISE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SPATTER	<i>Mrs. Charke.</i>
SOURWIT	<i>Mr. Lacey.</i>
LORD DAPPER	<i>Mr. Ward.</i>
PILLAGE	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
HONESTUS	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
MUSE	<i>Mrs. Haywood.</i>
ACTORS	{ <i>Mr. Blakes.</i> <i>Mr. Lowther.</i> <i>Mr. Pullen.</i> <i>Mr. Topping.</i> <i>Mr. Woodburn.</i> <i>Mr. Machen.</i>
GENTLEMEN	{ <i>Mr. Jones.</i> <i>Mr. Machen.</i> <i>Mr. Woodburn.</i>

EURYDICE HISSED

OR

A WORD TO THE WISE

Enter SPATTER, SOURWIT, and LORD DAPPER.

SPATTER. My lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you show me in staying to the rehearsal of my tragedy: I hope it will please your lordship, as well as Mr. Medley's comedy has, for I assure you it is ten times as ridiculous.

SOURWIT. Is it the merit of a tragedy, Mr. Spatter, to be ridiculous?

SPATTER. Yes, sir, of such tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. Sourwit, will grant me this, that a tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more merit in making the audience laugh, than in setting them asleep.

LORD DAPPER. I beg, sir, you would begin, or I sh'a'nt get my hair powdered before dinner; for I am always four hours about it.

SOURWIT. Why, pr'ythee, what is this tragedy of thine?

SPATTER. Sir, it is the damnation of Eurydice. I fancy, Mr. Sourwit, you will allow I have chose this subject very cunningly; for as the town have damned my play, for their own sakes they will not damn the damnation of it.

SOURWIT. Faith, I must confess, there is something of singular modesty in the instance.

SPATTER. And of singular prudence too; what signifies denying the fact after sentence, and dying with a lie in

your mouth: no, no, rather, like a good pious criminal, rejoice, that in being put to shame you make some atonement for your sins; and I hope to do so in the following play; for it is, Mr. Sourwit, of a most instructive kind, and conveys to us a beautiful image of the instability of human greatness, and the uncertainty of friends. You see here the author of a mighty farce at the very top and pinnacle of poetical or rather farcical greatness, followed, flattered, and adored by a crowd of dependants: on a sudden, fortune changing the scene, and his farce being damned, you see him become the scorn of his admirers, and deserted and abandoned by all those who courted his favour, and appeared the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the scene, and discover Mr. Pillage.

[*Scene draws.*]

SOURWIT. Who is he?

SPATTER. The author of the farce.

SOURWIT. A very odd name for an author.

SPATTER. Perhaps you will not remain long in that opinion: but silence.

PILLAGE. Who'd wish to be the author of a farce
Surrounded daily by a crowd of actors,
Gaping for parts, and never to be satisfied?
Yet, say the wise, in loftier seats of life,
Solicitation is the chief reward;
And Wolsey's self, that mighty minister,
In the full height and zenith of his power,
Amid a crowd of sycophants and slaves,
Was but perhaps the author of a farce,
Perhaps a damned one too. 'Tis all a cheat,
Some men play little farces, and some great.

[*Exit.*]

SPATTER. Now for the levée.

SOURWIT. Whose levée, sir?

SPATTER. My poet's, sir.

SOURWIT. 'Sdeath, sir, did ever any mortal hear of a poet's levée?

SPATTER. Sir, my poet is a very great man.

SOURWIT. And pray, sir, of what sort of people do you compose your great man's levée?

SPATTER. Of his dependants, sir: pray, of what sort of people are all great men's levées composed? I have been forced, sir, to do a small violence to history, and make my great man not only a poet, but a master of a play-house; and so, sir, his levée is composed of actors soliciting for parts, printers for copies, box-keepers, scene-men, fiddlers, and candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. Sourwit, do you think I could have composed his levée of properer company? Come, enter, enter gentlemen.

[The Levée enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous tune.]

Enter PILLAGE.

1 ACTOR. Sir, you have promised me a part a long time: if you had not intended to employ me, it would have been kind in you to have let me know it, that I might have turned myself to some trade or other.

PILLAGE. Sir, one farce cannot find parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must have patience; I intend to exhibit several farces, depend on me you shall have a part.

1 ACTOR. I humbly thank you.

2 ACTOR. Sir, I was to have a principal part long ago.

PILLAGE. Speak to me before the parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you; you remember my farce is to [to 3 Actor] come on to-day, and will lend me your hands.

3 ACTOR. Depend on me.

PILLAGE. And you, sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4 ACTOR. De'el o' my sal, but I will.

PILLAGE. Be sure and get into the house as sochn as the doors are open.

4 ACTOR. Fear me not; I will but get a bet of denner, and I will be the first in the huse—but—

PILLAGE. What, sir?

4 ACTOR. I want money to buy a pair of gloves.

PILLAGE. I will order it you out of the office.

4 ACTOR. De'el o' my sal, but I will clap every gud thing, till I bring the huse down.

PILLAGE. That won't do: the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me when they dislike—I don't desire any of you to clap unless when you hear a hiss—let that be your cue for clapping.

ALL. We'll observe.

5 ACTOR. But, sir, I have not money enough to get into the house.

PILLAGE. I cannot disburse it.

5 ACTOR. But I hope you will remember your promises, sir.

PILLAGE. Some other time; you see I am busy—What are your commands, sir?

1 PRINTER. I am a printer, and desire to print your play.

2 PRINTER. Sir, I'll give you the most money.

PILLAGE [*to 2 Printer, whispering*]. You shall have it—Oh! I am heartily glad to see you. [*Takes him aside.*] You know my farce comes on to-day, and I have many enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

POET. Depend on me, never fear your enemies, I'll warrant we make more noise than they.

PILLAGE. Thou art a very honest fellow.

[*Shaking him by the hand.*]

POET. I am always proud to serve you.

PILLAGE. I wish you would let me serve you, I wish you would turn actor, and accept of a part in some of my farces.

POET. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the stage myself; but I desire you would let me recommend this handsome, genteel, young fellow to act the part of a fine gentleman.

PILLAGE. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the stage: I dare swear, sir, his abilities are such that the town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

POET. I hope so, but I must take my leave of you, for

I am to meet a strong party that I have engaged for your service.

PILLAGE. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

POET. Fear not, I warrant we bring you off triumphant.
[*Exeunt.*]

PILLAGE. Then I defy the town: if by my friends,
Against their liking I support my farce,
And fill my loaded pockets with their pence,
Let after-ages damn me if they please.

SOURWIT. Well, sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this levée scene?

SPATTER. Sir, I intend first to warn all future authors from depending solely on a party to support them against the judgment of the town. Secondly, showing that even the author of a farce may have his attendants and dependants; I hope greater persons may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean ambition of being worshipped, flattered, and attended by such fellows as these, may have led men into the worst of schemes, from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter HONESTUS.

HONESTUS. You sent me word that you desired to see me.

PILLAGE. I did, Honestus, for my farce appears
This day upon the stage—and I intreat
Your presence in the pit to help applaud it.

HONESTUS. Faith, sir, my voice shall never be corrupt.
If I approve your farce, I will applaud it;
If not, I'll hiss it, though I hiss alone.

PILLAGE. Now, by my soul, I hope to see the time
When none shall dare to hiss within the house.

HONESTUS. I rather hope to see the time, when none
Shall come prepared to censure or applaud,
But merit always bear away the prize.
If you have merit, take your merit's due;
If not, why should a bungler in his art

Keep off some better genius from the stage?
 I tell you, sir, the farce you act to-night
 I don't approve, nor will the house, unless
 Your friends by partiality prevail.
 Besides, you are most impolitic to affront
 The army in the beginning of your piece;
 Your satire is unjust, I know no ghost
 Of army-beaus unless of your own making.

SOURWIT. What do you mean by that?

SPATTER. Sir, in the farce of Eurydice, a ghost of an
 army-beau was brought on the stage.

SOURWIT. O! ay, I remember him.

PILLAGE. I fear them not, I have so many friends,
 That the majority will sure be mine.

HONESTUS. Curse on this way of carrying things by
 friends,

This bar to merit; by such unjust means,
 A play's success, or ill success is known,
 And fixed before it has been tried i' th' house;
 Yet grant it should succeed, grant that by chance,
 Or by the whim and madness of the town,
 A farce without contrivance, without sense,
 Should run to the astonishment of mankind;
 Think how you will be read in after-times,
 When friends are not, and the impartial judge
 Shall with the meanest scribbler rank your name;
 Who would not rather wish a Butler's fame,
 Distressed and poor in every thing but merit,
 Than be the blundering laureat to a court?

PILLAGE. Not I——On me, ye gods, bestow the pence,
 And give your fame to any fools you please.

HONESTUS. Your love of pence sufficiently you show,
 By raising still your prices on the town.

PILLAGE. The town for their own sakes those prices pay,
 Which the additional expense demands.

HONESTUS. Then give us a good tragedy for our money,
 And let not Harlequin still pick our pockets,
 With his low paltry tricks and juggling cheats,

Which any school-boy, was he on the stage,
 Could do as well as he——In former times,
 When better actors acted better plays,
 The town paid less.

PILLAGE. We have more actors now.

HONESTUS. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need.
 Make your additional expense apparent,
 Let it appear quite necessary too,
 And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

PILLAGE. What is a manager whom the public rule?

HONESTUS. The servant of the public, and no more:
 For though indeed you see the actors paid,
 Yet from the people's pockets come the pence;
 They therefore should decide what they will pay for.

PILLAGE. If you assist me on this trial day,
 You may assure yourself a dedication.

HONESTUS. No bribe——I go impartial to your cause,
 Like a just critic, to give worth applause,
 But damn you if you write against our laws. [Exit.

PILLAGE. I wish I could have gained one honest man
 Sure to my side——But since the attempt is vain,
 Numbers must serve for worth; the vessel sails
 With equal rapid fury and success,
 Borne by the foulest tide, as clearest stream.

Enter VALET DE CHAMBRE.

VALET. Your honour's muse
 Is come to wait upon you.

PILLAGE. Show her in.
 I guess she comes to chide me for neglect,
 Since twice two days have passed since I invoked her.

Enter MUSE.

SOURWIT. The devil there have! This is a mighty pretty
 way the gentleman has found out to insinuate his acquaint-
 ance with the muses; though, like other ladies, I believe they

are often wronged by fellows who brag of favours they never received.

PILLAGE. Why wears my gentle muse so stern a brow?
Why awful thus affects she to appear,
Where she delighted to be so serene?

MUSE. And dost thou ask, thou traitor, dost thou ask?
Art thou not conscious of the wrongs I bear,
Neglected, slighted for a fresher muse?
I, whose fond heart too easily did yield
My virgin joys and honour to thy arms,
And bore thee Pasquin.

PILLAGE. Where will this fury end?

MUSE. Ask thy base heart, whose is Eurydice?

PILLAGE. By all that's great, begotten on no muse,
The trifling offspring of an idle hour,
When you were absent, far below your care.

MUSE. Can I believe you had her by no muse?

PILLAGE. Ay, by your love, and more, by mine, you
shall;

My raptured fancy shall again enjoy thee;
Cure all thy jealousies, and ease thy fears.

MUSE. Wilt thou? make ready then thy pen and ink.

PILLAGE. Oh, they are ever ready; when they fail,
Mayst thou forsake me, mayst thou then inspire
The blundering brain of scribblers, who for hire
Would write away their country's liberties.

MUSE. O name not wretches so below the muse:
No, my dear Pillage, sooner will I whet
The Ordinary of Newgate's leaden quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual verse,
Which city bellmen, or court laureats sing;
Sooner with thee in humble garret dwell,
And thou, or else thy muse disclaims thy pen,
Wouldst sooner starve, ay, even in prison starve,
Than vindicate oppression for thy bread,
Or write down liberty to gain thy own.

SOURWIT. Hey-day! methinks this merry tragedy is
growing sublime.

SPATTER. That last is, indeed, a little out of my present style; it dropped from me before I was aware; talking of liberty made me serious in spite of my teeth, for between you and me, Mr. Sourwit, I think that affair is past a jest: but I ask your pardon, you shall have no more on't.

PILLAGE. Come to my arms, inspire me with sweet thoughts.

And now thy inspiration fires my brain:
Not more I felt thy power, nor fiercer burnt
My vigorous fancy, when thy blushing charms
First yielded trembling, and inspired my pen
To write nine scenes with spirit in one day.

MUSE. That was a day indeed!

SOURWIT. Ay, faith! so it was.

MUSE. And does my Pillage write with joy as then?
Would not a fresher subject charm his pen?

PILLAGE. Let the dull sated appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted edge;
The subject which has once delighted me,
Shall still delight, shall ever be my choice;
Come to my arms, thou masterpiece of nature.
The fairest rose, first opening to the sun,
Bears not thy beauty, nor sends forth thy sweets;
For that once gathered loses all its pride,
Fades to the sight, and sickens to the smell;
Thou, gathered, charmest every sense the more,
Canst flourish, and be gathered o'er and o'er. *[Exeunt.]*

SPATTER. There, they are gone to write a scene, and the town may expect the fruit of it.

SOURWIT. Yes, I think the town may expect an offspring indeed.

SPATTER. But now my catastrophe is approaching: change the scene to the outside of the play-house, and enter two gentlemen.

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 GENTLEMAN. Came you from the house?

2 GENTLEMAN. I did.

1 GENTLEMAN. How wears the farce?

2 GENTLEMAN. The pit is crammed, I could not get admission,

But at the door I heard a mighty noise,
It seemed of approbation, and of laughter.

1 GENTLEMAN. If laughter, it was surely approbation,
For I've long studied the dramatic art,
Read many volumes, seen a thousand plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain truth,
That laughs applaud a farce, and tears a tragedy.

SOURWIT. A very great discovery, indeed, and very pompously introduced!

SPATTER. You sneer, Mr. Sourwit: but I have seen discoveries in life of the same nature, introduced with much greater pomp.

SOURWIT. But don't you intend to lay the scene in the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damned before us?

SPATTER. No, sir, it is a thing of too horrible a nature; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule, and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter, Description; I assure you I have thrown myself out greatly in this next scene.

Enter third GENTLEMAN.

3 GENTLEMAN. Oh, friends, all's lost; Eurydice is damned.

2 GENTLEMAN. Ha! damned! A few short moments past I came
From the pit-door, and heard a loud applause.

3 GENTLEMAN. 'Tis true, at first the pit seemed greatly pleased,
And loud applauses through the benches rung,
But as the plot began to open more,
(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,
Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose;
This by a catcall from the gallery
Was quickly seconded: then followed claps,
And 'twixt long claps and hisses did succeed

A stern contention. Victory hung dubious.
 So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine,
 When honesty pleads here and there a bribe;
 At length, from some ill-fated actor's mouth,
 Sudden there issued forth a horrid dram,
 And from another rushed two gallons forth:
 The audience, as it were contagious air,
 All caught it, hallooed, catcalled, hissed, and groaned.

1 GENTLEMAN. I always thought, indeed, that joke would
 damn him;
 And told him that the people would not take it.

3 GENTLEMAN. But it was mighty pleasant to behold,
 When the damnation of the farce was sure,
 How all those friends who had begun the claps,
 With greatest vigour strove who first should hiss,
 And show disapprobation. And John Watts,
 Who was this morning eager for the copy,
 Slunk hasty from the pit, and shook his head.

2 GENTLEMAN. And so 'tis certain that his farce is gone?

3 GENTLEMAN. Most certain.

2 GENTLEMAN. Let us then retire with speed,
 For see, he comes this way.

3 GENTLEMAN. By all means,
 Let us avoid him with what haste we can. [Exeunt.

Enter PILLAGE.

PILLAGE. Then I am damned—Cursed henceforth be
 the bard,
 Whoe'er depends on fortune, or on friends.

SOURWIT. So, the play is over; for I reckon you will
 not find it possible to get any one to come near this honest
 gentleman.

SPATTER. Yes, sir, there is one, and you may easily guess
 who it is: the man who will not flatter his friend in pros-
 perity, will hardly leave him in adversity—Come, enter
 Honestus.

PILLAGE. Honestus here! will he not shun me too?

HONESTUS. When Pasquin ran, and the town liked you
most,

And every scribbler loaded you with praise,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

PILLAGE. Oh! had I taken your advice, my friend!
I had not now been damned——Then had I trusted
To the impartial judgment of the town,
And by the goodness of my piece had tried
To merit favour, nor with vain reliance
On the frail promise of uncertain friends,
Produced a farce like this——Friends who forsook me,
And left me nought to comfort me but this. [Drinks.

HONESTUS. Forbear to drink.

PILLAGE. Oh! it is now too late.
Already I have drunk two bottles off,
Of this fell potion, and it now begins
To work its deadly purpose on my brain.
I'm giddy, ha! my head begins to swim,
And see Eurydice all pale before me;
Why dost thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.
By Jove there never was a better farce:
She beckons me——Say——whether——blame the town,
And not thy Pillage——Now my brain's on fire!
My staggering senses dance——and I am——

HONESTUS. Drunk.

That word he should have said, that ends the verse,
Farewell, a twelve hours' nap compose thy senses.
May mankind profit by thy sad example,
May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,
And no man dare to make a simple farce.

